THE

WORLD.

IN

FOUR VOLUMES.

BY

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

A NEW EDITION.

VOL. III.

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AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
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TO

RICHARD-OWEN CAMBRIDGE,

ESQ.

SIR,

AS you have been ſo partial to theſe Papers as to think them, in ſome degree, ſerviceable to morality, or, at leaſt, to thoſe inferior duties of life which the French call *les petites morales;* and as you have ſhown the ſincerity of this opinion by the ſupport you have given to them, I beg leave to prefix your name to this Third Volume, and to ſubſcribe myſelf,

SIR,

Your obliged

and moſt faithful

humble ſervant,

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

THE WORLD.

NUMB. 105. THURSDAY, Jan. 2, 1755.

AS I am desirous of beginning the new year well, I shall devote this paper to the service of my fair countrywomen, for whom I have so tender a concern, that I examine into their conduct with a kind of parental vigilance and affection. I sincerely wish to approve, but at the same time am determined to admonish and reprimand, whenever, for their sakes, I may think it necessary. I will not, as far as in me lyes, suffer the errors of their mind to disgrace those beautiful dwellings in which they are lodged; nor will I, on the other hand, silently and quietly allow the affectation and abuse of their persons to reflect contempt and ridicule upon their understandings.

Native, artless beauty has long been the peculiar distinction of my fair fellow-subjects. Our poets have long sung their genuine lilies and roses, and our painters have long endeavoured, though in vain, to imitate them: beautiful Nature mocked all their art. But I am now informed by persons of unquestionable truth and sagacity, and indeed I have observed but too many instances of it myself, that a great number of those inestimable originals, by a strange inversion of things,

give the lie to their poets, and ſervilely copy their painters; degrading and diſguiſing themſelves into worſe copies of bad copies of themſelves. It is even whiſpered about Town of that excellent artiſt Mr Liotard, that he lately refuſed a fine woman to draw her picture, alleging that he never copied any body's works but his own and God Almighty's.

I have taken great pains to inform myſelf of the growth and extent of this heinous crime of ſelf-painting, (I had almoſt given it a harder name); and I am ſorry to ſay that I have found it to be extremely epidemical. The preſent ſtate of it, in its ſeveral degrees, appears to be this.

The inferior claſs of women, who always ape their betters, make uſe of a ſort of rough caſt, little ſuperior to the common lath and plaſter, which comes very cheap, and can be afforded out of the cauſal profits of the evening.

The claſs immediately above theſe paint occaſionally either in ſize or oil, which, at ſixpence per foot ſquare, comes within a moderate weekly allowance.

The generality of women of faſhion make uſe of a ſuperfine ſtucco, or plaſter of Paris, highly glazed, which does not require a daily renewal, and will, with ſome ſlight occaſional repairs, laſt as long as their curls, and ſtand a pretty ſtrong colliſion.

As for the tranſcendent and divine pearl powder, with an exquiſite varniſh ſuperinduced to fix it, it is by no means common, but is reſerved for ladies not only of the firſt rank, but of the moſt conſiderable fortunes; it being ſo very coſtly that few pin-monies can keep a face in it as a face of condition ought to be kept. Perhaps the ſame number of pearls whole might be more acceptable to ſome lovers than in powder upon the lady's face.

I would now fain undeceive my fair countrywomen of an error which, groſs as it is, they too fondly en-

tertain. They flatter themſelves that this artificial is not diſcoverable, or diſtinguiſhable from native white. But I beg leave to aſſure them, that however well prepared the colour may be, or however ſkilful the hand that lays it on, it is immediately diſcovered by the eye at a conſiderable diſtance, and by the noſe upon a nearer approach; and I overheard the other day, at the coffee-houſe, Captain Phelim M'Manus complaining, that when warm upon the face it had the moſt nauſeous taſte imaginable. Thus offenſive to three of the ſenſes, it is not, probably, very inviting to a fourth.

Talking upon this ſubject lately with a friend, he ſaid that, in his opinion, a woman who painted white gave the public a pledge of her chaſtity, by fortifying it with a wall which ſhe muſt be ſure that no man would deſire either to batter or ſcale. But I confeſs I did not agree with him as to the motive, though I did as to the conſequences; which are, I believe, in general, that they loſe both *operam et oleum*. I have obſerved that many of the ſagacious landlords of this great metropolis who let lodgings do, at the beginning of the winter, new vamp, paint, and ſtucco the fronts of their houſes, in order to catch the eyes of paſſengers, and engage lodgers. Now, to ſay the truth, I cannot help ſuſpecting that this is rather the real motive of my fair countrywomen, when they thus incruſt themſelves. But, alas! thoſe outward repairs will never tempt people to *inquire within*. The caſes are greatly different; in the former they both adorn and preſerve, in the latter they diſguſt and deſtroy.

In order, therefore, to put an effectual ſtop to this enormity, and ſave, as far as I am able, the native carnations, the eyes, the teeth, the breath, and the reputations of my beautiful fellow-ſubjects, I here give notice, that if, within one calendar month from the date hereof, (I allow that time for the conſumption of ſtock in hand), I

ſhall receive any authentic teſtimonies (and I have my ſpies abroad) of this ſophiſtication and adulteration of the faireſt works of Nature, I am reſolved to publiſh at full length the names of the delinquents. This may perhaps at firſt ſight ſeem a bold meaſure; and actions of ſcandal and defamation may be thought of: but I go upon ſafe ground; for before I took this reſolution I was determined to know all the worſt poſſible conſequences of it to myſelf, and therefore conſulted one of the moſt eminent counſel in England, an old acquaintance and friend of mine, whoſe opinion I ſhall here moſt faithfully relate.

When I had ſtated my caſe to him as clearly as I was able, he ſtroked his chin for ſome time, picked his noſe, and hemmed thrice, in order to give me his very beſt opinion. "By publiſhing the names at full length "in your paper, I humbly conceive, ſaid he, that you "avoid all the troubleſome conſequences of *innuendos*. "But the preſent queſtion, if I apprehend it aright, "ſeems to be, whether you may thereby be liable to "any other action or actions, which, for brevity's ſake, "I will not here enumerate. Now by what occurs to "me off-hand, and without conſulting my books, I "humbly apprehend that no action will ly againſt you; "but, on the contrary, I do conceive, and indeed take "upon me to affirm, that you may proceed againſt theſe "criminals, for ſuch I will be bold to call them, either "by action or indictment; the crime being of a pub-"lic and a heinous nature. Here is not only the *ſup-"preſſio veri*, which is highly penal, but the *crimen falſi* "too. An *action popular*, or of *qui tam*, would certainly "ly; but, however, I ſhould certainly prefer an indict-"ment upon the ſtatutes of forgery, 2 *Geo.* II. *cap.* 25. "and 7 *Geo.* II. *cap.* 22.; for forgery I maintain it is. "The fact, as you well know, will be tried by a jury, "of whom one moiety will, doubtleſs, be plaſterers; ſo

" that it will unqueſtionably be found." Here my counſel pauſed for ſome time, and hemmed pretty often; however I remained ſilent, obſerving plainly by his countenance that he had not finiſhed, but was thinking on. In a little time he reſumed his diſcourſe, and ſaid, " All things " conſidered, Mr Fitz-Adam, I would adviſe you to " bring your indictment upon the *Black Act*, 9 *Geo.* I. " *cap.* 22. which is a very fine penal ſtatute." I confeſs I could not check the ſudden impulſe of ſurpriſe which this occaſioned in me, and interrupted him perhaps too haſtily, " What, Sir," ſaid I, " indict a woman upon " the *Black Act* for *painting white?*" Here my counſel, interrupting me in his turn, ſaid, with ſome warmth, " Mr Fitz-Adam, Mr Fitz-Adam, you, like too many " others, have not ſufficiently conſidered all the beauty, " good ſenſe, and ſolid reaſoning, of the law. The " law, Sir, let me tell you, abhors all refinements, " ſubtleties, and quibblings upon words. What is " *black* or *white* to the law? Do you imagine that " the law views colours by the rule of optics? No, God " forbid it ſhould! The law makes black *white*, or " white *black*, according to the rules of juſtice. The " law conſiders the meaning, the intention, the *quo* " *animo*, of all actions, not their external modes. Here " a woman diſguiſes her face with white, as the Wal- " tham people did with black, and with the ſame frau- " dulent and felonious intention. Though the colour be " different, the guilt is the ſame in the intendment of " the law. It is felony without benefit of clergy, and " the puniſhment is death." As I perceived that my friend had now done, I aſked his pardon for the improper interruption I had given him, owned myſelf convinced, and offered him a fee, which he took by habit, but ſoon returned, by reflection upon our long acquaintance and friendſhip.

This, I hope, will be ſufficient to make ſuch of my

fair countrywomen as are conſcious of their guilt ſeriouſly conſider their danger; though perhaps, from my natural lenity, I ſhall not proceed againſt them with the utmoſt rigour of the law, nor follow the example of the ingenious author of our laſt muſical drama, who ſtrings up a whole row of Penelope's maids of honour. I ſhall therefore content myſelf with publiſhing the names of the delinquents, as above mentioned: but others, poſſibly, may not have the ſame indulgence; and the law is open for all.

I ſhall conclude this paper with a word or two of ſerious advice to all my readers of all ſorts and ſexes. Let us follow Nature, our honeſt and faithful guide, and be upon our guard againſt the flattering deluſions of Art. Nature may be helped and improved, but will not be forced or changed. All attempts in direct oppoſition to her are attended with ridicule, many with guilt. The woman to whom Nature has denied beauty, in vain endeavours to make it by Art; as the man to whom Nature has denied wit, becomes ridiculous by the affectation of it: they both defeat their own purpoſes, and are in the caſe of the valetudinarian, who creates or increaſes his diſtempers by his remedies, and dies of his immoderate deſire to live.

NUMB. 106. THURSDAY, Jan. 9, 1755.

"Satis eloquentiae."——— *Salluſt.*

Enough of eloquence

HAVING received a letter of a very extraordinary nature, I think myſelf obliged to give it to the Public, though I am afraid many of my readers may object to the terms of art, of which I cannot diveſt it: but I ſhall

make no apology for what may any way tend to the advancement of a ſcience which is now become ſo faſhionable, popular, and flouriſhing.

Mr Fitz-Adam,

As all ſorts of perſons are at this preſent juncture deſirous of becoming ſpeakers, and as many of them, thro' the neglect of parents, or otherwiſe, have been totally ungrounded in the firſt principles or rudiments of rhetoric, I have, with great pains and judgment, ſelected ſuch particulars as may moſt immediately, and without ſuch rudiments, conduce to the perfection of that ſcience; and which, if duly attended to, will teach grown gentlemen to ſpeak in public in ſo complete a manner, that neither they nor their audience ſhall diſcover the want of an earlier application.

I do not addreſs myſelf to you like thoſe who correſpond with the daily papers, in order to puff off my expeditious method, by referring you to the many perſons of quality whom I have taught in four-and-twenty hours; I chuſe openly and fairly to ſubmit my plan to your inſpection, which will ſhow you that I teach rather how to handle antagoniſts than arguments.

I diſtinguiſh what kind of man to cut with a ſyllogiſm, and whom to overwhelm with the ſorites; whom to enſnare with the crocodile, and whom to hamper in the horns of the dilemma. Againſt the pert, young, bold aſſertor, I direct the *argumentum ad verecundiam*. This is frequently the moſt deciſive argument that can be uſed in a populous aſſembly. If, for inſtance, a forward talker ſhould advance that ſuch an ancient poet is dull, you put him out at once to ſilence and ſhame, by ſaying, that Ariſtotle has commended him. If the diſpute be about a Greek word, and he pronounces it to be inelegant, and never uſed by any author of credit,

you confound him by telling him it is in Ariſtophanes; and that you need not diſcover that it is in the mouth of a bird, a frog, or a Scythian, who talks broken Greek.

To explain my *argumentum ad ignorantiam*, (which appears to be of the leaſt uſe, becauſe it is only to be employed againſt a *modeſt man*,) let us ſuppoſe a perſon ſpeaking with diffidence of ſome tranſaction on the continent: you may aſk him with a ſneer, pray, Sir, *were you ever abroad?* If he has related a fact from one of our American iſlands, you aſſert he can know nothing of the affairs of that iſland, *for you were born there*; and to prove his ignorance, aſk him, *what latitude it is in?*

In loquacious crowds you will have much more frequent occaſions for uſing my *argumentum ad hominem*; and the minute particulars into which men are led by egotiſm will give you great advantages in preſſing them with conſequences drawn from their ſuppoſed principles. You may alſo take away the force of a man's argument by concluding, from ſome equivocal expreſſion, that he is a Jacobite, a republican, a courtier, a Methodiſt, a freethinker, or a Jew. You may fling at his country or profeſſion: he talks like an apothecary, you believe him to be a tooth-drawer, or know that he is a tailor. This argument might be of great uſe at the bar in examining witneſſes, if the lawyers would not think it inconſiſtent with the dignity and politeneſs of their profeſſion.

By this ſketch of my plan you may ſee that my pupils may moſt properly be ſaid to ſtudy men: and the principal thing I endeavour to teach them from that knowledge is, the art of diſcovering the different ſtrength of their competitors, ſo as to know when to anſwer, and when to ly by. And as I entirely throw out of my ſyſtem the *argumentum ad judicium*, which, according to Mr Locke, "is the uſing of proofs drawn "from any of the foundations of knowledge," there

will be nothing in my academy that will have the leaſt appearance of a ſchool, and, of conſequence, nothing to make a gentleman either afraid or aſhamed of attending it.

Enquire for A. B. at the bar of the Bedford Coffeehouſe.

As the foregoing letter ſo fully explains itſelf, I ſhall take no other notice of it: but, in complaiſance to my correſpondent, ſhall throw together a few looſe obſervations on our preſent numerous ſocieties for the propagation of eloquence. And here I cannot but pleaſe myſelf with the reflection, that as dictionaries have been invented, by the help of which thoſe who cannot *ſtudy* may learn Arts and Sciences, here is now found a method of teaching them to thoſe who cannot *read*.

Theſe foundations are inſtituted in the very ſpirit of Lycurgus, who diſcountenanced all written laws, and eſtabliſhed in their ſtead a ſyſtem of policy called *Rhetra*, from its being ſpoken, which he ordered to be the daily ſubject of diſcourſe, and ordained mixed aſſemblies for that end, where the young might be taught, by attending to the converſation of the old.

In Turkey, where the majority of the inhabitants can neither write nor read, the charitable care of that conſiderate people has provided a method of compenſating the want of thoſe arts, and even the uſe of the preſs, by having a relay of narrators ready to be alternately elevated on a ſtool in every coffeehouſe, to ſupply the office of newſpapers and pamphlets to the Turkiſh quidnuncs and critics.

Speech being the faculty which exalts man above the reſt of the creation, we may conſider eloquence as the talent which gives him the moſt diſtinguiſhed pre-eminence over his own ſpecies: and yet Juvenal makes no ſcruple to declare, that it would have been better for Cicero to have been a mere poetaſter, and for De-

moſthenes to have worked under his father as a blackſmith, than to have frequented the ſchools of rhetoric.

" Diis ille adverſis genitus fatoque ſiniſtro,
" Quem pater, ardentis maſſæ fuligine lippus,
" A fornace et forcipibus, gladioſque parente
" Incude, ac luteo Vulcano, ad Rhetora miſit."

Whom, born beneath a boding horoſcope,
His ſire, the blear-ey'd Vulcan of a ſhop,
From Mars his forge ſent to Minerva's ſchools,
To learn th' unlucky art of wheedling fools.

I am glad to find that our blackſmiths and other artiſans have a nobler way of thinking, and the ſpirit to do for themſelves what the father of Demoſthenes did for him. And I ſee this with the greater pleaſure, as I hope I may conſider the ſeminaries which are daily inſtituted as riſing up in ſupport of truth, virtue, and religion, againſt the libels of the preſs. It is not to be doubted but that we are ſafe on the ſide of oral argumentation, as no man can have the face to utter before witneſſes ſuch ſhameful doctrines as have too frequently appeared in anonymous pamphlets. If it ſhould ever be objected that the frequency of ſuch aſſemblies may poſſibly, in time, produce ſophiſtry, quibbling, immorality and ſcepticiſm, becauſe this was the caſe at Athens ſo famous for its numerous ſchools of philoſophy, where, as Milton ſays,

Much of the ſoul they talk, but all awry:
And in themſelves ſeek virtue, and to themſelves
All glory arrogate, to God give none:
Rather accuſe him under uſual names,
Fortune and Fate:———

I anſwer, that theſe falſe doctrines of God and the ſoul were thus bandied about by a parcel of Heathens, blind and ignorant at beſt, but, for the greateſt part, the moſt uſeleſs, idle, and profligate members of the ſtate; and that it is not therefore to be apprehended,

in this enlightened age, that men of ſober lives, and profitable profeſſions, will run after ſophiſts, to waſte their time, and unhinge their faith and opinions. However, as the perverſeneſs of human nature is ſtrange and unaccountable, if I ſhould find theſe modern ſchools in in any way to contribute to the growth of Infidelity or Libertiniſm, I hereby give notice that I ſhall publicly retract my good opinion of them, notwithſtanding all my prepoſſeſſions in favour of eloquence.

Though the following letter is written with all the ſpleen and acrimony of a rival orator, I think myſelf obliged, from the impartiality I obſerve to all my correſpondents, to give it a place in this paper.

SIR,

As all intruders and interlopers are ever diſagreeable to eſtabliſhed profeſſions, I am ſo incenſed againſt ſome late pretenders to oratory, that though I daily fulminate my diſpleaſure *ex cathedrâ*, I now apply to you for a more extenſive proclamation of my reſentment.

I have been for many years an orator of the ſtage itinerant; and, from my earlieſt youth, was bred under the auſpices of Apollo to thoſe two beloved arts of that deity, phyſic and eloquence: not like theſe pretenders who betray not only a deficiency of erudition, but alſo a moſt manifeſt want of generoſity; a virtue which our profeſſors have ever boaſted. Univerſal benevolence is our fundamental principle. We raiſe no poll-tax on our hearers: our words are gratuitous, like the air and light in which they are delivered. I have therefore no jealouſy of theſe mercenary ſpirits: my audiences have only been led aſide by novelty; they will ſoon grow weary of ſuch extortioners, and return to the old ſtage. But the misfortune is, that theſe innovations have turned the head of a moſt neceſſary ſervant of mine, com-

monly known by the name of Merry Andrew; and I muſt confeſs it gives me a real uneaſineſs, when one of his wit and parts talks of ſetting up againſt me.

Yours,

CIRCUMFORANEUS.

NUMB. 107. THURSDAY, Jan. 16, 1755.

——— "Quicquid Græcia mendax
"Audet in hiſtoria" ——— *Juv.*

Old Greece a tale of Athos would make out,
Cut from the continent, and ſail'd about.

AS the French have lately introduced an entire new method of writing hiſtory, and as it is to be preſumed we ſhall be as ready to ape them in this as in all other faſhions, I ſhall lay before the Public a looſe ſketch of ſuch rules as I have been able haſtily to throw together for preſent uſe, till ſome great and diſtinguiſhed critic may have leiſure to collect his ideas, and publiſh a more complete and regular ſyſtem of the modern art of writing hiſtory.

For the ſake of brevity I ſhall enter at once upon my ſubject, and addreſs my inſtruction to the future hiſtorian.

Remember to prefix a long preface to your hiſtory, in which you will have a right to ſay whatever comes into your head: for all that relates to your hiſtory may with propriety be admitted, and all that is foreign to the purpoſe may claim a place in it, becauſe it is a preface. It will be ſufficient, therefore, if I give you only a hint upon the occaſion, which, if you manage with dexterity, or rather audacity, will ſtand you in great ſtead.

Be ſure you ſeize every opportunity of introducing the moſt extravagant commendations of Tacitus; but

be careful how you enter too minutely into any particulars you may have heard of that writer, for fear of diſcovering that you have *only* heard of them. The ſafeſt way will be to keep to the old cuſtom of abuſing all other hiſtorians, and vilifying them in compariſon of him. But in the execution of this, let me entreat you to do a little violence to your modeſty, by avoiding every inſinuation that may ſet him an inch above yourſelf.

Before you enter upon the work, it will be neceſſary to diveſt yourſelf entirely of all regard for truth. To conquer this prejudice may perhaps coſt you ſome pain; but till you have effectually overcome it, you will find innumerable difficulties continually obtruding themſelves to thwart your deſign of writing an entertaining hiſtory in the modern taſte.

The next thing is to find out ſome ſhrewd reaſon for rejecting all ſuch authentic papers as are come to light ſince the period you are writing of was laſt conſidered: for if you cannot cleverly keep clear of them, you will be obliged to make uſe of them; and then your performance may be called dull and dry, which is a cenſure you ought as carefully to avoid as to contend for that famous compliment which was paid the author of the Hiſtory of Charles the XII. by his moſt illuſtrious patron, who is himſelf an hiſtorian, *Plus beau que la verité.*

I am aware of the maxim of Polybius, "that hiſtory void of truth is an empty ſhadow." But the motto of this Paper may ſerve to convict that dogmatiſt of ſingularity, by ſhowing that his own countrymen diſavowed his pretended axiom even to a proverb. Though we may allow truth to the firſt hiſtorian of any particular æra, the nature of things require that truth muſt gradually recede, in proportion to the frequency of treating the ſame period; or elſe the laſt hand would be abſolutely precluded from every advantage

of novelty. It is fit, therefore, that we modernize the maxim of Polybius, by ſubſtituting the word *wit* in the place of *truth*; but as all writers are not bleſſed with a ready ſtore of wit, it may be neceſſary to lay down ſome other rules for the compiling of hiſtory, in which it is expedient that we avail ourſelves of all the artifices which either have been, or may be, made uſe of, to ſurpriſe, charm, ſadden, or confound, the mind of the reader.

In treating of times that have been often written upon, there can be no ſuch thing as abſolute novelty, therefore the only method to be taken, in ſuch caſes, is to give every occurrence a new turn. You may take the ſide of Philip of Macedon againſt Demoſthenes and the obſtinate republicans; and you will have many inſtances to ſhow how wantonly whole ſeas of blood have been ſhed for the ſake of thoſe two infatuating ſounds Liberty and Religion. It was a lucky hit of an Engliſh biographer, that of writing the vindication and panegyric of Richard III.; and I would adviſe you to attempt ſomething of the ſame nature. For inſtance; you may undertake to ſhow the unreaſonableneſs of our high opinion of Queen Elizabeth, and our falſe notions of the happineſs of her government. For as to lives and characters, you have one principal rule to obſerve; and that is, to elevate the bad, and depreciate the good. But in writing the characters of others, always keep your own (if you have any value for it) in view; and never allow to any great perſonage a virtue which you either feel the want of, or a notorious diſregard for. You may queſtion the moral character of Socrates, the chaſtity of Cyrus, the conſtancy of the martyrs, the piety and ſincerity of the Reformers, the bravery of Cromwell, and the military talents of King William; and you need never fear the finding authorities to ſupport you in any detraction among the writers of

anecdotes, ſince Dion Caſſius, a grave hiſtorian, has confidently aſſerted that Cicero proſtituted his wife, trained up his ſon in drunkenneſs, committed inceſt with his daughter, and lived in adultery with Cerellia.

I come next to ornaments; under which head I conſider ſentences, prodigies, digreſſions, and deſcriptions. On the two firſt I ſhall not detain you, as it will be ſufficient to recommend a free uſe of them, and to be new if you can. Of digreſſions you may make the greateſt uſe, by calling them to your aid whenever you are at a fault. If you want to ſwell your hiſtory to a folio, and have only matter for an octavo, (ſuppoſe, for example, it were the ſtory of Alexander), you may enter into an inquiry of what that adventurer would have done if he had not been poiſoned; whether his conqueſts or Kouly Khan's were the moſt extraordinary; what would have been the conſequences of his marching weſtward; and whether he would have beat the Duke of Marlborough. You may alſo introduce in this place a diſſertation upon fire-arms, or the art of fortification. In deſcriptions you muſt not be ſparing, but out-go every thing that has been attempted before you: let your battles be the moſt bloody, your ſieges the moſt obſtinate, your caſtles the moſt impregnable, your commanders the moſt conſummate, and their ſoldiers the moſt intrepid. In deſcribing a ſea-fight, let the enemy's fleet be the moſt numerous, and their ſhips the largeſt, that ever were known: do not ſcruple to burn a thouſand of their ſhips, and turn their crews half-ſcorched into the ſea; there let them ſurvive a while by ſwimming, that you may have an opportunity of jamming them between their own and the enemy's veſſels: and when you have gone through the dreadful diſtreſſes of the action, conclude by blowing up the admiral's own ſhip, and ſcattering officers of great birth in the air. In the ſacking of a town, murder all the

old men, and young children in the cruelleſt manner, and in the moſt ſacred retreats: deviſe ſome ingenious inſults on the modeſty of matrons: raviſh a great number of virgins, and ſee that they are all in the height of beauty and purity of innocence. When you have fired all the houſes, and cut the throats of ten times the number of inhabitants they contained, exerciſe all manner of barbarity on the dead bodies: and, that you may extend the ſcene of miſery, let ſome eſcape, but all naked; tear their uncovered limbs, cut their feet for want of ſhoes, harden the hearts of the peaſants againſt them, and arm the elements with unuſual rigour for their perſecution; drench them with rain, benumb them with froſt, and terrify them with thunder and lightning.

If in writing voyages and travels you have occaſion to ſend meſſengers through an uninhabited country, do not be over-tender or ſcrupulous how you treat them. You may ſtop them at rivers, and drown all their ſervants and horſes: infeſt them with fleas, lice, and muſquittos; and when they have been eaten ſufficiently with theſe vermin, you may ſtarve them to a deſire of eating one another; and if you think it will be an ornament to your hiſtory, e'en caſt the lots, and ſet them to dinner. But if you do this, you muſt take care that the ſavage Chief to whom they are ſent does not treat them with man's fleſh, becauſe it will be no novelty: I would rather adviſe you to alter the bill of fare to an elephant, a rhinoceros, or an alligator. The king and his court will of courſe be drinking out of human ſkulls; but what ſort of liquor you can fill them with to ſurpriſe an European I muſt own I cannot conceive. In treating of the Indian manners and cuſtoms you may make a long chapter of their conjuring, their idolatrous ceremonies and ſuperſtitions, which will give you a fair opportunity of ſaying ſomething ſmart on the religion of your own country. On their marriages you

cannot dwell too long; it is a pleaſing ſubject, and always in thoſe countries leads to polygamy, which will afford occaſion for reflections moral and entertaining. When your meſſengers have their audience of the king, you may as well drop the buſineſs they went upon, and take notice only of his civilities and politeneſs in offering to them the choice of all the beauties of his court; by which you will make them amends for all the difficulties you have led them into.

I cannot promiſe you much ſucceſs in the ſpeeches of your ſavages, unleſs it were poſſible to hit upon ſome bolder figures and metaphors than thoſe which have been ſo frequently uſed. In the ſpeeches of a civilized people inſert whatever may ſerve to diſplay your own learning, judgment, or wit; and let no man's low extraction be a reſtraint on the advantages of your education. If in an harangue of Wat Tyler a quotation from the claſſics ſhould come in pat, or in a ſpeech of Muley Moluch a ſentence from Mr Locke, let no conſideration deprive your hiſtory of ſuch ornaments.

To conclude, I would adviſe you in general not to be ſparing of your ſpeeches, either in number or length: and if you alſo take care to add a proper quantity of reflections, your work will be greedily bought up by all members of oratories, reaſoning ſocieties, and all other talkative aſſemblies of this moſt eloquent metropolis.

NUMB. 108. THURSDAY, Jan. 23, 1755.

"Hoc eſt Roma decedere? Quos ego homines effugi cum in hos incidi?"
Cicero ad Atticum.

Is this to leave Rome? How great men did I ſhun when theſe I met?

I HAVE generally obſerved when a man is talking of his country-houſe, that the firſt queſtion uſually

aſked him is, "Are you in a good neighbourhood?" From the frequency of this inquiry one would be apt to imagine that the principal happineſs of a country life was generally underſtood to reſult from neighbourhood: yet whoever attends to the anſwer commonly made to this queſtion will be of a contrary opinion. Aſk it of a lady, and you will be ſure to hear her exclaim, "Thank God we have no neighbours!" which may ſerve to convince you that you have paid your court very ill, in ſuppoſing that a woman of faſhion can endure the inſipid converſation of a country neighbourhood. The man of fortune conſiders every inferior neighbour as an intruder on his ſport, and quarrels with him for killing that game with which his very ſervants are cloyed. If his neighbour be an equal, he is of conſequence more averſe to him, as being in perpetual conteſt with him as a rival. His ſenſe of a ſuperior may be learnt from thoſe repeated advertiſements which every body muſt have obſerved in the public papers, recommending a houſe upon ſale, for being ten miles' diſtance from a Lord. The humouriſt hides himſelf from his neighbour; the man of arrogance deſpiſes him; the modeſt man is afraid of him; and the penurious conſiders a length of uninhabited fen as the beſt ſecurity for his beef and ale.

If we trace this ſpirit to its ſource, we ſhall find it to proceed partly from pride and envy, and partly from the high opinion that men are apt to entertain of their own little clans or ſocieties, which the living in large cities tends greatly to increaſe, and which is always accompanied with a contempt for thoſe who happen to be ſtrangers to ſuch ſocieties, and, conſequently, a general prejudice againſt the unknown. The truth of the matter is, that perſons unknown are, for that very reaſon, perſons that we have no deſire to know.

A man of a ſociable diſpoſition, upon coming into

an inn, inquires of the landlord what company he has in the houſe: the landlord tells him, "There is a fel-"low of a college, a lieutenant of a man of war, a "lawyer, a merchant, and the captain in quarters;" to which he never fails to add, "and I dare ſay, Sir, "that any of them will be very glad of your company;" knowing that men drink more together than when alone. "Have you no body elſe?" ſays the gueſt, ſullenly. "We have no body elſe, Sir." "Then get me "my ſupper as faſt as you can and I'll go to bed." The ſame behaviour is practiſed by each of theſe gentlemen in his turn; and for no other reaſon than that none of the company happen to be either of his profeſſion or acquaintance.

But if we look with the leaſt degree of wonder at the manner in which the greateſt part of mankind behave to ſtrangers, it ſhould aſtoniſh us to ſee how they treat thoſe whom they are intimately acquainted with, and whom they rank under the ſacred titles of neighbours and friends. Yet ſuch is the malignity of human nature, that the ſmalleſt foible, the moſt venial inadvertency, or the ſligheſt infirmity, ſhall generally occaſion contempt, hatred, or ridicule, in thoſe very perſons who ought to be the foremoſt to conceal or palliate ſuch failing. Death, accident, robbery, and ruin, inſtead of exciting compaſſion, are only conſidered as the great ſources of amuſement to a neighbourhood. Does any diſgrace befall a family; the tongues and pens of all their acquaintance are inſtantly employed to diſperſe it through the kingdom. Nor is their alacrity in divulging the misfortunes of a neighbour at all more remarkable than their humanity in accounting for them. They are ſure to aſcribe every trivial evil to his folly, and every great one to his vices. But theſe are ſlight inſtances of malevolence; your true neighbour's ſpleen is never effectually rouſed but by proſperity. An un-

expected ſucceſſion to a large fortune, the diſcovery of a mine upon your ſtate, a prize in the lottery, but, moſt of all, a fortunate marriage, ſhall employ the malice and invention of a neighbourhood for years together.

Envy is ingenious, and will ſometimes find out the prettieſt conceits imaginable to ſerve her purpoſes: yet it is obſervable that ſhe delights chiefly in contradiction. If you excel in any of the elegant arts, ſhe pronounces at once that you have no taſte; if in wit, you are dull; if you live in apparent harmony with your wife and family, ſhe is ſure you are unhappy; if in affluence or ſplendour, ſhe knows that you are a beggar. It muſt, indeed, be confeſſed, that Envy does meet with great provocations; and there are people in the world who take extraordinary pains to appear much more happy, rich, virtuous, and conſiderable, than they really are: but, on the other hand, were they to take equal care to avoid ſuch appearances, they would not be able abſolutely to eſcape her rancour.

I was entertained laſt ſummer by a friend in the country, who ſeemed to have formed very juſt ideas of a neighbourhood. This gentleman had a conſiderable eſtate left him, which he had little reaſon to expect; and having no particular paſſion to gratify, it was indifferent to him how he diſpoſed of this large addition to his income. He had no deſire of popularity, but had a very great diſlike to an ill name; which made him altogether as anxious to ſcreen himſelf from detraction as others are to acquire applauſe. Some weeks paſſed away in that common dilemma into which an increaſe of fortune throws every thinking man, who knows that by hoarding up he muſt become the diverſion, and by ſquandring the contempt, of all his neighbours. But diſliking the appearance of parſimony more than extravagance, he propoſed laying out a conſiderable ſum all at once upon rebuilding his houſe: but that deſign

was ſoon over-ruled by the conſideration that it would be ſaid he had deſtroyed a very convenient manſion for the ſake of erecting a ſhowy outſide. He next determined to new-model his gardens, from an opinion that he ſhould oblige all ſorts of people, by affording bread to the induſtrious, and pleaſant walks to the idle: but recollecting that, in the natural beauties of his grounds, he had great advantages over the old gardens of his neighbours, and from thence knowing that he muſt become the object of their ſpleen and abuſe, he laid aſide alſo that invidious deſign. In the ſame manner he was obliged to reject every propoſal of expenſe that might in any way be conſidered as a monument of ſuperiority; therefore, to avoid the other cenſure of penuriouſneſs, he reſolved at laſt to procure the beſt cook that could be had for money. From that time he has taken no thought but to equip himſelf and his attendants in the plaineſt manner, keeping religiouſly to the ſole expenſe of a conſtant good table, and avoiding in that, as well as in every thing elſe, whatever has the leaſt appearance of oſtentation. Thus has he made himſelf inoffenſively remarkable, and, what was the great point of his life, eſcaped detraction; excepting only that a certain dignified widow, who had been originally houſekeeper to her late huſband, takes occaſion frequently to declare ſhe does not care to dine with him, becauſe the diſhes are ſo ill ſerved up, and ſo taſteleſs, that ſhe can never make a dinner.

I know not how to cloſe this ſubject more properly, than by ſketching out the characters of what are called good and bad neighbours.

A good neighbour is one who, having no attention to the affairs of his own family, nor any allotment for his time, is ready to diſpoſe of it to any of his acquaintance who deſire him to hunt, ſhoot, dance, drink, or play at cards with them: who thinks the civilities he receives

in one houſe no reſtriction upon his tongue in another, where he makes himſelf welcome by expoſing the foibles or misfortunes of thoſe he laſt viſited, and lives in a conſtant round of betraying and leſſening one family or another.

A bad neighbour is he who retires into the country, from having been fatigued with buſineſs, or tired with crowds; who, from a punctilio in good breeding, does not ſhow himſelf forward in accepting the viſits of all about him, conſcious of his love of quiet, and fearing leſt he ſhould be thought tardy in his returns of civility. His deſire of being alone with his family procures him the character of reſerved and moroſe; and his candid endeavours to explain away the malicious turn of a tale that of contradictory and diſagreeable. Thus, vindicating every one behind his back, and, conſequently, offending every one to his face, he ſubjects himſelf to the perſonal diſlike of all, without making one friend to defend him.

If after this it be aſked what are the duties of neighbourhood? I anſwer, in the words of Mr Addiſon, in that incomparable Eſſay of his on the employment of time. "To adviſe the ignorant, relieve the needy, "comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way "almoſt every day of our lives. A man has frequent "opportunities of mitigating the fierceneſs of a party; "of doing juſtice to the character of a deſerving man; "of ſoftening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments ſuited to a reaſonable nature, and bring great "ſatisfaction to the perſon who can buſy himſelf in them "with diſcretion."

I have always conſidered the ninety-third Spectator, from whence the foregoing paſſage is taken, as the moſt valuable leſſon of that eminent moraliſt; becauſe a due obſervance of the excellent plan of life which he has

there delineated, can never fail to make men happy and good neighbours.

NUMB. 109. THURSDAY, Jan. 30, 1755.

To Mr FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

A LONDON gentleman and his lady, who are diſtant relations, as well as old acquaintance, did my wife and me the favour to ſpend ſome days with us laſt ſummer in the country. We took the uſual methods to make their time paſs agreeably; carried them to all the Gothic and Chineſe houſes in the neighbourhood; and embraced all opportunities of procuring veniſon, fiſh, and game, for them: which laſt, by the way, it has been no eaſy matter to come in for ſince the aſſociation.

At their leaving us they were ſo obliging as to ſay, their viſit had gone off very pleaſantly, and hoped we would return it, by coming to ſee them in Town. Accordingly, the mornings growing foggy, the evenings long, and this invitation running in our heads, we reſolved to accept it: and arriving in Town about the middle of November laſt, we fixed ourſelves in lodgings near our friends, intending to breakfaſt, dine, and ſup, with them, for the moſt part, during our ſtay in Town. But will you believe me, Mr Fitz-Adam? we never were more ſurpriſed in all our lives than at receiving a card the morning after our arrival (which I think was the 18th of November) from the lady of the family we came to viſit, inviting us to play at cards with her on the 28th of next March. We thought at firſt that it muſt be a miſtake for the 28th of November; but upon conſulting our landlady, ſhe informed us, that ſuch invitations were very uſual, and that, as we were well acquainted with the family, the lady had probably appointed the firſt day ſhe was diſengaged.

As my wife and I ſeldom play at cards except at Chriſtmas, we thought it ſcarce worth our while to wait for a game till almoſt Whitſuntide, and therefore very prudently ſet out the next day for the country; from whence I believe we ſhall be in no great haſte to pay a ſecond viſit to our friends in Town.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble ſervant,

Humphry Gubbins.

Mr Fitz-Adam.

I live ſo much in the world, and ſo entirely for the world, that the very name of your paper ſecured me for one of your conſtant readers. But really if your periodical *World* continues to contradict the *beau monde* as much as it has done in two or three eſſays relating to us women, I ſhall think your ſentiments fitter for the man of the Moon than the man of the World.

A little while ago you were pleaſed to be extremely out of humour at the nakedneſs of our necks; and now, in your paper, N° 105, you are equally offended at our covering our faces. What a capricious man you are! I apprehend, Sir, that a certain quantity of nakedneſs has always been allowed us; and I know of no law that confines it to any particular part of our perſons. If, therefore, we chuſe to ſtucco over our faces, you ought in reaſon to allow us to exhibit a little more of our necks and ſhoulders.

Her ſagacious Majeſty, Queen Elizabeth, conſcious of a bad complexion, and fearing that a brown neck, though right royal, might excite leſs admiration than the undignified alabaſter of the meaneſt of her ſubjects, choſe that they ſhould conceal what herſelf could not equal, under innumerable folds of lawn and point: a piece of envious cruelty which (notwithſtanding your

ſex have been pleaſed to celebrate her as the guardian of Engliſh liberty) muſt make her appear to ours little better than a tyrant, for having impriſoned ſo much Britiſh beauty in a dungon, where not the ſmalleſt ſpark of light could break in upon any part of it. The face indeed was ſtill left viſible by that envious Queen, which is at preſent almoſt the only part of our attractions that we have thought proper to cover. You ought therefore to conſider, when you find fault with our open necks, that our faces are plaſtered over; and inſtead of complaints againſt our covered faces you ſhould reſt ſatisfied with the ample amends we make you by our other diſcoveries. I am, SIR,

Your true friend,
and faithful counſellor,
FARDILLA.

SIR,

I have with great ſerioufneſs and attention read over the *World* of the ſecond of this month, which ſhows me my complexion in ſo very different a light from that in which my looking-glaſs has repreſented it, that I ſhould inſtantly lay aſide the roſes and lilies I have purchaſed, and content myſelf with the ſkin wherewith Nature has thought fit to cover me, if it were not for a very material conſideration. The truth is, that I am to be married in a few days to a gentleman whoſe fortune is above any hopes I could have conceived while in my natural ſallowneſs, and who, I find, has been principally attracted by the ſplendour of my complexion. But you may depend on my reſigning it all after the firſt month of my marriage. You cannot ſurely, Mr Fitz-Adam, be ſo cruel as to deny a bride the happineſs of the honeymoon: by that time, perhaps my huſband may be pretty indifferent whether I be brown or fair; if not, a change

of complexion is no cauſe for a divorce, either by the ancient canons or the late marriage act; ſo you know, Sir, his approbation is of no great conſequence to

Your conſtant reader,

MATILDA.

SIR,

To perſuade your ſex that *black* is *white* has been the darling wiſh and conſtant endeavour of ours: but we have never ſucceeded literally in this art till we knew how to paint ourſelves: I am therefore as much ſurpriſed that a man of your ſenſe ſhould expect to make us give up ſo deſirable a power as that you ſhould wiſh to do it.

Have not your ſex in all ages, both in proſe and verſe, lamented the ſhort duration of the lilies and roſes that bloom on a fair ſkin? I have ſeen it ſet forth in ſuch affecting ſtrains as have drawn tears from me, when a girl of eighteen, from having felt it with all the bitterneſs of prophetic ſadneſs. Can there be a nobler invention than this, which ſubſtitutes ſo durable a bloom in the place of thoſe tranſient colours which fade almoſt as faſt as the flower to which they are compared? This eternal ſpring of beauty is ſurely the peculiar bleſſing of the preſent age. A man might now reflect without terror on an antediluvian marriage, ſince his wife, after five or ſix hundred years of wedlock, might be as blooming as on her bridal-day. Time is the greateſt enemy to the pleaſures of us mortals; how glorious then is the victory, when we can baffle him in a point in which he has hitherto exerted his moſt cruel tyranny!

I ſuppoſe your next attack will be upon the new luſtre that our necks have acquired by the ſame art; an improvement which cannot, in my humble opinion, be too much admired. I remember when women with the whiteſt necks had ſuch an odious clearneſs in their ſkins

that you might almoſt ſee the blood circulate through their veins; an amuſing ſpectacle indeed for a philoſopher, and ſuch, perhaps, as might give Doctor Harvey the firſt hint of the diſcoveries he afterwards made: but ſurely it could be no very agreeable ſight to a perſon of any delicacy, when compared with the preſent reſplendent white which every neck exhibits. Good fleſh and blood is a phraſe very well ſuited to a milkmaid; but I fancy a woman of faſhion would chuſe to excite ſublimer ideas: and indeed our ſex could never ſo properly aſſume the title of goddeſſes as now that we have laid aſide ſo much of the ruſtic appearance of mere mortal women. I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

BELINDA.

SIR,

I like the intention of your paper upon face-painting ſo well, that I ſhall readily comply with it, and return to the complexion that Nature has beſtowed upon me, (which you muſt know is an olive) if you can perſuade others to do the ſame. But who could bear to be the ſhade to an aſſembly, dazzling bright with borrowed lilies, to look like the corner of the moon in an eclipſe? Indeed it is impoſſible for me to bring myſelf to ſuch an exceſs of fortitude. An olive is a good ſort of complexion for a wit, but a vile one for a beauty; the title for which we women univerſally long; while that of wit is only the laſt reſource of our vanity, when nature or age denies us all pretenſions to the other.

Go on and proſper, Mr Fitz Adam; reduce us again to our natural colour, and you ſhall find I will not be the laſt, though I cannot bear to be the firſt, that ſhall comply.

Your moſt devoted,

OLIVIA BLANCHE.

Numb. 110. Thursday, Feb. 26, 1755.

——"Uno avulso non deficet alter
"Aureus, et simili frondescit virga metallo." *Virg.*

The first thus rent, a second will arise,
And the same metal (gold) the same room supplies. *Dryd.*

THOUGH I have studied the ways of men with the strictest application for many years, I must ingenuously confess my inability to dive into the secrets of one particular society, the members of which, by their superior capacities, have hitherto inveloped themselves in an impenetrable cloud of mystery. Every body must have observed that in all public places in this kingdom there are swarms of adventurers who neither derive any possessions from provident ancestors, nor are of any profession, yet who figure most splendidly both in the great and small world, to the amazement of all who know them. The only answer I could ever obtain, when I have inquired how Mr Such-a-one, a member of this society, lived, was, The Lord knows. Which answer one would think should imply, that He who feedeth the ravens, and clotheth the lilies of the field, had thus plentifully provided for them, imperceptible to the eyes of other mortals. But as the lives of these gentlemen seem to claim no such indulgence from Heaven, I should have entertained a very complaisant opinion of them, if the legislature, by the repeal of the Witch act, had not taught me to believe that our intercourse with the devil was at end. In the midst of my doubts the following letter gave me perfect satisfaction.

To Mr Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

About ten years ago the Public was entertained with a very fanciful performance, entitled *Hermippus Redivivus*, or, *The Sage's triumph over old Age and the Grave*. Though the ingenious author modeſtly ſets out with ſhowing the poſſibility of a man's extending the ſpan of life to a longer ſpace than he generally now enjoys, by inhaling the ſalubrious breath of unpolluted virgins; yet, by degrees, almoſt imperceptible to the reader, he ſlides into the Hermetic philoſophy, of which he is an enthuſiaſtic admirer, and becomes, before the concluſion of his book, as thorough a believer in the power of the *ſtone* and *univerſal elixir* as if he had been perſonally preſent when an adept had made projection. He introduces ſeveral moſt ſurpriſing ſtories concerning philoſophers, who, being ſkilled in the arcanum, lived for three or four centuries in the moſt unimpared vigour both of mind and body. But as the moſt enviable ſtate of human felicity is imperfect, though theſe ſages were maſters of that omnipotent metal which can make knaves honeſt, blockheads wits, and cowards heroes; which yields in the eſtabliſhed commerce of the world all the neceſſaries, emoluments, and luxuries of life, and almoſt deifies its poſſeſſors, they were frequently neceſſitated to lead the lives of vagabonds, and to ſkulk from the obſervation of mankind in the darkeſt ſhades of obſcurity.

Among many other ſurpriſing ſtories, he gives an account of a ſtranger who ſome time ago reſided at Venice. It was very remarkable, he ſays, that this man, though he lived in the utmoſt affluence and ſplendour, was unacquainted with any perſon belonging to the city before he came thither, that he followed no trade or merchandiſe, that he had no property in the

common funds of the State, nor ever received any remittance from abroad, yet abounded in wealth, till an accident, which he relates, drove him from Italy, from whence he ſuddenly diſappeared, and no mortal ever learnt from what place he came, or whither he went.

If this man was an Hermetic philoſopher in poſſeſſion of the great ſecret, as the author inſinuates, I am inclined to think, from a ſimilarity of circumſtances, that we have at this very time a great number of that ſect in this metropolis, who, for the good of the nation, make gold at their pleaſure. I have had the happineſs of an acquaintance with ſeveral of theſe great men, who, without any viſible means of livelihood, have ſhone forth with uncommon luſtre for a time, and then, to the regret of crowds of tailors, woollen-drapers, lace-men, mercers, milliners, &c. have ſuddenly diſappeared, and no body ever knew the place of their retirement. This ſpeedy retreat I attribute to their fears leſt the State ſhould diſcover from what ſource their wealth aroſe, and force them, by its power, to proſtitute ſo ſacred and ineſtimable a ſcience to the deſtructive views of ambition.

It has been obſerved of ſeveral of theſe philoſophers, that they have pretended to be of ſome lucrative profeſſion or employment, in order, as is ſuppoſed, to ſhelter themſelves from the prying eyes of certain individuals who are apt, from, I know not what old-faſhioned notion, to regard very cooly thoſe perſons who, being in poſſeſſion of no lands or chattels by inheritance, are unconnected with ſociety, and do not lend a helping hand in ſupplying ſomething to the real or imaginary wants of mankind. Many have affected to be thought the heirs of rich uncles or aunts in the country, from whom they were ſupplied with the comfortable ſufficiencies for genteel life; while others have inſinuated by their friends, that *ſomebody* has left them *ſomething*

ſomewhere; and ſo feigned that they lived (as honeſt people phraſe it) by their means. But before inquiry could be made into thoſe means (if I may have leave to borrow a ſcripture expreſſion) "they went hence, "and were no more ſeen."

I remember, a few years ago, there was a particular coffeehouſe about Covent Garden much frequented by theſe adepts, which a friend of mine, a man of wit and humour, uſed ludicrouſly to call the *annual* coffeehouſe, as the ſame face was ſeldom obſerved to *blow* there a ſecond time. But of late they have been cautious of raiſing any ſuſpicion by aſſembling in too great numbers together, and are therefore diſperſed through all the coffeehouſes in this idle and genteel part of this City.

I would not be underſtood, from any thing I have ſaid, to infer that none of this reſpectable ſect ever take up their fixed reſidence in Town; for I have known ſeveral and their families who have conſtantly dwelt here, and who, to the aſtoniſhment of the whole circle of their acquaintance, have lived for twenty years together in great ſplendour and luxury, ſpent every year as much as their original principal fortune amounted to, and ſtill flouriſh on in the ſame manner.

Every one in high life muſt, I dare ſay, have obſerved, that no people live ſo well as thoſe whom the world pronounces to be *ruined.* I have known many of thoſe *ruined* perſons, both peers and commoners, riot in every luxury and extravagance, while the haughty owners of thouſands of unmortgaged acres have repined and ſickened at their ſuperior enjoyments. In ſhort, ſuch has been my aſſociation of ideas of late, that when I hear any man pronounced *ruined*, I immedately conclude, by that expreſſion, that he has been admitted by the fraternity into the ineſtimable ſecret of the Hermetic philoſophy.

But however deſirous the poſſeſſors of this Firſt Science may be of appearing to draw their ſubſiſtence from the common and vulgar ſupplies of land, trade, ſtocks, or profeſſions, rather than have it ſuſpected from whence their myſterious finances ariſe, yet ſuch numbers now abound of all ranks and conditions, that the government, I am told, begins to entertain an idea, or, as the vulgar phraſe it, to have an *inkling* of the matter. Indeed I am greatly ſurpriſed that the affair was not found out ſooner; for it is mathematically demonſtrable, that if Great Britain and Ireland were large enough to hold all the boaſted poſſeſſions of theſe nominal land-owners, the dominions of his preſent Majeſty would exceed the bluſter of a Spaniſh title, and be larger than the four quarters of the globe joined together. But here let me ſtop, and not endeavour to reveal more of that ſcience, which is deſtined by Fate to remain a ſecret from all but the truly initiated, leſt, by farther profane babbling, the preſent ſons of Hermes ſhould take umbrage, and tranſfer the unſpeakable advantages that accrue to ſociety from their preſence to lands of more faith and leſs curioſity. I could wiſh, therefore, that the Adminiſtration would ſuppreſs farther inquiries about theſe affairs, and be contented, like honeſt plain tradeſmen, who grow rich they cannot tell how, to receive that inundation of wealth which flows ſo unaccountably into the kingdom, without troubling their repoſe by any over-great ſolicitude to know the ſource it ſprings from; for fear, like fairy favours, the bleſſing ſhould be ſnatched from the land for the unpardonable crime of endeavouring to ſatisfy a prohibited curioſity.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

A. Z.

NUMB. 111. THURSDAY, Feb. 13, 1755.

IT is very well known that religion and politics are perfectly underſtood by every body, as they require neither ſtudy nor experience. All people, therefore, decide peremptorily, though often variouſly, upon both.

All ſects, ſeverally ſure of being in the right, intimate, at leaſt, if not denounce, damnation to thoſe who differ from them, in points ſo clear, ſo plain, and ſo obvious. On the other hand, the infidel, not leſs an enthuſiaſt than any of them, (though upon his own principles he cannot damn, becauſe he knows to demonſtration that there is no future ſtate), would very gladly hang, as hypocrites or fools, the whole body of believers.

In politics, the ſects are as various and as warm: and what ſeems very extraordinary is, that thoſe who have ſtudied them the moſt, and experienced them the longeſt, always know them the leaſt. Every Adminiſtration is in the wrong, though they have the clue and ſecret of buſineſs in their hands; and not leſs than ſix millions of their fellow-ſubjects (for I only except very young children) are willing and able to diſcover, cenſure, reform, and correct, their errors, and put them in the right way.

Theſe conſiderations, among many others, determined me originally not to meddle with religion or politics, in which I could not inſtruct, and upon which I thought it not decent to trifle.

Entertainment alone muſt be the object of an humble weekly author of a ſheet and a half. A certain degree of bulk is abſolutely neceſſary for a certain degree of dignity either in man or book. A ſyſtem of ethics, to

be reſpected as it ought, requires at leaſt a quarto; and even moral eſſays cannot decently, and with utility, appear in leſs than a thick octavo. But ſhould I, in my ignoble ſtate of a fugitive ſheet and a half, preſume, with a grave face, to cenſure Folly, or, with an angry one, to laſh Vice, the porter of every well-bred family in Town would have orders to deny me; and I ſhould forfeit my place at the breakfaſt-table, where now, to my great honour and emolument, I am pretty generally ſerved up. But if, by the introduction of that wit and humour, which I believe even my enemies muſt allow me, I can, without offence to the politer part of my readers, ſlide in any uſeful moral, I will not neglect the opportunity; for I will be witty whenever I can, and inſtructive whenever I dare: and when my ſcattered leaves ſhall, like the Sybils, come to be collected, I believe I may, without vanity, aſſert that they will be at leaſt as good oracles.

But in this deſign, too, I am aware of difficulties little inferior to thoſe which diſcouraged me from meddling with religion and politics: for every body has wit and humour, and many have more of both than they, or at leaſt their friends, know what to do with. As they are gifts of Nature, not to be acquired by Art, who is there that thinks himſelf ſo diſinherited by Nature as not to have ſome ſhare of them? Nay, thoſe (if ſuch there are) who are modeſt enough to think themſelves cut off with a ſhilling, huſband that twelve-pence with care, and frugally ſpend their penny upon occaſion as ſly wags and dry jokers.

In this univerſal profuſion, this prodigious plenty of wit and humour, I cannot help diſtruſting a little the ſucceſs, though by no means the merit, of my own; for I have interior conviction that no man in England has ſo much: but taſtes are various, and the market is glutted. However, I ſhould hope that my candid

readers will have the ſame regard for my opinion which they have for moſt of the opinions they entertain; that is, that they will take it upon truſt, eſpecially as they have it "from the gentleman's own mouth."

The better to take my meaſures for the future, I have endeavoured to trace the progreſs and reception of my Paper through the ſeveral claſſes of its readers.

In families of condition it is firſt received by the porter, who, yawning, juſt caſts his half-open eyes upon it; for it comes out ſo early as between ten and eleven; but finding neither the politics nor the caſualties of the week in it, throws it aſide, and takes up in its ſtead a daily newſpaper, in which all thoſe matters are related with truth and perſpicuity.

From thence it is ſent up to Mrs Betty, to lay upon the breakfaſt-table. She receives it in pretty much the ſame manner, finds it deficient in point of news, and lays it down in exchange for the Daily Advertiſer, where ſhe turns with impatience to the advertiſements, to ſee what invitations are thrown out by ſingle gentlemen of undoubted characters to agreeable young women of unblemiſhed reputations, to become either their wives or their companions: and, by a prudent forecaſt, ſhe particularly attends to the premiums ſo frequently offered for a fine wholeſome breaſt of milk.

When it is introduced to my Lady's dreſſing-room, it undergoes a ſeverer examination: for if my Lord and Lady ever meet, it is then and there. The youngeſt, probably, of the young ladies is appointed to read it aloud, to uſe her to read at ſight. If my Lord, who is a judge of wit, as well as of propriety, in the laſt reſort, gives a favourable nod, and ſays, *It is well enough to-day*, my Lady, who does not care to contradict him in trifles, pronounces it to be *charming*: but if, unfortunately, my Lord, with an air of diſtaſte, calls it *poor ſtuff*, my Lady diſcovers it to be *horribly ſtupid*. The young

family are unanimouſly of opinion that the name of Adam Fitz-Adam is a very comical one, and inquire into the meaning of the globe in the frontiſpiece; by which (if any body could tell them) they might get a pretty notion of geography.

In families of an inferior claſs I meet with a fuller, though perhaps not a more favourable, trial. My merits and demerits are freely diſcuſſed: ſome think me too grave, others trifling. The miſtreſs of the houſe, tho' ſhe deteſts ſcandal, wiſhes, for example's ſake only, that I would draw the characters, and expoſe the intrigues, of the fine folks. The maſter wonders that I do not give the miniſters a rap; and concludes that I receive huſh-money. But all agree in ſaying facetiouſly and pleaſantly enough, that the *World* does not inform them how the World goes. This is followed by many other *bon mots*, equally ingenious, alluding to the title of my paper, and worth at leaſt the two-pence a-week that it coſts.

In the City (for my Paper has made its way to that end of the Town, upon the ſuppoſition of its being a faſhionable one in this) I am received and conſidered in a different light. All my general reflections upon the vices or the follies of the age are, by the ladies, ſuppoſed to be levelled at particular perſons, or at leaſt diſcovered to be very applicable to ſuch and ſuch of the Quality. They are alſo thought to be very pat to ſeveral of their own neighbours and acquaintance; and ſhrewd hints of the kind greatly embelliſh the converſation of the evening. The graver and more frugal part of that opulent metropolis, who do not themſelves buy but borrow my Paper of thoſe who do, complain that, though there is generally room ſufficient at the end of the laſt page, I never inſert the price of ſtocks nor of goods at Bear-key; and they are every one of them aſtoniſhed how certain tranſactions of the court of alder-

men on one hand, and of the common-council on the other, can poſſibly eſcape my animadverſion, ſince it is impoſſible that they can have eſcaped my knowledge.

Such are the cenſures and difficulties to which a poor weekly author is expoſed. However, I have the pleaſure, and ſomething more than the pleaſure, of finding that two thouſand of my Papers are circulated weekly. This number exceeds the largeſt that was ever printed even of the Spectators, which in no other reſpect do I pretend to equal. Such extraordinary ſucceſs would be ſufficient to flatter the vanity of a good author, and to turn the head of a bad one. But I prudently check and ſtifle thoſe growing ſentiments in my own breaſt, by reflecting upon other circumſtances that tend to my humiliation. I muſt confeſs that the preſent faſhion of curling the hair has proved exceeding favourable to me; and perhaps the quality of my paper, as it happens to be peculiarly adapted to that purpoſe, may contribute more than its merit to the ſale of it. A head that has taken a right French turn requires, as I am aſſured, fourſcore curls in diſtinct papers; and thoſe curls muſt be renewed as often as the head is combed, which is perhaps once a month. Four of my papers are ſufficient for that purpoſe, and amount only to eight-pence, which is very little more than what the ſame quantity of plain paper would coſt. Taking it, therefore, all together, it ſeems not inconſiſtent with good œconomy to purchaſe it at ſo ſmall a price. This reflection might mortify me as an author, but on the other hand ſelf-love, which is ingenious in availing itſelf of the ſlighteſt favourable circumſtances, comforts me with the thought, that of the prodigious number of daily and weekly papers that are now publiſhed, mine is perhaps the only one that is ultimately applied to the head.

NUMB. 112. THURSDAY, Feb. 20, 1755.

A LATE noble author has moſt juſtly and elegantly defined Cuſtom to be, "The reſult of the paſſions and prejudices of many, and of the deſigns of a few; the ape of Reaſon, who uſurps her ſeat, exerciſes her power, and is obeyed by mankind in her ſtead."

This definition enables us to account for the various, abſurd and wicked cuſtoms which have ſeverally and ſucceſſively prevailed in all ages and countries, and alſo for thoſe which unfortunately prevail in this: for they may all be traced up to "the paſſions and prejudices of the many, and the deſigns of a few."

It is certain, however, that there has not been a time when the prerogative of human reaſon was more freely aſſerted, nor errors and prejudices more ably attacked and expoſed by the beſt writers, than now. But may not the principle of inquiry and detection be carried too far, or at leaſt made too general? and ſhould not a prudent diſcrimination of caſes be attended to?

A prejudice is by no means neceſſarily (though generally thought ſo) an error; on the contrary, it may be a moſt unqueſtioned truth, though it be ſtill a prejudice in thoſe who, without any examination, take it upon truſt, and entertain it by habit.

There are even ſome prejudices founded upon error, which ought to be connived at, or perhaps encouraged; their effects being more beneficial to ſociety than their detection can poſſibly be.

Human reaſon, even when improved by knowledge, and undiſturbed by the paſſions, is not an infallible, though it is our beſt, guide: but unimproved by know-

ledge, and adulterated by paſſion, it becomes the moſt dangerous one; conſtituting obſtinate wrongheadedneſs, and dignifying, nay, almoſt ſanctifying, error.

The bulk of mankind have neither leiſure nor knowledge ſufficient to reaſon right: why then ſhould they be taught to reaſon at all? Will not honeſt inſtinct prompt, and wholeſome prejudices guide, them much better than half reaſoning?

The power of the magiſtrate to puniſh bad, and the authority of thoſe of ſuperior rank to ſet good, examples, properly exerted, would probably be of more diffuſive advantage to ſociety than the moſt learned, theological, philoſophical, moral, and caſuiſtical diſſertations. As for inſtance,

An honeſt cobler in his ſtall thinks and calls himſelf a good honeſt Proteſtant; and if he lives at the City-end of the Town, probably goes to his pariſh church on Sundays. Would it be honeſt, would it be wiſe, to ſay to this cobler, "Friend, you only think yourſelf a mem-"ber of the Church of England; but in reality you are "not one, ſince you are only ſo from habit and pre-"judice, not from examination and reflection. But "ſtudy the ableſt controverſial writers of the Popiſh "and Reformed churches; read Bellarmine, Chilling-"worth, and Stillingfleet, and then you may juſtly "call yourſelf what in truth you are not now, a Pro-"teſtant."

Should our mender of ſhoes follow this advice, (which I hope he would not), a uſeful cobler would moſt certainly be loſt in a uſeleſs polemic and a ſcurvy logician.

It would be juſt the ſame thing in morals. Our cobler received from his parents that beſt and ſhorteſt of all Chriſtian and moral precepts, "Do as you would "be done by." He adopted it without much examination, and ſcrupulouſly practiſed it in general, though with ſome few exceptions perhaps in his own trade.

But ſhould ſome philoſopher, for the advancement of truth and knowledge, aſſure this cobler, "That his ho-"neſty was mere prejudice and habit, becauſe he had "never ſufficiently conſidered the relation and fitneſs "of things, nor contemplated the beauty of Virtue; "but that if he would carefully ſtudy the Characteri-"ſtics, the Moral Philoſopher, and thirty or forty vo-"lumes more upon that ſubject, he might then, and "not till then, juſtly call himſelf an honeſt man;" what would become of the honeſty of the cobler after this uſeful diſcovery I do not know; but this I very well know that he ſhould no longer be my cobler.

I ſhall borrow him in two inſtances more, and then leave him to his honeſt uſeful home-ſpun prejudices, which half-knowledge and leſs reaſoning will, I hope, never tempt him to lay aſide.

My cobler is alſo a politician. He reads the firſt newſ-papers he can get, deſirous to be informed of the ſtate of affairs in Europe, and of the ſtreet robberies in Lon-don. He has not, I preſume, analyzed the intereſts of the reſpective countries of Europe, nor deeply conſider-ed thoſe of his own; ſtill leſs is he ſyſtematically in-formed of the political duties of a citizen and a ſubject; but his heart and his habits ſupply thoſe defects. He glows with zeal for the honour and proſperity of Old England; he will fight for it if there be occaſion, and drink to it perhaps a little too often, and too much. However, is it not to be wiſhed that there were in this country ſix millions of ſuch honeſt and zealous, though uninformed, citizens.

All theſe unreflected and unexamined opinions of our cobler, though prejudices in him, are in themſelves undoubted and demonſtrable truths, and ought there-fore to be cheriſhed even in their coarſeſt dreſs. But I ſhall now give an inſtance of a common prejudice in this country, which is the reſult of error, and which

yet I believe no man in his ſenſes would deſire ſhould be expoſed or removed.

Our honeſt cobler is thoroughly convinced, as his forefathers were for many centuries, that one Engliſhman can beat three Frenchmen; and in that perſuaſion, he would by no means decline the trial. Now, though in my own private opinion, deduced from phyſical principles, I am apt to believe that one Engliſhman could beat no more than two Frenchmen of equal ſtrength and ſize with himſelf, I ſhould however be very unwilling to undeceive him of that uſeful and ſanguine error, which certainly made his countrymen triumph in the fields of Poictiers and Crecy.

But there are prejudices of a very different nature from theſe; prejudices not only founded on original error, but that give birth and ſanction to the moſt abſurd, extravagant, impious, and immoral cuſtoms.

Honour, that ſacred name, which ought to mean the ſpirit, the ſupererogation of virtue, is, by cuſtom, profaned, reduced, and ſhrunk to mean only a readineſs to fight a duel upon either a real or an imaginary affront, and not to cheat at play. No vices nor immoralities whatſoever blaſt this faſhionable character, but rather, on the contrary, dignify and adorn it: and what ſhould baniſh a man from all ſociety recommends him in general to the beſt. He may, with great honour, ſtarve the tradeſmen who, by their induſtry, ſupply not only his wants but his luxury. He may debauch his friend's wife, daughter, or ſiſter; he may, in ſhort, undoubtedly gratify every appetite, paſſion, and intereſt, and ſcatter deſolation around him, if he be but ready for ſingle combat, and a ſcrupulous obſerver of all the moral obligations of a gameſter.

Theſe are the prejudices for wit to ridicule, for ſatire to laſh, for the rigour of the law to puniſh, and (which would be the moſt effectual of all) for faſhion

to diſcountenance and proſcribe. And theſe ſhall in their turns be the ſubjects of ſome future papers.

NUMB. 113. THURSDAY, Feb. 27, 1755.

THE cuſtom of Duelling is moſt evidently the reſult of the paſſions of the many, and the deſigns of a few: but here the definition ſtops; ſince, far from being the ape of Reaſon, it prevails in open defiance of it. It is the manifeſt offspring of Barbarity and Folly, a monſtrous birth, and diſtinguiſhed by the moſt ſhocking and ridiculous marks of both its parents.

I would not willingly give offence to the politer part of my readers, whom I acknowledge to be my beſt cuſtomers, and therefore I will not ſo much as hint at the impiety of this practice, nor will I labour to ſhow how repugnant it is to inſtinct, reaſon, and every moral and ſocial obligation, even to the faſhionable fitneſs of things. Viewed on the criminal ſide, it excites horror; on the abſurd ſide, it is an inexhauſtible fund of ridicule. The guilt has been conſidered and expoſed by abler pens than mine, and indeed ought to be cenſured with more dignity than a fugitive weekly paper can pretend to: I ſhall, therefore, content myſelf with ridiculing the Folly of it.

The Ancients moſt certainly have had very imperfect notions of honour, for they had none of Duelling. One reads, it is true, of murders committed every now and then among the Greeks and Romans, prompted only by intereſt or revenge, and performed without the leaſt Attic politeneſs, or Roman urbanity. No letters of gentle invitation were ſent to any man to come and have his throat cut the next morning; and we may obſerve that Milo had not the common decency to give Clodius, the moſt profligate of men, the moſt dangerous of

citizens, and his own inveterate enemy, an equal chance of deſtroying him.

This delicacy of ſentiment, this refinement of manners, was reſerved for the politer Goths, Viſigoths, Oſtrogoths, Vandals, &c. to introduce, cultivate, and eſtabliſh. I muſt confeſs that they have generally been conſidered as barbarous nations; and to be ſure there are ſome circumſtances which ſeem to favour that opinion. They made open war upon learning, and gave no quarter even to the monuments of arts and ſciences: but then it muſt be owned, on the other hand, that upon thoſe ruins they eſtabliſhed the honourable and noble ſcience of Homicide; dignified, exalted, and aſcertained True Honour, worſhipped it as their deity, and ſacrificed to it hecatombs of human victims.

In thoſe happy days Honour, that is, ſingle combat, was the great and unerring teſt of civil rights, moral actions, and ſound doctrines. It was ſanctified by the church, and the churchmen were occaſionally allowed the honour and pleaſure of it; for we read of many inſtances of Duels between men and prieſts. Nay it was, without appeal, the infallible teſt of female chaſtity. If a Princeſs, or any lady of diſtinction, was ſuſpected of a little incontinency, ſome brave champion, who was commonly privy to or perhaps the author of it, ſtood forth in her defence, and aſſerted her innocence with the point of his ſword or lance. If by his activity, ſkill, ſtrength, and courage, he murdered the accuſer, the lady was ſpotleſs; but if her champion fell, her guilt was manifeſt. This heroic gallantry in defence of the fair, I preſume, occaſioned that aſſociation of ideas (otherwiſe ſeemingly unrelative to each other) of the Brave and the Fair: for, indeed, in thoſe days, it behoved a lady who had the leaſt regard for her reputation to chuſe a lover of uncommon activity, ſtrength, and courage. This notion, as I am well aſſured, ſtill prevails in many

reputable families about Covent Garden, where the Brave in the kitchen are always within call of the Fair in the firſt or ſecond floor.

By this ſummary method of proceeding, the quibbles, the delays, and the expenſe, of the law were avoided, and the troubleſome ſhackles of the goſpel knocked off, Honour ruling in their ſtead. To prove the utility and juſtice of this method, I cannot help mentioning a very extraordinary Duel between a man of diſtinction and a dog, in the year 1371, in the preſence of King Charles V. of France. Both the relation and the print of this Duel are to be found in Father Montfoucon.

A gentleman of the Court was ſuppoſed to have murdered another, who had been miſſing for ſome days. This ſuſpicion aroſe from the mute teſtimony of the abſent perſon's dog, a large Iriſh grey-hound, who with uncommon rage attacked this ſuppoſed murderer wherever he met him. As he was a gentleman, and a man of very nice honour, (though by the way he really had murdered the man), he could not bear lying under ſo diſhonourable a ſuſpicion, and therefore applied to the King for leave to juſtify his innocence by ſingle combat with the ſaid dog. The King, being a great lover of juſtice, granted his ſuit, ordered liſts to be made ready, appointed the time, and named the weapons. The gentleman was to have an offenſive club in his hand, the dog a defenſive tub to reſort to occaſionally. The Iriſh grey-hound willingly met this fair inviter at the time and place appointed; for it has always been obſervable of that particular breed that they have an uncommon alacrity at ſingle combat. They fought; the dog prevailed, and almoſt killed the honourable gentleman, who had then the honour to confeſs his guilt, and of being hanged for it in a few days.

When letters, arts, and ſciences, revived in Europe, the ſcience of Homicide was farther cultivated and improved. If, on the one hand, it loſt a little of the ex-

tent of its juriſdiction, on the other, it acquired great preciſion, clearneſs, and beauty, by the care and pains of the very beſt Italian and Spaniſh authors, who reduced it into a regular body, and delighted the world with their admirable codes, digeſts, pandects, and reports *della cavallereſca*, in ſome hundreds of volumes. Almoſt all poſſible caſes of Honour were conſidered and ſtated; two-and-thirty different ſorts of lies were diſtinguiſhed; and the adequate ſatisfaction neceſſary for each was, with great ſolidity and preciſion, aſcertained. A kick with a thin ſhoe was declared more injurious to Honour (though not ſo painful to the part kicked) than a kick with a thick ſhoe; and, in ſhort, a thouſand other diſcoveries of the like nature, equally beneficial to ſociety, were communicated to the world in thoſe voluminous treaſures of Honour.

In the preſent degenerate age, the fundamental laws of Honour are exploded and ridiculed, and ſingle combat thought a very uncertain, and even unjuſt, deciſion of civil property, female chaſtity, and criminal accuſations; but I would humbly aſk why? Is not ſingle combat as juſt a deciſion of any other thing whatſoever as it is of veracity? the caſe to which it is now in a manner confined. I am of opinion that there are more men in the world who lie and fight too than there are who will lie and not fight; becauſe I believe there are more men in the world who have than who want courage. But if fighting is the teſt of veracity, my readers of condition will, I hope, pardon me, when I ſay, that my future inquiries and reſearches after truth ſhall be altogether confined to the three regiments of Guards.

There is one reaſon, indeed, which makes me ſuſpect that a Duel may not always be the infallible criterion of veracity, and that is, that the combatants very rarely meet upon equal terms. I beg leave to ſtate a caſe, which may very probably, and not even unfrequently,

happen, and which yet is not provided for, nor even mentioned, in the Inſtitutes of Honour.

A very lean, ſlender, active young fellow of great Honour, weighing perhaps not quite twelve ſtone, and who has from his youth taken leſſons of Homicide from a murder-maſter, has, or thinks he has, a point of Honour to diſcuſs with an unwieldy, fat, middle-aged gentleman, of nice Honour likewiſe, weighing four-and-twenty ſtone, and who in his youth may not poſſibly have had the ſame commendable application to the noble ſcience of Homicide. The lean gentleman ſends a very civil letter to the fat one, inviting him to come and be killed by him the next morning in Hyde Park. Should the fat gentleman accept this invitation, and waddle to the place appointed, he goes to inevitable ſlaughter. Now, upon this ſtate of the caſe, might not the fat gentleman, conſiſtent with the rules of Honour, return the following anſwer to the invitation of the lean one?

"SIR,

"I find by your letter that you do me the juſtice to "believe that I have the true notions of Honour that "become a gentleman; and I hope I ſhall never give "you reaſon to change your opinion. As I entertain "the ſame opinion of you, I muſt ſuppoſe that you "will not deſire that we ſhould meet upon very un-"equal terms, which muſt be the caſe, were we to meet "to-morrow. At preſent I unfortunately weigh four-"and-twenty ſtone, and I gueſs that you do not exceed "twelve. From this circumſtance ſingly, I am dou-"bly the mark that you are; but, beſides this, you are "active, and I am unwieldy. I therefore propoſe to "you, that from this day forwards we ſeverally endea-"vour, by all poſſible means, you to fatten and I to "waſte, till we can meet at the medium of eighteen

" ſtone. I will loſe no time on my part, being impatient " to prove to you that I am not quite unworthy of the " good opinion which you are pleaſed to expreſs of,

" SIR,

" Your very humble ſervant.

" *P. S.* I believe it may not be amiſs for us to com- " municate to each other from time to time our gra- " dations of increaſe and decreaſe towards the deſired " medium, in which I preſume two or three pounds " more or leſs on either ſide ought not to be con- " ſidered."

This, among many more caſes that I could mention, ſufficiently proves, not only the expediency, but the neceſſity of reſtoring, reviſing, and perhaps adding to the practice, rules and ſtatutes of ſingle combat, as it flouriſhed in the fifteenth and ſixteenth centuries. I grant that it would probably make the common law uſeleſs; but little trifling and private intereſts ought not to ſtand in the way of great, public, and national advantages.

NUMB. 114. THURSDAY, March 6, 1755.

THE notion of birth, as it is commonly called and eſtabliſhed by cuſtom, is alſo the manifeſt reſult " of the prejudices of the many, and of the deſigns of " a few." It is the child of Pride and Folly, coupled together by that induſtrious pander Self-love. It is ſurely the ſtrongeſt inſtance, and the weakeſt prop, of human vanity. If it means any thing, it means a long lineal deſcent from a founder, whoſe induſtry or good fortune, whoſe merit, or, perhaps, whoſe guilt, has enabled his poſterity to live uſeleſs to ſociety, and to tranſmit to theirs their pride and their patrimony. How-

ever, this extravagant notion, this chimerical advantage, the effect of blind Chance, where prudence and option cannot even pretend to have the leaſt ſhare, is that Fly which, by a kind of Egyptian ſuperſtition, Cuſtom all over Europe has deified, and at whoſe tawdry ſhrine good ſenſe, good manners, and good nature, are daily ſacrificed.

The vulgar diſtinction between people of Birth and people of no Birth will, probably, puzzle the critics and antiquarians of the thirtieth or fortieth centuries, when, in their judicious or laborious reſearches into the cuſtoms and manners of theſe preſent times, they ſhall have reaſon to ſuppoſe, that in the ſixteenth, ſeventeeth, and eighteenth centuries, the iſland of Great Britain was inhabited by two ſorts of people, ſome *born*, but the much greater number *unborn*. The fact will appear ſo incredible that it will certainly be believed; the only difficulty will be how to account for it; and that, as it commonly does, will engroſs the attention of the learned. The caſe of Cadmus's men will, doubtleſs, be urged as a caſe in point, to prove the poſſibility of the thing; and the truth of it will be confirmed by the records of the univerſity of Oxford, where it will appear that an unborn perſon, called for that reaſon *Terræ Filius*, annually entertained that Univerſity with an oration in the theatre.

I therefore take, with pleaſure, this opportunity of explaining and clearing up this difficulty to my remoteſt ſucceſſors in the republic of letters, by giving them the true meaning of the ſeveral expreſſions of *great Birth*, *noble Birth*, and *no Birth at all*.

Great and illuſtrious Birth is aſcertained and authenticated by a pedigree carefully preſerved in the family, which takes at leaſt an hour's time to unroll, and when unrolled, diſcloſes twenty intermarriages of valiant and puiſſant Geoffreys and Hildebrands, with as many chaſte

and pious Blaunches and Mauds, before the Conqueſt, not without here and there a daſh of the Plantagenets. But if unfortunately the inſolent worms ſhould have devoured the pedigree as well as the perſons of the illuſtrious family, that defect may be ſupplied by the authentic records of the Herald's office, that ineſtimable repoſitary of good ſenſe and uſeful knowledge. If this great Birth is graced with a peerage ſo much the better; but if not, it is no great matter; for being ſo ſolid a good in itſelf, it wants no borrowed advantages, and is unqueſtionably the moſt pleaſing ſentiment that a truly generous mind is capable of feeling.

Noble Birth implies only a peerage in the family. Anceſtors are by no means neceſſary for this kind of birth; the patent is the midwife of it, and the very firſt deſcent is noble. The family arms, however modern, are dignified by the coronet and mantle; but the family livery is ſometimes, for very good reaſons, laid aſide.

Birth, ſingly, and without an epithet, extends, I cannot poſitively ſay how far, but negatively, it ſtops where uſeful arts and induſtry begin. Merchants, tradeſmen, yeomen, farmers, and ploughmen, are not *born*, or, at leaſt, in ſo mean a way, as not to deſerve that name; and it is perhaps for that reaſon that their mothers are ſaid to be delivered rather than brought to bed of them. But baronets, knights, and eſquires, have the honour of being *born*.

I muſt confeſs that, before I got the key to this faſhionable language, I was a good deal puzzled myſelf with the diſtinction between Birth and no Birth; and having no other guide than my own weak reaſon, I miſtook the matter moſt groſsly. I fooliſhly imagined that *well-born*, meant born with a ſound mind in a ſound body; a healthy ſtrong conſtitution, joined to a good heart and a good underſtanding: but I never ſuſpected that it could poſſibly mean the ſhrivelled,

taſteleſs fruit of an old genealogical tree. I communicated my doubts, and applied for information to my late worthy and curious friend the celebrated Mrs Kennon, whoſe valuable collection of foſſils and minerals lately ſold ſufficiently proves her ſkill and reſearches in the moſt recondite parts of nature. She, with that frankneſs nnd humanity which were natural to her, aſſured me that it was all a vulgar error, in which, however, the nobility and gentry prided themſelves: but that in truth ſhe had never obſerved the children of the Quality to be wholeſomer and ſtronger than others, but rather the contrary; which difference ſhe imputed to certain cauſes which I ſhall not here ſpecify. This natural (and, I dare ſay, to the beſt of her obſervation, true) account confirmed me in my former philoſophical error. But ſtill not thoroughly ſatisfied with it, and thinking that there muſt be ſomething more in what was ſo univerſally valued, I determined to get ſome farther information, by addreſſing myſelf to a perſon of vaſt, immenſe, prodigious Birth, and deſcended *atavis regibus*, with whom I have the honour of being acquainted. As he expatiates willingly upon that ſubject, it was very eaſy for me to ſet him a-going upon it, inſomuch that, upon ſome few doubts which I humbly ſuggeſted to him, he ſpoke to me in the following manner:

"I believe, Mr Fitz-Adam, you are not (for no body "is) ignorant of the antiquity of my family, which, by "authentic records, I can trace up to King Alfred, "ſome of whoſe blood runs at this moment in my "veins; and I will not conceal from you that I find "infinite inward comfort and ſatisfaction in that re"flection. Let people of no Birth laugh as much as "they pleaſe at theſe notions, they are not imagina"ry; they are real, they are ſolid; and whoever is "*well-born* is glad that he is ſo. A merchant, a

" tradeſman, a yeoman, a farmer, and ſuch ſort of " people, may perhaps have common honeſty and vul- " gar virtues; but take my word for it, the more re- " fined and generous ſentiments of honour, courage, " and magnanimity, can only flow in ancient and noble " blood. What ſhall animate a tradeſman or mean- " born man to any great and heroic virtues? Shall it " be the examples of his anceſtors? he has none; or " ſhall it be that impure blood that rather ſtagnates " than circulates in his veins? No: Ancient Birth and " Noble Blood are the only true ſources of great vir- " tues. This truth appears even among brutes, who, " we obſerve, never degenerate, except in caſes of miſ- " alliances with their inferiors. Are not the pedigrees " of horſes, cocks, dogs, &c. carefully preſerved, as " the never-failing proofs of their ſwiftneſs and cou- " rage? I repeat it again, Birth is an ineſtimable ad- " vantage, not to be adequately underſtood but by " thoſe who have it."

My friend was going on, and, to ſay the truth, grow- ing dull, when I took the liberty of interrupting him, by acknowledging that the cogency of his arguments, and the ſelf-evidence of his facts, had entirely removed all my doubts, and convinced me of the unſpeakable advantages of Illuſtrious Birth; and, unfortunately, I added, that my own vanity was greatly flattered by it, in conſequence of my being lineally deſcended from the firſt man. Upon this my friend looked grave, and ſeemed rather diſpleaſed; whether from a ſuſpicion that I was jeſting, or upon an apprehenſion that I meant to out-deſcend him, I cannot determine; for he content- ed himſelf with ſaying, " That is not a neceſſary con- " ſequence neither, Mr Fitz-Adam, ſince I have read " ſomewhere or other of Pre-adamites, which opinion " did not ſeem to me an abſurd one."

Here I took my leave of him, and went home full of reflections upon the aſtoniſhing powers of ſelf-love, that can extract comfort and pleaſure from ſuch groundleſs, abſurd, and extravagant prejudices. In all other reſpects my friend is neither a fool nor a madman, and can talk very rationally upon any rational ſubject. But ſuch is the inconſiſtency both of the human mind and the human heart, that one muſt not form a general judgment of either from one glaring error or one ſhining excellence.

NUMB. 115. THURSDAY, March 13, 1755.

THOUGH it is a general obſervation, that the actions of mankind commonly begin and end in *ſelf*, yet, to an impartial perſon, who reads over with attention the advertiſements in our public papers, it will appear that there are inſtances of public-ſpiritedneſs in the preſent times that put to ſhame every record that can be produced in favour of times paſt: and though I am ſorry to ſay that theſe inſtances are confined to one particular profeſſion of men, yet the benefits that accrue from them are general and univerſal. Not to leave my readers in ſuſpenſe, the public-ſpirited gentlemen I mean are the *gentleman of the faculty*, or, as they more modeſtly call themſelves, *the practioners in phyſic*. The diſintereſted zeal with which theſe gentlemen devote their labours to the good of mankind ought, I confeſs, to be celebrated by much abler pens than mine; and happy indeed is it that they themſelves ſeem to think ſo, and have, therefore, done that juſtice to their own merits which their warmeſt advocates muſt have deſpaired of doing for them.

The moſt illuſtrious Doctor de Corteſe, phyſician of

the moſt ſerene Republic of Venice, has abandoned his native country and friends, and with the no leſs illuſtrious Doctor Toſcano, his colleague, has generouſly taken up his reſidence in this metropolis, where diſeaſes and death fly before him.

A phyſician of our own nation challenges the regard of his countrymen, by politely and elegantly ſetting forth in the daily papers, that "As nothing is more repugnant to humanity than denying relief to a fellow-creature in miſery, applauſe ſurely is moſt due to thoſe who, by long ſtudy and great application, have extracted a medicine from the vegetable and mineral creation, that infallibly cures," &c.

The truly diſintereſted proprietor of the Old Iron Pear-tree Water, and its Salts, condeſcends to do himſelf the juſtice to acknowledge his great benevolence to mankind, by prefacing his addreſs to the Public in the following words, "That the Unhappy may know where to apply for relief is the full end of this advertiſement."

The gentleman of much experience in phyſic, who has diſcovered the celebrated lotion or waſh that makes every body beautiful, tells us, "That, for the convenience of perſons of diſtinction and the general good of mankind, it is ſold at Mr Foy's china-ſhop, oppoſite St James's palace."

Who is there that can read that does not look with admiration and aſtoniſhment on the diſintereſted benevolence of theſe truly great perſons? But when we conſider a ſtill greater inſtance of public-ſpiritedneſs; when we think of that juſtly-celebrated great man and phyſician, the incomparable Dr Taylor, who not ſatisfied with reſtoring the invaluable bleſſing of ſight to every individual of his blind countrymen, pays his charitable viſits to every part of Europe, dealing light and comfort to all nations: where ſhall we find words to

expreſs the ideas we are filled with? It is with great pleaſure that I embrace this opportunity of congratulating his Holineſs the Pope, and their Eminences the Cardinals, on the arrival of that illuſtrious perſon at Rome, of which the Daily Advertiſer thus particularly iuforms us.

" Rome, December the 27th. The Chevalier Tay-
" lor, celebrated medicine-oculiſt to their Imperial
" Majeſties, to the Kings of Great Britan, Poland,
" Sweden, Denmark, and to all the Sovereign Princes
" in Europe, arrived a few weeks ſince in this capital
" from Muſcovy, and the morning after his arrival was
" preſented to his Holineſs. From the reputation he
" has acquired here by the ſucceſs he had with the
" Princeſſes of Ruſpuly, Juſtinana, and with many
" other illuſtrious perſonages, together with a number
" extraordinary of the ſubjects of this country, the Pope
" has not only been pleaſed to grant him three diffe-
" rent audiences, but has declared him, by patent,
" medicine-oculiſt to his perſon and court: and to give
" him yet a greater mark of his favour, has cauſed
" him to be made Chevalier of his court, to be received
" as a member of the Roman Senate, and fellow of the
" Roman Univerſity. The patents of theſe dignities,
" together with all the others he has received from the
" courts and univerſities abroad, are in the hands of
" his ſon in London. By a liſt it appears, that the
" Chevalier is now phyſician-oculiſt, (by patent), to
" ſix crowned heads; to near twenty ſovereign princes;
" member of almoſt all the univerſities, academies, and
" ſocieties of the learned in Europe; that he is the
" author of twenty-four different works that he has
" wrote himſelf in different languages, three of which
" are publiſhed in Italian: and to complete all, he was
" received as a member of the Univerſity of Padua by
" order of the Senate of Venice, with diſtinct appro-

" bation from the famous profeſſor Morganni: and " thus crowned by the dignities he has received from " the Court and Senate of Rome, the Chevalier will " direct his courſe through Italy, where he will end " his tour through all Europe."

I have tranſcribed the whole of this advertiſement, (which poſſibly may not appear to be quite as accurately worded as if drawn up by the Doctor himſelf), becauſe I am deſirous of reſcuing from a periſhable newſpaper the authentic records of the dignities and honours of the Chevalier Taylor. I cannot conceal from my readers that I have one melancholy thought upon this occaſion; it is, that as moſt of theſe high honours have been conferred upon the Chevalier by the catholic princes, and particularly by his Holineſs the Pope, it is greatly to be feared that, from a principle of gratitude, the Chevalier may poſſibly have made them a compliment of his Proteſtant faith. If my apprehenſions of this event are groundleſs, how ought we to rejoice that ſuch diſtinguiſhed titles are beſtowed, even by the enemies of our religion, upon one of our own countrymen!

Indeed, as the principal bleſſing of life is health, it is no wonder that princes and great men are ſo ready to reward with honours all thoſe who are the inſurers of it: and it is with no ſmall ſatisfaction that I ſee thoſe eminent phyſicians, Doctor Rock, Doctor Weſt, together with a long *et cætera* of doctors, who content themſelves with publiſhing their merits without their names, offering their ſeveral ſpecifics to the Public under a patent from the Crown.

But it is the diſintereſted ſpirit of theſe great perſons, and not their honours, that I am at preſent celebrating; and I take ſhame to myſelf that, as an author, and, conſequently, a phyſician of the mind, I have been leſs careful in ſetting forth either the excellency of my

labours, or in extending them as I ought to have done to all ſorts of people. I had never conſidered till very lately that the paper of the *World*, though it coſt no more than two-pence, and is publiſhed but once a week, yet when continued to an hundred thouſand numbers, or perhaps to the end of time, (for I have taken care that the ſecret of writing it ſhall not die with me), muſt be too heavy a tax on the generations of the poor. From a due conſideration of this weighty affair, and influenced thereto by the noble and diſintereſted ſpirit of my brethren the doctors, I have directed my good friend Mr Dodſley to bind up, in three neat pocket volumes, the aggregate of theſe my labours, for the years one thouſand ſeven hundred fifty-three, and one thouſand ſeven hundred fifty-four, and to diſtribute the ſaid volumes among all the bookſellers of this great metropolis, to be ſold by them to-morrow, and for ever, at ſo ſmall a price as three ſhillings a volume. And I have the pleaſure of declaring, with equal truth with the proprietor of the Old Iron Pear-tree Water and its Salts, "that to relieve the unhappy is the full end of "this publication."

For the great utility of theſe incomparable volumes, I might refer the reader to the praiſes I have almoſt every where beſtowed upon them in the volumes themſelves, though, I confeſs, not altogether in ſo ample a manner as their merits required. I might alſo have preſented him with a liſt of atteſtations, ſent me under the hands and ſeals of moſt of the principal nobility of theſe kingdoms, ſetting forth their marvellous effects on their morals and underſtandings: but as theſe atteſtations would have made a much larger work than the volumes themſelves, I thought it prudent to omit them. In fact, nothing need be ſaid of theſe books but that they are an eaſy, pleaſant, and infallible cure for every diſorder of the human mind.

I had written thus far when I received a viſit from a friend, who, upon my acquainting him with the public-ſpirited ſcheme which I have laid before my readers, ſhook his head, and told me, that an author of his acquaintance had greatly out-done me in generoſity; of which he could convince me in an hour's time. He then left me abruptly, without ſo much as waiting for an anſwer, and in leſs than the time propoſed ſent me the following advertiſement, cut out of a newſpaper. "This day was publiſhed, Nurſe Truelove's new-year's gift; or, "The book of books for children, adorned with cuts, "and deſigned as a preſent for every little boy who "would become a great man, and ride upon a fine horſe; "and to every little girl who would become a great "woman, and ride in a Lord Mayor's gilt coach. Printed for the author; who has ordered theſe books to "be given *gratis* to all little good boys and girls, at "the Bible and Crown in St Paul's Church-yard, they "paying for the binding, which is only two-pence "each book."

I confeſs very freely that the generoſity of this advertiſement put me a little out of countenance; but as I pique myſelf upon nothing ſo much as my benevolence to mankind, I ſoon came to a reſolution not to be out-done by this public-ſpirited gentleman; and I hereby give notice, that the above-mentioned three volumes of the *World*, together with a very elaborate index to each, (all of which were, I confeſs, intended to be *ſold*), will now be given *gratis* at every bookſeller's ſhop in town, to all ſorts of perſons, "they only paying nine ſhillings for the binding."

NUMB. 116. THURSDAY, March 20, 1755.

" Perſonam, thyrſumque tenent, et ſubligar Acci."

In borrow'd breeches act the players' parts.

To Mr FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM left guardian to three young ladies, whoſe father was my intimate acquaintance at the time he made his addreſſes to their late mother: and I very well remember he could not obtain admittance till he had firſt procured himſelf the ornament of a ſtar and ribbon, and would never have gained the lady but from the happy thought of adding another lace to his liveries. As it appeared to me that his ſucceſs was owing to theſe exteriors, I conceived no great opinion of the good ſenſe of his lady; but as ſhe made my friend a good wife, I reflected that ſhe might juſtly be influenced by the ribbon, as it marked the conſequence of her lover, and by the additional lace, as it ſeemed to beſpeak his riches. It is, however, ſtill a doubt with me, whether ſhe ever felt a ſincere paſſion for the man ſhe married; and what increaſes this doubt is, that I could never diſcover in either of her daughters any ſymptoms of what I can properly call love. The eldeſt, who reads romances, is continually profeſſing a ſincere diſpoſition to requite (after a proper time) the pains of one who ſhall enterprize, fight, ſtarve, or catch cold for her. The ſecond would be happy with a ſcarecrow, who, with the dignity of a title, ſhould diſcover what ſhe calls a *taſte*, in tricking out his perſon with embroidery, laces, jewels, and trinkets. The third would never deſire to ſee the object of her paſſion,

provided ſhe might receive reams of paper filled with flames, darts, arrows, and ſuch miſſive weapons, which do moſt execution from a diſtance. Laſt week my three wards came into my room deſiring leave to go to the next maſquerade. I gave a haſty conſent, imagining there could be no danger for ladies whom I knew to be ſafe on the ſide of love; but ſince I have recollected my thoughts, I am apprehenſive that the eldeſt may be caught by ſome *avanturier*, with ſounding language and a romantic habit; the ſecond by a Turkiſh emperor not worth ten chequins; and the youngeſt by a ſmooth-tongued flattering poet, who when he has pulled off his borrowed habit of a ſhepherd has perhaps no other to put on.

You will not be ſurpriſed, after this repreſentation, to hear me complain of the diſtreſs my promiſe has brought upon me; but as I never break my word with them, I muſt for once truſt them to their fate. But I cannot forbear entreating you, while the impreſſion is ſtrong in my raſh mind, to write a paper on the dangerous conſequences which theſe fantaſtic diverſions may bring upon young people, by giving a wild and extravagant turn to their imaginations. You will perhaps wonder to hear the effects which my conſent has already produced. This morning I found the eldeſt of my young ladies dreſſed out, as ſhe told me, in the character of Cyrus, in a ſuit of Perſian armour of her own contrivance. The ſecond, who is of a large ſize, and has contracted a remarkable unwieldineſs by the ſtate ſhe obſerves, in never moving off her couch, was, at the ſame time, under the hands of one of the dancers at the theatre, who was lacing her up in a habit made after that which ſhe wears herſelf in one of her ſerious dances. The youngeſt was a muſe, and expreſſed great ſatisfaction in the negligent flow of her robe, but complained that ſhe had not ſettled her head. I could not help ſaying I was ſorry I had contributed my part

to the unſettling it. This was very ill received; which indeed I might have foreſeen, as well from the oppoſition which it implied to her diverſion as becauſe the muſe, of all things in the world, deteſts a pun.

This, Mr Fitz-Adam, is a very ominous beginning of an affair, which I am afraid will have a worſe end. If it be attended with any of the conſequences which I apprehend, you ſhall hear farther from me; in the mean time, I hope to hear from you on this ſubject, and am,

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

PRUDENTIO.

As I have received no farther intelligence from this correſpondent, and as it is now near a month ſince this letter came to hand, I am apt to think that none of thoſe dreadful conſequences have happened which he ſo greatly apprehended, and that the three ladies eſcaped without any other accident than now and then a laugh at their affectation.

I muſt confeſs I am one of thoſe who think a maſquerade an innocent amuſement, and that people have long ſince left off going to it with any deſign either good or bad: not that the vices objected to it are left off, but that they are carried on with leſs difficulty in other places, and without the ſuſpicion that would attend them there. And I may venture to ſay, if people will keep from the dangers of the gaming-table, they will run no other hazard at the maſquerade than that of making themſelves ridiculous. I will go ſtill farther, by proteſting againſt the injuſtice of charging this diverſion in particular with the miſchiefs of play, or the affected follies mentioned in my correſpondent's letter, by ſuppoſing that the men game higher, or that the women dreſs more fantaſtically, in the Hay-market than elſe-

where. That it is an unprofitable amuſement, and not worthy the anxiety and pains that are uſually beſtowed upon it, I very readily acknowledge, but have nothing farther to ſay againſt it.

And here I cannot help obſerving, for the information of the declaimer againſt the preſent times, that our anceſtors beſtowed more thought and trouble on their elaborate fooleries of this kind than their poſterity have done ſince; and that they were ſometimes attended with more dangerous conſequences. Witneſs the famous *Balet des Ardens*, where Charles VI. of France and ſeveral young gentlemen of his court, in order to repreſent ſavages, endeavoured to imitate hair, by ſticking flax upon their cloſe jackets of canvas, which were beſmeared for that purpoſe with pitch and other inflammable matter; and all, excepting the King, chained themſelves together ſo faſt, that a ſpark of fire from a flambeau falling upon one of their dreſſes burnt two of them to death before they could be ſeparated, and ſcorched the others ſo that the greateſt part of them died in a few days.

Henry VIII. was the firſt who brought theſe diverſions into England; and as they were very amuſing from their novelty, they were frequently exhibited in that reign with great ſucceſs. It is perhaps to a building erected by that Monarch for an occaſional maſquerade that the firſt idea of Ranelagh owes its birth. It will not, I believe, be denied that the modern Ranelagh is rather an improvement upon the old one; a deſcription of which, together with the diſaſter that befel it, is thus particularly ſet forth by the hiſtorian of thoſe times.

"The King cauſed to be builded a banqueting-houſe, "eight hundred feet in compaſs, like a theatre, after a "goodly device, builded in ſuch a manner as (I think) "was never ſeen. And in the midſt of the ſame ban-

" queting-houſe was ſet up a great pillar of timber,
" made of eight great maſts, bound together with iron
" bands for to hold them together: for it was a hun-
" dred and thirty-four feet in length, and coſt ſix pounds
" thirteen ſhillings and four-pence to ſet it upright.
" The banqueting-houſe was covered over with canvas,
" faſtened with ropes and iron as faſt as might be deviſed;
" and within the ſaid houſe was painted the heavens,
" with ſtars, ſun, moon, and clouds, with divers other
" things made above over men's heads. And about
" the high pillar of timber that ſtood upright in the
" midſt was made ſtages of timber for organs and other
" inſtruments to ſtand upon, and men to play on them.
" But in the morning of the ſame day wherein the
" building was accompliſhed the wind began to riſe,
" and at night blew off the canvas, and all the elements,
" with the ſtars, ſun, moon, and clouds; and all the
" King's ſeats that were made with great riches, beſides
" all other things, were all daſhed and loſt."

Thus fell the firſt Ranelagh, tho' built (according to this hiſtorian) as ſtrong as could be deviſed. The modern Ranelagh has proved itſelf to be a ſtronger building, having as yet been affected by no ſtorms but thoſe of the legiſlature: and (if our magiſtrates had thought proper) we might ſtill have challenged all Europe to ſhow us the diverſion of a maſquerade in the perfection with which it was there exhibited, either for the ſpaciouſneſs of the room, the beauty of the ladies, the ſplendour of their jewels, or the elegance of their habits. That the choice of the latter may no longer be a torture to the invention, or occaſion the ſame hurry, embarraſſment, and diſappointment, that I am told have happened on ſome late occaſions, it may be proper to take notice, that my ingenious and accurate friend Mr Jefferys of St Martin's Lane is now engraving ſelect repreſentations of the moſt approved modes of dreſs of all thoſe nations

who have discovered either taste or fancy in that science. And I hope that in this undertaking he will acquit himself as well to the polite world as he has to the commercial, by the great care and pains he has bestowed in ascertaining the geography of those parts of the globe with which this country is most particularly connected, and which may sometimes furnish topics for conversation to the full as entertaining as the most earnest preparations for a subscription masquerade.

NUMB. 117. THURSDAY, March 27, 1755.

"In nova fert animus." *Ovid.*

Of bodies chang'd to various forms I sing. *Garth.*

THERE is, perhaps, no passion which more strongly marks the general character of mankind, which operates more forcibly, or actuates more universally, than the desire of Novelty. Its effects appear conspicuous in proportion as every age or nation is advanced in those refinements which are the natural consequence of an extensive intercourse with other countries, and of wealth, security, and ease, under the lenity of a free government.

The Athenians, the most polished nation in all antiquity, and who enjoyed these advantages in the highest degree, were, if we may trust their own writers, as passionately fond of the Something New as my own countrymen can possibly be; nay, far exceeded them: for however great may be the expense to which we have pushed our invention of fresh objects for the public amusement, yet we must yield the superiority, no less in extravagance than we do in taste, to a people, who expended the treasure which was destined to clothe and feed an army, or to man a fleet, on diversions and entertainments at

home. It may ſurpriſe ſome of our gayeſt Moderns to inform them, that without ridottos, maſquerades, and operas, the charge only of acting three tragedies of Sophocles amounted to the ſum total of the ſupplies raiſed for the ſervice of the republic in a general war.

The paſſion for novelty, as it acts on different ſubjects, has very different conſequences. When religion or government are its objects, it is the ſource of moſt terrible evils. New men and new models have been the dread of the wiſeſt politicians; and when things are tolerably well, to maintain them upon the old footing has been generally thought the ſafeſt maxim for the happineſs of the community. Too great a deſire of novelty, either in the governed or in the governing, has often diſturbed the peace of kingdoms. When it goes no farther than to decide the dreſs of the perſon, or the ornaments of our equipage, all is ſafe; its higheſt degree of exceſs will then only afford a ſubject of ridicule. A ſmart-cook'd hat or embroidered ſleeve, a ſhort petticoat or well-fancied furbelow, will neither endanger the church nor embroil the ſtate. The purſuit indeed of ſuch kind of novelties may rather occaſion many advantages to the public, while that vanity which is abſurd in the particular is uſeful in the general. Novelty and faſhion are the ſource and ſupport of trade, by conſtantly ſupplying matter for the employment of induſtry. By increaſing the wants they increaſe the connexions of mankind; and ſo long as they do not, by too great an extravagance, defeat their own end, in diſabling the rich from paying the reward of that induſtry to the poor, they anſwer excellent purpoſes to ſociety.

Not only the improvements of every invention for the convenience and eaſe of life, but even of thoſe which conſtitute its real ornament, are owing to this deſire of novelty. Yet here, too, we may grow wanton; and Nature ſeems to have ſet us bounds which we cannot

paſs without running into great abſurdities. For the very principle which has contributed to the perfection of the finer arts may become the cauſe of their degeneracy and corruption. The ſearch of the Something New has, ſtep by ſtep, conducted mankind to the diſcovery of all that is truly beautiful in thoſe arts; and the ſame ſearch (for the deſire of novelty never ſtops) already begins to urge us beyond that point to which a juſt taſte ſhould always confine itſelf.

Hence it is that muſical compoſition ceaſes to be admired merely for touching the paſſions, and for changing the emotions of the heart from the ſoft to the ſtrong, from the amorous to the fierce, or from the gay to the melancholy, and only ſeems to be then conſidered as highly excellent when it impreſſes us with the idea of difficulty in the execution.

Images unnatural and unconnected, and a ſtyle quaint and embarraſſed with its own pomp, but void of meaning and ſentiment, will always be the conſequence of endeavouring, in the ſame way, to introduce a new taſte into poetry. Hence it will become vehement without ſtrength, and ornamented without beauty; and the native warm and ſoft winning language of that amiable miſtreſs will ceaſe to pleaſe her more judicious lovers by an affectation of pleaſing only in a new manner.

Strange as it may appear that this ſhould find admirers, yet it is not any more to be wondered at than the applauſe which is ſo fondly given to Chineſe decorations, or to the barbarous productions of a Gothic genius, which ſeems once more to threaten the ruin of that ſimplicity which diſtinguiſhed the Greek and Roman arts, as eternally ſuperior to thoſe of every other nation.

Few men are endued with a juſt taſte; that is, with an aptitude to diſcover what is proper, fit, and right, and, conſequently, beautiful, in the ſeveral objects which offer themſelves to their view. Though beauty in theſe

external objects, like truth in thoſe of the underſtanding, is ſelf-evident and immutable, yet, like truth, it may be ſeen perverſely, or not at all, becauſe not conſidered. Now, all men are equally ſtruck with the novelty of an appearance, but few, after this firſt emotion, call in their judgment to correct the deciſion of their eye, and to tell them whether the pleaſure they feel has any other cauſe than mere novelty. It is certain that a frequent review and comparing of the ſame objects together would greatly improve an indifferent taſte; and that hardly any one would be unable to determine, when once accuſtomed to ſuch an attention, whether the proportions of architecture, taken from the theatre of Marcellus at Rome, or from the Emperor of China's palace at Pekin, produced the moſt agreeable forms.

The preſent vogue of Chineſe and Gothic architecture has, beſides its novelty, another cauſe of its good reception, which is, that there is no difficulty in being merely whimſical. A ſpirit capable of entering into all the beauties of antique ſimplicity is the portion of minds uſed to reflection, and the reſult of a corrected judgment; but here all men are equal. A manner confined to no rules cannot fail of having the crowd of imitators in its party, where novelty is the ſole criterion of elegance. It is no objection that the very end of all building is forgot; that all reference to uſe and climate, all relation of one proportion to another, of the thing ſupporting to the thing ſupported, of the acceſſory to the principal, and of the parts to the whole, is often entirely ſubverted.

The paintings which, like the architecture, continually revolt againſt the truth of things, as little, ſurely, deſerve the name of *elegant*. Falſe lights, falſe ſhadows, falſe perſpective and proportions, gay colours without that gradation of tints, that mutual variety of enlightened and darkened objects which relieve and give force

to each other, at the ſame time that they give repoſe to the eye, in ſhort, every incoherent combination of forms in Nature, without expreſſion and without meaning, are the eſſentials of Chineſe painting.

As this Chineſe and Gothic ſpirit has begun to deform ſome of the fineſt ſtreets in this capital, whenever an academy ſhould be founded for the promoting the arts of ſculpture, painting, and architecture, ſome ſcheme ſhould be thought of at the ſame time to diſcourage the encroachment of this pretended elegance; and an Anti-Chineſe ſociety will be a much more important inſtitution in the world of arts than an Anti-Gallican in that of politics. A correſpondent of mine, I dare ſay, would be glad to be a member of it, if we may be allowed to judge of his ſentiments from the following letter.

Mr FITZ-ADAM,

I am married to a lady of great fortune, of which, as I had little or none myſelf, ſhe has reſerved the ſole diſpoſition to her own management by the marriage-articles. She is paſſionately fond of novelty, and changes her dreſs and furniture as often almoſt as ſhe does her temper. In ſhort, every thing about her is a proof of her mutability. She has not more new head-dreſſes in a year than new words, which ſhe is perpetually coining, becauſe ſhe would paſs for a wit. The unintelligibility of her dialect occaſions ſometimes great confuſion in the family; and her acquaintance no ſooner begin to underſtand her than ſhe changes her phraſeology, and they are puzzled again by a new mode of expreſſion. She came home the other morning from a viſit in raptures with Lady Fiddlefaddle's Chineſe dreſſing-room; ſince which we have had moſt terrible revolutions. Her grandfather, who left her every thing, was a man celebrated for his taſte; but his fine collection of pictures by the beſt Italian maſters is now converted into Indian

paintings; and the beautiful vaſes, buſts, and ſtatues, which he brought from Italy, are flung into the garret as lumber, to make room for great bellied Chineſe pagods, red dragons, and the repreſentation of the ugliеſt monſters that ever, or rather never, exiſted. This extravagance is not confined within doors. The garden is filled with whimſical buildings at a prodigious expenſe; with ſummer-houſes without ſhade, and with temples that ſeem to be dedicated to no other deities than the winds. If by reading your paper ſhe ſhould be perſuaded to leave off every Chineſe faſhion but that of pinching feet and not ſtirring abroad, I ſhould think myſelf a happy man, and very much, Mr Fitz-Adam,

Your obliged humble ſervant,

NUMB. 118. THURSDAY, April 3, 1755.

"Vicinas urbas alit." *Hor.*

Now gives the neighbouring towns its various grain. *Fran.*

INSTEAD of lamenting that it is my lot to live in an age when virtue, ſenſe, converſation, all private and public affections, are totally ſwallowed up by the ſingle predominant paſſion of gaming, I endeavour to divert my concern by turning my attention to the manners of the times, where they happen to be more elegant, more natural, or more generally uſeful, than thoſe of preceding ages. I am particularly pleaſed with conſidering the progreſs which a juſt taſte and real good ſenſe have made in the modern mode of gardening. This ſcience is at preſent founded on ſuch noble and liberal principles, that the very traveller now receives more advantages from the embelliſhments he rides by than the viſitor did formerly, when art and privacy were the only ideas annexed to a garden.

The modern art of laying out ground (for ſo we

muſt call it, till a new name be adopted to expreſs ſo complicated an idea) has ſpread ſo widely, and its province is become ſo extenſive, as to take in all the advantages of gardening and agriculture. If we look back to antiquity, we ſhall find the gardens of Alcinous in Homer, and the paintings of rural ſcenery in Virgil, hardly to correſpond with the genius of the poets, or the beatitude they have placed in them. The villas of Cicero and Pliny, which they have ſo affectionately deſcribed, do not raiſe our admiration. A favourable aſpect, variety of porticoes and ſhades of plane-trees, ſeem to be their greateſt merit. Their ſucceſſors in that happy climate have made their gardens repoſitories for ſtatues, bas-relievos, urns, and whatever is by them entitled *virtú*; the diſpoſition of which ornaments, together with ſome ſtraight walks of ever-green oaks, and tricks in water, complete their ſyſtem.

In France the genius of Le Nature would probably have ſhown itſelf in more beautiful productions than the Thuilleries and Verſailles, had it not been ſhackled by lines and regularity, and had not elegance and taſte been over-laid by magnificence.

This forced taſte, aggravated by ſome Dutch acquiſitions, for more than half a century deformed the face of Nature in this country, though ſeveral of our beſt writers had conceived nobler ideas, and prepared the way for thoſe improvements which have ſince followed. Sir William Temple, in his gardens of Epicurus, expatiates, with great pleaſure, on that at More Park in Hertfordſhire; yet, after he had extolled it as the pattern of a perfect garden for uſe, beauty, and magnificence, he riſes to nobler images, and, in a kind of prophetic ſpirit, points out a higher ſtyle, free and unconfined. The prediction is verified upon the ſpot; and it ſeems to have been the peculiar deſtiny of that delightful place to have paſſed through all the transforma-

tions and modes of taſte, having exerciſed the genius of the moſt eminent artiſts ſucceſſively, and ſerving as a model of perfection in each kind. The boundleſs imagination of Milton, in the fourth Book of *Paradiſe Loſt*, ſtruck out a plan of a garden, which I would propoſe for the entertainment and inſtruction of my readers, as containing all the views, objects, and ambition, of modern deſigning.

It is the peculiar happineſs of this age to ſee theſe juſt and noble ideas brought into practice, regularity baniſhed, proſpects opened, the country called in, Nature reſcued and improved, and Art decently concealing herſelf under her own perfections.

I enlarge upon this ſubject, becauſe I would do juſtice to our nobility and men of fortune, who, by a ſeaſonable employment of the poor, have made this their private amuſement a national good. It is notorious that, in the ſeaſon of the harveſt, the ſcarcity of hands to gather in the fruits of the earth is ſo great that few of our farmers can find men to do their work for three months, unleſs they can keep them in employment the other nine. Here the new mode of gardening comes in greatly to the aſſiſtance of the labourer; and as it conſiſts chiefly in the removal of earth, the whole coſt goes directly to his ſupport.

It has been the conſtant cry of all politicians and writers on trade, that taxes ſhould be laid on luxury. How happy is it that luxury ſhould take ſo large a ſhare in the payment of that tax which lyes moſt heavy on the preſent times! I mean the poor's rate. Our manufacturers, it muſt be granted, are of the greateſt national benefit, inſomuch as they maintain multitudes of families, which all the private fortunes in a country would be inſufficient to ſupport: but the fact is, that in the harveſt ſeaſon there is always the greateſt ſcarcity of huſbandmen in thoſe countries where manufactures

are moſt known to flouriſh; and it is alſo a fact, that our manufactures afford no ſupport to the huſbandman in the other ſeaſons: ſo that I know of nothing that can procure to him the neceſſaries of life in the winter but the judicious allotment of that uncomfortable ſeaſon to the works above mentioned, which are now carrying on with vigour in almoſt every part of England.

I muſt alſo do our men of taſte the juſtice to acknowledge, that they have been the chief promoters even of our manufactures. One of the firſt embelliſhers of the gardens in the preſent mode was the ſame nobleman who eſtabliſhed the looms for carpets at Wilton. In the North whole countries have been civilized, induſtry encouraged, and variety of manufactures inſtituted, by the magnificent charity of the noble perſon, who, among the leaſt of his perfections, muſt be allowed to be the beſt planter in Europe. And if ever this country ſhould boaſt the eſtabliſhment of the art of weaving tapeſtry, ſhe will be beholden to the ſame Royal hand to which ſhe owes (if I may name it after the exalted bleſſings of Liberty and Peace) the adorning Windſor Park.

Whatever may have been reported, whether truly or falſely, of the Chineſe gardens, it is certain that we are the firſt of the Europeans who have founded this taſte; and we have been ſo fortunate in the genius of thoſe who have had the direction of ſome of our fineſt ſpots of ground, that we may now boaſt a ſucceſs equal to that profuſion of expenſe which has been deſtined to promote the rapid progreſs of this happy enthuſiaſm. Our gardens are already the aſtoniſhment of foreigners, and, in proportion as they accuſtom themſelves to conſider and underſtand them, will become their admiration. And as the good taſte of our writers has lately invited the *literati* from all parts of Europe to viſit us, this other taſte will greatly contribute to make the growing faſhion of travelling to England more general; and, by

this means, we may hope to ſee part of thoſe ſums brought back again which this country has been from year to year ſo unprofitably drained of.

But to ſet this ſcience in the ſtrongeſt light of a political benefit, let us conſider what pains have been unſucceſsfully taken, for many years paſt, by the beſt patriots of Spain to introduce not only manufactures, but even agriculture itſelf, among the ſtarving inhabitants. Theſe conceited Quixotes, who pleaſe themſelves with boaſting that the ſun is continually enlightening ſome part of their dominions, are ſo ſatisfied with this important reflection, that they ſeem to deſire no other advantage from his beams. Uſtariz, their lateſt and beſt writer on commerce, has beſtowed whole pages in deſcribing the wretched condition of families, the mortality of weakly children, the preſent race uſeleſs, the growing hope cut off, and all this becauſe the inhabitants cannot be perſuaded to uſe the moſt obvious means for their ſuſtenance and preſervation, the tilling of the earth. Yet there is a way to induce even the proudeſt Spaniard to apply himſelf earneſtly to the cultivation of his country; I mean, by the force of example. If the grandees would make it a faſhion; if they would talk, as one may frequently hear the firſt men of this nation, of the various methods of improving land, and pique themſelves upon their ſucceſs in huſbandry, the imitative pride of the yeoman might be uſefully turned into another channel. He would be ambitious of having his fields as green as thoſe of his neighbour; he would then take his ſtately ſtrides at the tail of his plough, and (as Addiſon ſays of Virgil) "throw about his dung "with an air of majeſty." He would then find a nobler uſe for the breed of cattle than the romantic purpoſe of a bull-feaſt; and his vanity, thus properly directed, would, in a few years, make his country the fineſt garden in the univerſe.

If the noble Duke who clothed the ſands of Claremont with ſuch exquiſite verdure had made the ſame glorious experiment in Spain, he would have brought no leſs riches, and much more happineſs, to that nation than the conqueſts of Philip, or the diſcoveries of Columbus.

NUMB. 119. THURSDAY, April 10, 1755.

" Sanctius his animal, mentiſque capacius altae
" Deerat adhuc, et quod dominari in caetera poſſit." *Ovid.*

A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was man deſign'd,
Conſcious of thought, of more capacious breaſt,
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the reſt.

IT has been hinted to me, ſince the publication of my laſt week's paper upon gardening, that while I am acknowledging the merit of the Great in making that ſcience uſeful to their poor neighbours and the public, I forget to make mention of thoſe liberal geniuſes under whoſe immediate direction all theſe improvements are carried on, while their benevolent patrons are employed in other ſervices to their country in its capital. And as I am never backward in doing juſtice to men of merit, I have devoted this paper to the celebration of the extenſive and various talents which the almoſt omniſcient profeſſors of gardening may ſo juſtly boaſt.

The good old Engliſh nobleman or country ſquire, whoſe delight was a garden, uſed to take from the tail of the plough a ſet of animals whom he conſidered as beings of the ſame order with thoſe who drew it; and ſetting them to work by the garden line, was far from thinking what they were to do could be of importance enough to require his attention: therefore leaving them to lean over their ſpades, and ſettle their ſeveral plans for poaching, wood-ſtealing, ſkittle-playing, and pſalm-

ſinging, he went and enjoyed himſelf with his dogs and horſes: but ſince we have laid aſide that plain and eaſy direction, "Follow the ſtraight line," and have in its ſtead ſubſtituted that exceeding difficult one, "Follow Nature," the above mentioned animals have never been truſted a moment to themſelves, but have had a creature of a ſuperior kind ſet over them, whoſe office is beſt explained by the ſcolloping-wheel in the machines for turning, which is continually putting the others out of their courſe, and preventing them from making circles, or any other regular figures.

This office is of late grown ſo reſpectable that the true adept in it may juſtly be ſtyled the high-prieſt of Nature. But it is not Nature alone that he ſtudies; all arts are inveſtigated by his comprehenſive genius. He muſt be well acquainted with optics, hydroſtatics, mechanics, geometry, trigonometry, &c.; and ſince it has been thought neceſſary to embelliſh rural ſcenes with all the varieties of architecture, from ſingle pillars and obeliſks, to bridges, ruins, pavilions, and even caſtles and churches, it is not enough for our profeſſor to be as knowing as Solomon in all the ſpecies of vegetables, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyſſop on the wall; he muſt alſo rival that monarch in building as well as his other talents. A knowledge of optics enables him to turn every *deceptio viſus* to advantage. Hydroſtatics are moſt immediately neceſſary, ſince it is decreed that every place muſt have a piece of water; and as every piece of water muſt have a boat of a particular contrivance, mechanics come in to his aſſiſtance; and he is carried over the glaſſy ſurface by ſnakes, birds, dolphins, dragons, or whatever elſe he pleaſes. The application of trigonometry is obvious; and if your gardens continue to increaſe in extent, in the ſame proportion that they have done lately, geometry will be ſoon called in to meaſure a degree of the earth upon the great lawn.

But ſuch extenſion of property cannot be acquired without a turn for the law, and a knowledge of all the variety of tenures, forfeitures, ejectments, and writs of *Ad quod damnum*. Statuary and painting are ſiſter arts; but our general lover has poſſeſſed them both in ſpite of their conſanguinity. And as for Poetry, tho' he knows her to be the greateſt jilt in the univerſe, he has made an attempt upon her under every tree that has a broad ſtem and a ſmooth bark. A knowledge of Latin is needful to judge of the effect of an inſcription; and Greek, Phœnician, Tuſcan, and Perſic, are ornaments to a ruin.

Happy is the man of fortune, who has ſuch a director to influence and guide his taſte, as the demon of Socrates is ſaid to have continually accompanied that philoſopher to regulate his morals. Milton very humourouſly deſcribes a man who, without having the inward call, was deſirous of being thought as religious as the reſt of his neighbours of thoſe times. "This man," ſays he, "finds "himſelf out ſome factor, to whoſe care and credit he "may commit the whole managing of his religious "affairs; ſome divine of note and eſtimation; and makes "the perſon of that man his religion. He entertains "him, lodges him: his religion comes home at night, "prays, is liberally ſupped, and ſumptuouſly laid "aſleep; riſes, is ſaluted, and after being well breakfaſted his religion walks abroad, and leaves the kind "entertainer in the ſhop, trading all day *without his* "*religion*." Juſt in this manner does the mere man of faſhion in theſe times think it neceſſary to have a Taſte; but though he does not commonly carry his Taſte about him, he is ſeldom ſo imprudent as to take any ſteps in his garden *without his Taſte*.

In an age ſo liberal of new names, it ſeems extraordinary that theſe univerſal connoiſſeurs have as yet obtained no title of honour or diſtinction. This may help

me to crown their panegyric with a word on their modeſty; for to that alone muſt we attribute their having ſo long been without one; eſpecially as they might as eaſily have immortalized their own names as any of the ancient ſages, who called their profeſſion after themſelves, the Pythagorean, Platonic, or Epicurean philoſophy. Nor have they ſhown leſs modeſty in their expectation of returns for their ineſtimable ſervice, as will appear upon a compariſon of their rewards with thoſe of the ancient artiſts.

Mandrocles, who built the famous bridge over the Boſphorus at the command of Darius, was rewarded by that monarch with a crown, and ten times the coſt of that expenſive undertaking; whereas a tenth of the expenſe is reckoned a modern job; and no artiſt in our memory has aſpired to any higher honour than that of knighthood. The next great work we read of was the canal of Mount Athos, for which it was impoſſible that the director ſhould receive any other than an honorary reward, becauſe he died as ſoon as it was finiſhed. His name was Artachæus; he was in ſtature the talleſt of all the Perſians, and his voice ſtronger than that of any other man; two very uſeful accompliſhments in an overſeer and director of multitudes. Xerxes, truly ſenſible of his merit, buried him with great pomp and magnificence, employed his whole army in erecting a ſumptuous monument to his memory, and, by direction of an oracle, honoured him as a hero with ſacrifices and invocations.

How different from this was the treatment of our countryman, Captain Perry! A genius whoſe remembrance muſt make this nation both proud and aſhamed. His performances are ſufficient to give credit to the works above mentioned, which before appeared fabulous. But what was his reward for projecting the junction of the Don and the Volga? for creating an artificial tide, and

floating or laying dry the largeſt veſſels in a few hours? But rather let me aſk what was his reward for that national work at home, the ſtopping Daggenham breach? I am ſorry to anſwer, that he was perſecuted, and ſuffered to ſtarve for the debts he had contracted in accompliſhing an undertaking ſo eſſential to the commerce of this kingdom, and the exiſtence of its metropolis.

I hope our men of fortune will make more generous returns to thoſe who adminiſter ſo eſſentially to their pleaſures: and I would have them diſtinguiſh between thoſe dull mechanical rogues, whoſe thoughts never wander beyond the ſphere of gain, and the generous ſpirit who is warmed by his profeſſion, and who thinks himſelf paid by the exquiſite ſcenery which his raptured imagination has produced. And when the baleful cypreſs ſhall alone, of all his various plantations, accompany him to the grave, let his munificent patron, in the moſt conſpicuous part of his gardens, erect a temple to his memory, and inſcribe it with propriety and truth, *Genio Loci*.

NUMB. 120. THURSDAY, April 17, 1755.

MOST people complain of Fortune, few of Nature: and the kinder they think the latter has been to them, the more they murmer at what they call the injuſtice of the former.

Why have not I the riches, the rank, the power, of ſuch and ſuch? is the common expoſtulation with Fortune: but why have not I the merit, the talents, the wit, or the beauty, of ſuch and ſuch others? is a reproach rarely or never made to Nature.

The truth is, that Nature, ſeldom profuſe, and ſeldom niggardly, has diſtributed her gifts more equally than ſhe is generally ſuppoſed to have done. Education and

ſituation make the great difference. Culture improves, and occaſions elicit natural talents. I make no doubt but that there are potentially (if I may uſe that pedantic word) many Bacons, Lockes, Newtons, Cæſars, Cromwells, and Marlboroughs, at the plough-tail, behind counters, and, perhaps, even among the nobility; but the ſoil muſt be cultivated, and the ſeaſons favourable, for the fruit to have all its ſpirit and flavour.

If ſometimes our common parent has been a little partial, and not kept the ſcales quite even; if one preponderates too much, we throw into the lighter a due counterpoiſe of vanity, which never fails to ſet all right. Hence it happens, that hardly any one man would, without reſerve, and in every particular, change with any other.

Though all are thus ſatisfied with the diſpenſations of Nature, how few liſten to her voice? how few follow her as a guide? In vain ſhe points out to us the plain and direct way to truth; vanity, fancy, affectation, and faſhion, aſſume her ſhape, and wind us through fairy-ground to folly and error.

Theſe deviations from Nature are often attended by ſerious conſequences, and always by ridiculous ones: for there is nothing truer than the trite obſervation, "That "people are never ridiculous for being what they really "are, but for affecting what they really are not." Affectation is the only ſource, and, at the ſame time, the only juſtifiable object, of ridicule. No man whatſoever, be his pretenſions what they will, has a natural right to be ridiculous; it is an acquired right, and not to be acquired without ſome induſtry; which perhaps is the reaſon why ſo many people are ſo jealous and tenacious of it.

Even ſome people's vices are not their own, but affected and adopted, (tho' at the ſame time unenjoyed), in hopes of ſhining in thoſe faſhionable ſocieties where

the reputation of certain vices gives luſtre. In theſe caſes, the execution is commonly as awkward as the deſign is abſurd, and the ridicule equals the guilt.

This calls to my mind a thing that really happened not many years ago. A young fellow of ſome rank and fortune, juſt let looſe from the Univerſity, reſolved, in order to make a figure in the world, to aſſume the ſhining character of, what he called, a Rake. By way of learning the rudiments of his intended profeſſion he frequented the theatres, where he was often drunk, and always noiſy. Being one night at the repreſentation of that moſt abſurd play, the Libertine Deſtroyed, he was ſo charmed with the profligacy of the hero of the piece, that, to the edification of the audience, he ſwore many oaths that he would be the Libertine Deſtroyed. A diſcreet friend of his, who ſat by him, kindly repreſented to him, that to be the Libertine was a laudible deſign, which he greatly approved of; but that to be the Libertine Deſtroyed, ſeemed to him an unneceſſary part of his plan, and rather raſh. He perſiſted, however, in his firſt reſolution, and inſiſted upon being the Libertine, and deſtroyed. Probably he was ſo; at leaſt the preſumption is in his favour. There are, I am perſuaded, ſo many caſes of this nature, that, for my own part, I would deſire no greater ſtep towards the reformation of manners for the next twenty years than that people ſhould have no vices but their own.

The blockhead who affects wiſdom, becauſe Nature has given him dulneſs, becomes ridiculous only by his adopted character; whereas he might have ſtagnated unobſerved in his native mud, or perhaps have engroſſed deeds, collected ſhells, and ſtudied heraldry, or logic, with ſome ſucceſs.

The ſhining coxcomb aims at all, and decides finally upon every thing, becauſe Nature has given him pertneſs. The degree of parts and animal ſpirits neceſſary

to conſtitute that character, if properly applied, might have made him uſeful in many parts of life; but his affectation and preſumption make him uſeleſs in moſt, and ridiculous in all.

The ſeptuagenary fine gentleman might probably, from his long experience and knowledge of the world, be eſteemed and reſpected in the ſeveral relations of domeſtic life, which, at his age, Nature points out to him: but he will moſt ridiculouſly ſpin out the rotten thread of his former gallantries. He dreſſes, languiſhes, ogles, as he did at five-and-twenty; and modeſtly intimates that he is not without a *bonne fortune*; which *bonne fortune* at laſt appears to be the proſtitute he had long kept, (not to himſelf,) whom he marries and owns, becauſe "the poor girl was ſo fond of him, and ſo deſirous to be made an honeſt woman."

The ſexagenary widow remembers that ſhe was handſome, but forgets that it was thirty years ago, and thinks herſelf ſo, or at leaſt, very likeable ſtill. The pardonable affectations of her youth and beauty unpardonably continue, increaſe even with her years, and are doubly exerted, in hopes of concealing the number. All the gaudy glittering parts of dreſs, which rather degraded than adorned her beauty in its bloom, now expoſe to the higheſt and juſteſt ridicule her ſhrivelled or her overgrown carcaſe. She totters or ſweats under the load of her jewels, embroideries, and brocades, which, like ſo many Egyptian hieroglyphics, ſerve only to authenticate the venerable antiquity of her auguſt mummy. Her eyes dimly twinkle tenderneſs or leer deſire; their language, however inelegant, is intelligible, and the half-pay captain underſtands it. He addreſſes his vows to her vanity, which aſſures her they are ſincere. She pities him, and prefers him to credit, decency, and every ſocial duty. He tenderly prefers her (though not without ſome heſitation) to a jail.

Self-love, kept within due bounds, is a natural and uſeful ſentiment. It is, in truth, ſocial love too, as Mr Pope has very juſtly obſerved: it is the ſpring of many good actions, and of no ridiculous ones. But ſelf-flattery is only the ape or caricatura of ſelf-love, and reſembles it no more than is abſolutely neceſſary to heighten the ridicule. Like other flattery, it is the moſt profuſely beſtowed and greedily ſwallowed where it is the leaſt deſerved. I will conclude this ſubject with the ſubſtance of a fable of the ingenious Monſieur de La Motte, which ſeems not unapplicable to it.

Jupiter made a lottery in heaven, in which mortals as well as gods were allowed to have tickets. The prize was Wiſdom; and Minerva got it. The mortals murmured, and accuſed the gods of foul play. Jupiter, to wipe off this aſperſion, declared another lottery, for mortals ſingly, and excluſively of the gods. The prize was Folly. They got it, and ſhared it among themſelves, All were ſatisfied. The loſs of Wiſdom was neither regretted nor remembered. Folly ſupplied its place, and thoſe who had the largeſt ſhare of it thought themſelves the wiſeſt.

Numb. 121. Thursday, April 24, 1755.

Poſt mediam noctem——cum ſomnia vera. *Hor.*

In deep of night,
When dreams, they ſay, are true.

Mr Fitz-Adam.

AMONG the many viſions related by your predeceſſors and cotemporaries, the writers of periodical eſſays, I remember few but what have been in the oriental ſtyle and character. For my own part, I am

neither Derviſe nor Brachman, but a Poet and true Chriſtian, tho' given now-and-then to be a little heatheniſh in my expreſſions: and as I apprehend that no one ſet of people will claim the ſole property and privilege of dreaming to themſelves, ſince I am apt to nod as well as my betters, I beg that the following dream may find a place in your paper.

I imagined myſelf to be walking on a road: it was wide and well-beaten. An elderly gentleman, with whom I joined company, informed me it was the road to Parnaſſus, and very obligingly offered me his ſervices. The firſt group of figures which attracted my attention were pale and thin with ſtudy. They were ſhaking ivory letters in a hat, and then throwing them on the ground. I ſuppoſed that they were performing ſome myſtery of the Cabala; but, on my nearer approach, learnt that they were the editors and commentators of the ancient poets, and that this was only a ſcheme of aſſiſting conjecture.

Being now ſtartled with a great noiſe, I turned ſuddenly about, and perceived juſt behind me a ſet of Lyric poets, with one or two Dithyrambics. Their converſation was ſo little connected, and their motions ſo irregular, that I concluded them to be drunk; and, apprehenſive of miſchief in ſo furious a company, quickened my pace.

The road now winded through the moſt beautiful fields, whoſe very buſhes were all in bloom, and intermingled with ſhrubs that afforded the moſt agreeable ſcents. The wild notes of the birds, joining with the tinkling of numerous rills that guſhed from natural or artificial rocks, or with a deeper echo of ſome larger flood that fell at a diſtance, made a concert that charmed me. A party were here entertaining themſelves with the gaiety of the ſituation: they had ſtepped out of the road to gather flowers; and were ſo delighted with

wandering about the meadows, that they ſeemed entirely to have forgot their journey. They appeared to have been educated in Italy; their hair was curled and powdered, their linen laced, and their habits ſo covered with fringe and embroidery that it was almoſt impoſſible to diſcover any cloth. I was ſo much in raptures with their company, and with the beauties of this romantic ſcene, that I would have ſtopped there myſelf, and proceeded no farther; but my guide hinted to me that the place was inchanted, and preſſed me to go forwards.

I could not help laughing to ſee next a great crowd of Bombaſtics: a ſet of fat, purſy fellows, ſo aſthmatic that they could hardly move, and yet were eternally ſtraining and attempting to run races; as were ſeveral dwarfs in enormous jackboots to overtake two horſemen, (who rode very ſwift at a diſtance, and were ſaid to be Milton and Shakeſpeare), but tumbled at every four or five ſteps, to the great diverſion of the ſpectators.

A troop of modern Latin poets had halted; and having loſt their way, were inquiring it of a man who carried a phraſe-book and a *Gradus ad Parnaſſum* in his hand, and ſeemed always to be in a terrible uncertainty when the authority of their guide either failed or deceived them.

They were followed by ſome very genteel ſhepherds, who wore red ſtockings, and large ſhoulder-knots fluttering to the breath of the Zephyrs. Crooks, glittering with tinſel, were in their hands, and embroidered pouches dangled at their ſides. They talked much about their flocks and Amaryllis; but I ſaw neither the one nor the other; and was ſurpriſed, as ſome of them pretended to muſic, to hear an air of the Italian opera played upon the bag-pipe. The gentleneſs of their aſpects ſerved to render more formidable, by the contraſt, the countenances of a company that now over-

took me. It was a legion of critics. They were very liberal of their cenſures upon every one that paſſed, eſpecially if he made a tolerable figure. Diction, harmony, and taſte, were the general terms, which they threw out with great vehemence. They frowned on me as I paſſed; my looks diſcovering my fear, the alarm was given: and, at the very firſt ſound of the catcalls, terrified to the laſt degree, I pulled my guide by the coat and took to my heels.

We at laſt arrived at the foot of the mountain. There was an inconceivable crowd who, not being admitted at the entrance, were endeavouring to crawl up the ſides; but as the precipice was very ſteep they continually tumbled back again. There was but one way of acceſs, which was ſo extremely narrow that it was almoſt impoſſible for two perſons to go abreaſt without one juſtling againſt the other. The gates were opened and ſhut by three amiable virgins, Genius, Good Senſe, and Good Education. They examined all that paſſed. Some few, however, puſhed forward by a vaſt crowd of friends, forced their way in, but had generally the mortification of being brought back again and turned out by the centinels.

By the intereſt of my guide we were permitted to viſit what part of Parnaſſus we pleaſed; and, having mounted the hill, we entered a large garden, and were ſoon loſt in the paths of a very intricate grove. It was in ſome places ſo exceedingly dark that we had great difficulty to find our way out. This Labyrinth of Allegory, as it was called, was held by the Ancients in a kind of ſuperſtitious reverence: the gloom of it was often ſo great that we were ready to tumble at every ſtep; but wherever the ſhade was ſoftened by a twilight ſufficient for us juſt to diſcover our way, there was ſomething very delightful, as well as venerable, in the ſcene.

In other parts of the garden we ſaw beds of the moſt beautiful flowers, and a great number of Bay-trees, but not a ſingle Fruit-tree. Among the ſhrubs, in many rivulets of different breadth and depth, ran the Heliconian ſtream. The leſſer rills, on account of the vaſt multitude of people continually dabbling in them, were very muddy; but the fountain-head, tho' extremely deep, was as clear as cryſtal. The water had ſometimes this peculiar quality, that whoever looked into it ſaw his own face reflected with great beauty, though never ſo deformed, inſomuch that ſeveral were known to pine away there in a violent affection for their own perſons. At the end of the garden were ſeveral courts of judicature, where cauſes were then hearing. The leſſer court, which was that of criticiſm, was prodigiouſly crowded: for (as we obſerved afterwards) all thoſe who had loſt their cauſes as poets defendant in the principal court turned in hither, and became plaintiffs in their turn, on pretence of little treſpaſſes. In the principal court many actions were brought on the ſtatute of Maiming, chiefly by the Ancients, and ſome celebrated Moderns, againſt their editors and amenders, and for torts and wrongs againſt their interpreters and commentators. Not a few indictments were brought for petty larceny, and thoſe chiefly by the Roman poets againſt the modern Latin ones.

Not far from theſe was the ſtable, or *ecurie*, of his poetic Majeſty. I was greatly ſurpriſed to ſee more than one Pegaſus. The grooms were juſt then going to water them, which gave me an opportunity of taking more particular notice.

The firſt was the Epic Pegaſus. It was a very fine large horſe, had been taught the *manege*, and moved with great ſtatelineſs. The Pindaric was the only one who had wings: his motions were irregular, ſudden, and unequal. The Elegiac was a gelding, exceedingly de-

licate in its ſhape, and much gentler than any of the reſt, particularly than another ſteed which foamed, and pulled with ſuch violence that it was with great difficulty the rider held him in. As I attempted to ſtroak him he clapped his ears back, and ſtruck out his heels with great vehemence, that made me cautious of putting myſelf in the way of the Satiric Pegaſus for the future. The Epigrammatic was a little pert pony, which every ſix or ſeven paces kicked up, and very much reſembled the former, ſize only excepted. Beſides theſe, there were ſeveral others, which did not properly belong to Apollo's ſtud, and which were employed in many uſeful but laborious offices, as ſubſervient to the reſt.

It was impoſſible to paſs by the ſtables without making ſome inquiry after the original Pegaſus, ſo much celebrated, and the ſire from whom all the laſt-mentioned drew their pedigree. A ſour-looking fellow of a critic, whoſe province it was to curry him, informed me, with great expreſſions of ſorrow, "That the old "horſe was really quite worn out; having been rode "through all ſorts of roads, on all ſorts of errands: "ſo that there was ſcarce a pedant living or dead, or "even a boy who had been five years at ſchool, but "had been upon him, either with leave or without: "that he had long ago loſt his ſhoes, broke his knees, "and ſlipped his ſhoulder; and that therefore Apollo, "in pity to the poor beaſt, and to prevent ſuch barba"rity for the future, had ordered an edict to be fixed "on the door of the ſtable, that no perſon or perſons "within his realms ſhould for the future ride or drive "him, without firſt producing his proper licence and "qualification."

At length we arrived at the higheſt part of the mountain where the temple was ſituated. It was a large building of marble, of one colour, and built all in the ſame order. The ſtatues and bas-reliefs which adorned

it repreſented ſome well-known part of poetic hiſtory. The whole appeared at once ſolid and elegant, without that profuſion of decorations which fixes the eye to parts. The inſide of the hall was painted with ſeveral ſubjects taken out of the Iliad, the Æneid, and Paradiſe Loſt. Thoſe of the Iliad had the paſſions and manners ſtrongly characteriſed, with great ſimplicity of colouring, by the hand of Raphael. The beautiful tints and ſoftneſs of the Venetian ſchool correſponded with the genius of Virgil. The Paradiſe Loſt, as partaking of the fine colouring of the one, and of the force of the other, with ſomething more expreſſive in the language and images, greatly reſembled the ſtyle of Rubens; while ſome of its more horrid ſcenes of embattled or tortured demons recalled to my mind the wild imagination and fierce ſpirit of a Michael Angelo.

At the upper end of the hall Apollo was ſeated on a moſt magnificent throne of folios, richly gilt, and was ſurrounded by a great number of poets, both ancient and modern. Before him flamed an altar, which a prieſteſs of a very ſleepy countenance continually ſupplied with the feul of ſuch productions as are the daily ſacrifice which Dulneſs is conſtantly making to the preſident in literature.

Being now at leiſure to conſider the place more attentively, I ſaw, inſcribed on ſeveral pillars, names of great repute in both the paſt and preſent age. Some indeed of the latter, though but lately engraven, were nearly worn out; while others of an elder date increaſed in clearneſs the longer they ſtood; and, by being more attentively viewed, augmented their force, as the former became fainter. A particular part of the temple was aſſigned for the inſcriptions of thoſe perſons who, adding to their exalted rank in life a merit which might have diſtinguiſhed them without the advantages of birth, claim a double right to have their names pre-

ſerved to futurity among the monuments of ſo auguſt an edifice.

At the view of ſo many objects, capable of inſpiring the moſt inſenſible with emulation, I found myſelf touched with an ambition which little became me, and could not help inquiring what method I ſhould purſue to attain ſuch an honour. But while I was deeply meditating upon the project, and vain enough to hope ſharing to myſelf ſome little obſcure corner in the temple, a ſudden noiſe awaked me, and I found every thing to have been merely the effect of my imagination.

NUMB. 122. THURSDAY, May 1, 1755.

To Mr FITZ-ADAM.

Black-Boy Alley, April 28th.

SIR,

I AM one of that numerous tribe of men who (as you lately obſerved) live *the Lord knows how*. I have not the honour to be known to you, even in perſon, for I ſeldom go abroad; but you ſeem by your writings to be of a compaſſionate turn, and therefore I take the liberty to put myſelf under your protection.

I am the ſon of an honeſt tradeſman in Cheapſide, and was born in a houſe that has deſcended in the family, from father to ſon, through ſeveral generations. I had my education at a grammar-ſchool in London, not far from the ſtreet where my father lived, and where he uſed frequently to call as he paſſed by to remind my maſter that he hoped I ſhould ſoon *go into Greek*. I verily believe the good man perſuaded himſelf that

whenever this happened it would give him a figure in the eyes of the evening club.

When I was about ſixteen years old my father obſerved to me one day, as I was ſitting with him in the little back ſhop, that it was high time for me to determine what ſcheme of life to purſue; and though I knew that my grandfather, a little before his death, had expreſſed his deſire of having me ſettled in the old trade, where he ſaid I ſhould be ſure of *good will*, yet I anſwered my father without heſitation, that ſince he gave me leave to chuſe for myſelf, I was inclined to ſtudy phyſic. My father, who was in raptures at hearing me make choice of a learned profeſſion, went that very day and talked over the matter with an old friend of his at Greſham College; and the reſult of their conference was, that I ſhould be ſent to ſtudy under the celebrated Doctor Herman Boerhaave. I was equipped very decently upon the occaſion, and in a very few days arrived ſafely at Leyden, where I ſpent my time in reading the beſt books on the ſubject, and in a conſtant attendance on my maſter's lectures, who expreſſed himſelf ſo pleaſed with my indefatigable application as to tell me at parting, that I ſhould be an honour to the profeſſion. But I am ſorry to tell you, Mr Fitz-Adam, that, notwithſtanding this great man's remarkable ſagacity, he knew nothing of deſtiny: for ſince my return to England I have lived ſeven years in London, undiſtinguiſhed in a narrow court, without any opportunity of doing either good or hurt in my calling. And what moſt mortifies me is to ſee two or three of my fellow-ſtudents, who were eſtemeed very dull fellows at the Doctor's, lolling at their eaſe in warm chariots upon ſprings, while I am doomed to walk humbly through the dirt, in a threadbare coat and darned ſtockings, a decayed tye-perriwig, a braſs hilted ſword by my ſide, and a hat entirely void of ſhape and colour under my arm;

which I aſſure you I do not carry there for ornament, nor for fear of damaging my wig, but to point out to thoſe who paſs by that I am a phyſician. You may wonder perhaps at hearing nothing of my father; but, alas! the good man had the misfortune to die inſolvent ſoon after my return, and I had no friend to apply to for aſſiſtance.

One day, as I walked through a narrow paſſage near St Martin's Lane I ſaw a crowd of people gathered together, and in the midſt of them a large fat woman upon the ground in a fit. I ſoon brought her to herſelf; and as I was conducting her home ſhe kindly aſked me to dine with her. I found, upon entering her door, that ſhe kept a chop-houſe; and, as I was going away after a hearty meal, ſhe gave me a general invitation, in return for the good office I had done her, to ſtep in and taſte her mutton whenever I came that way. I was by no means backward to accept the offer, and took frequent opportunities of viſiting my patient. But, alas! thoſe days of plenty were ſoon over; for it happened unfortunately, not long after, that her favourite daughter died under my care, at a time when I aſſured the mother that ſhe was quite out of danger. The manner in which ſhe accoſted me upon this occaſion made it clear that I muſt once more return to a courſe of faſting.

As I was muſing one morning, in a moſt diſconſolate mood, with my leg in my landlady's lap, while ſhe darned one of my ſtockings, it came into my head to collect from various books, together with my own experience and obſervations, plain and wholeſome rules on the ſubject of *diet*; and then publiſh them in a neat pocket volume; for I was always well inclined to do good to the world, however ungratefully it uſed me. I doubt, Mr Fitz-Adam, you will hardly forbear ſmiling, to hear a man, who was almoſt ſtarved, talk gravely of compi-

ling obſervations on *diet*. The moment I had finiſhed my volume I ran with it to an eminent bookſeller, near the Manſion-houſe: he was juſt ſet down to dinner; but upon hearing that there was a gentleman in the ſhop, with a large bundle of papers in his coat-pocket, he courteouſly invited me into the parlour, and deſired me "to do as he did." As ſoon as the cloth was taken away I produced my manuſcript, and the bookſeller put on his ſpectacles; but to my no ſmall mortification, after glancing his eye over the title-page, he looked ſtedfaſtly upon me for near a minute, in a kind of amazement which I could not account for, and then broke out in the following manner:——"My dear Sir! "you are come to the very worſt place in the world "for the ſale of ſuch a performance as this. Why, "you might as ſoon expect the court of aldermen's "permiſſion to dedicate to them the life of Lewis Cor-"naro as to think of preaching upon the ſubject of "lean and ſallow abſtinence between the Royal Ex-"change and Temple-Bar." He added indeed, in a milder tone, that he was acquainted with an honeſt man of the trade, who lived near Soho, and who would probably venture to print for me upon reaſonable terms; and that if I pleaſed he would recommend me to him by a letter; which (through the violent agitation of my ſpirits) I refuſed.

I walked back to my lodging with a very heavy heart; and with the moſt gloomy proſpect before my eyes put my favourite work into a hat-box, which ſtands upon the head of my bed, and there it has remained ever ſince.

Now, the favour I have to beg of you, worthy Sir, is, to recommend to the world, in one of your papers, ſuch propoſals as I will bring to you next Sunday morning, or any dark evening this week, for publiſhing by ſubſcription the reſult of my laborious inquiries, that I may be

able to procure a decent maintenance. If I ſhould fail in this atempt, my affairs are at ſo low an ebb that I muſt ſubmit, for the ſafety of my perſon, to the confinement of the Fleet, or paſs the reſt of my days, perhaps, under the ſame roof with the unfortunate Theodore, whoſe "kingdom (I doubt) is not of this world."

In the mean time, you will oblige me by publiſhing this account, that others may take warning by my ſad example. That the idle vanity of fathers, when they read this ſtory, may be reſtrained within proper bounds; and young men not venture to engage in a learned profeſſion without the aſſiſtanee of a private fortune, or the intereſt of great friends. Believe me, Mr Fitz-Adam, it is much more to the purpoſe of a phyſician to have the countenance of a man or woman of quality than the ſagacity even of a Boerhaave; for let him have what ſhare of learning he pleaſes, if he has nothing better to recommend him to public favour, he muſt be content to hunger and thirſt in a garret up four pair of ſtairs.

I am, SIR,

(with all poſſible reſpect)

the unfortunate

T. M.

NUMB. 123. THURSDAY, May 8, 1755.

—"Dapibus, ſupremi
"Grato teſtudo Jovis."— *Hor.*

Charming ſhell, Apollo's love,
How pleaſing to the feaſts of Jove!

IF there be truth in the common maxim, "That he "deſerves beſt of his country who can make two "blades of graſs grow where only one grew before,"

how truly commendable muſt it be (ſince it is ſo great a merit to provide for the beaſts of the field) to add to the ſuſtenance of man! and what praiſes are due to the inventer of a new diſh! By a new diſh I do not mean the confounding, haſhing, and diſguiſing of an old one; I cannot give that name to the French method of tranſpoſing the bodies of animals; ſerving up fleſh in ſkins of fiſh, or the eſſence of either in a jelly; nor yet to the Engliſh way of macerating ſubſtances, and reducing all things to one uniform conſiſtency and taſte, which a good houſewife calls *potting*: for I am of opinion, that Louis XIV. would not have given the reward he promiſed for the invention of a fixth order of architecture to the man who ſhould have jumbled together the other five.

My meaning is, that as through neglect or caprice we have loſt ſome eatables, which our anceſtors held in high eſteem, as the heron, the bittern, the crane, and, I may add, the ſwan, it ſhould ſeem requiſite, in the ordinary revolution of things, to replace what has been laid aſide by the introduction of ſome eatable which was not known to our predeceſſors. But though invention may claim the firſt praiſe, great honour is due to the reſtorer of loſt arts: wherefore, if the earth does not really furniſh a ſufficient variety of untaſted animals, I could wiſh that gentlemen of leiſure and eaſy fortunes would apply themſelves to recover the ſecret of fattening and preparing for the table ſuch creatures as, from diſuſe, we do not at preſent know how to treat: and I ſhould think it would be a noble employment for the lovers of antiquity to ſtudy to reſtore thoſe infallible reſources of luxury, the ſalt-water ſtews of the Romans.

Of all the improvements in the modern kitchen there are none that can bear a compariſon with the introduction of Turtle. We are indebted for this delicacy, as well as for ſeveral others, to the generous ſpirit and

benevolent zeal of the Weſt Indians. The profuſion of luxury with which the Creolian in England covers his board is intended only as a foil to the more exquiſite dainties of America. His pride is to triumph in your neglect of the former, while he labours to ſerve you from the vaſt ſhell which ſmokes under his face, and occaſions him a toil almoſt as intolerable as that of his ſlaves in his plantations. But he would die in the ſervice rather than ſee his gueſts, for want of a regular ſupply, eat a morſel of any food which had not croſſed the Atlantic ocean.

Though it was never my fortune to be regaled with the true Creolian politeneſs, and though I cannot compliment my countrymen on their endeavours to imitate it, I ſhall here give my readers a moſt faithful account of the only turtle feaſt I ever had the honour to be preſent at.

Towards the latter-end of laſt ſummer I called upon a friend in the city, who, though no Weſt Indian, is a great importer of turtle for his own eating. Upon my entrance at the great gates my eyes were caught with the ſhells of that animal, which were diſpoſed in great order along the walls; and I ſtopt ſo long in aſtoniſhment at their ſize and number that I did not perceive my friend's approach, who had traverſed the court to receive me. However, I could find he was not diſpleaſed to ſee my attention ſo deeply engaged upon the trophies of his luxury. Come, ſays he, if you love turtle I'll ſhow you a ſight; and bidding me follow him, he opened a door, and diſcovered ſix turtles ſwimming about in a vaſt ciſtern, round which there hung twelve large legs of mutton, which he told me were juſt two days' proviſion for the turtles; for that each of them conſumed a leg of mutton every day. He then carried me into the houſe, and ſhowing me ſome blankets of

By the Martins.

a peculiar ſort, Theſe, ſays he, are what the turtle lie in o'nights: they are particularly adapted to this uſe: I have eſtabliſhed a manufacture of them in the Weſt Indies. But ſince you are curious in theſe matters, continued he, I'll ſhow you ſome more of my inventions. Immediately he unlocked a drawer, and produced as many fine ſaws, chizels, and inſtruments of different contrivances, as would have made a figure in the apparatus of an anatomiſt. One was deſtined to ſtart a rib, another to ſcrape the callipaſh, the third to diſjoint the vertebræ of the back-bone; with many others, for purpoſes which I could not remember. The next ſcene of wonder was the kitchen, in which was an oven, that had been rebuilt, with a mouth of a moſt uncommon capacity, on purpoſe for the reception of an enormous turtle, which was to be dreſſed that very day, and which my friend inſiſted I ſhould ſtay to partake of. I would gladly have been excuſed; but he would not be denied; propoſing a particular pleaſure in entertaining a new beginner; and aſſuring me, that if I ſhould not happen to like it, I need not fear the finding ſomething to make out a dinner; for that his wife, though ſhe knew it would give him the greateſt pleaſure in the world, could never be prevailed on to taſte a ſingle morſel of turtle. He then carried me to the fiſh, which was to be the feaſt of the day, and bid me obſerve, that though it had been cut in two full twenty hours it was ſtill alive. This was indeed a melancholy truth: for I could plainly obſerve a tremulous motion almoſt continually agitating it, with now and then more diſtinguiſhable throbbings. While I was examining theſe faint indications of ſenſibility, a jolly negro wench obſerving me, came up with a handful of ſalt, which ſhe ſprinkled all over the creature. This inſtantly produced ſuch violent convulſions that I was no longer able to look upon a ſcene of ſo much horror,

and ran ſhuddering out of the kitchen. My friend endeavoured to ſatisfy me, by ſaying that the head and heart had been cut in peices twenty hours before; and that the whole was that inſtant to be plunged in boiling water: but it required ſome reflection, and more, or perhaps leſs, philoſophy than I am maſter of to reconcile ſuch appearances to human feelings. I endeavoured to turn the diſcourſe, by aſking what news? He anſwered, "There is a fleet arrived from the Weſt "Indies." He then ſhook his head, and looked ſerious, and after a ſuſpenſe, which gave room for melancholy apprehenſions, lamented that they had been very unfortunate the laſt voyage, and loſt the greateſt part of their cargo of turtles. He proceeded to inform me of the various methods which had been tried for bringing over this animal in a healthy ſtate; for that the common way had been found to waſte the fat, which was the moſt eſtimable part: and he ſpoke with great concern of the miſcarriage of a veſſel, framed like a well-boat, which had daſhed them againſt each other and killed them. He then entered upon an explanation of a project of his own, which, being out of my way, and much above my comprehenſion, took up the greateſt part of the morning. Upon hearing the clock ſtrike he rung his bell, and aſked if his turtle-clothes were aired. While I was meditating on this new term, and, I confeſs, unable to divine what it could mean, the ſervant brought in a coat and waiſtcoat, which my friend ſlipt on, and folding them round his body like a night-gown, declared, that though they then hung ſo looſe about him, by that time *he had ſpoke with the turtle*, he ſhould ſtretch them as tight as a drum.

Upon the firſt rap at the door there entered a whole ſhoal of gueſts: for the turtle-eater is a gregarious, I had almoſt ſaid a ſociable, animal: and I thought it remarkable, that in ſo large a number there ſhould

not be one who was a whole minute later than the time; nay, the very cook was punctual; and the lady of the houſe appeared, on this extraordinary day, the moment the dinner was ſerved upon the table. Upon her firſt entrance ſhe ordered the ſhell to be moved from the upper end of the table, declaring ſhe could not bear the ſmell or ſight of it ſo near her. It was immediately changed for a couple of boiled chickens, to the great regrete of all who ſat in her neighbourhood, who followed it with their eyes, inwardly lamenting that they ſhould never taſte one of the good bits. In vain did they ſend their plates and ſolicit their ſhare, the plunderers, who were now in poſſeſſion of both the ſhells, were ſenſible to no call but that of their own appetites, and till they had ſatisfied them there was not one that would liſten to any thing elſe. The eagerneſs, however, and diſpatch of their rapacity having ſoon ſhrunk the choice pieces, they vouchſafed to help their friends to the coarſer parts, as thereby they cleared their way for the ſearch after other delicacies: boaſting aloud all the while that they had not ſent one good bit to the other end of the table.

When the meat was all made away with, and nothing remained but what adhered to the ſhell, our landlord, who during the whole time had taken care of no body but himſelf, began to exerciſe his various inſtruments; and amidſt his efforts to procure himſelf more, broke out in praiſe of the ſuperior flavour of the ſpinal marrow, which he was then helping himſelf to, and for the goodneſs of which the company had his word.

The gueſts having now drank up all the gravy, and ſcraped the ſhells quite clean, the cloth was taken away, and the wine brought upon the table. But this change produced nothing new in the converſation. No hunters were ever more loud in the poſthumous fame of the hero of their ſport than our epicures in memory of the

turtle. To give ſome little variety to the diſcourſe, I aſked if they had never tried any other creature which might poſſibly reſemble this exquiſite food? and propoſed the experiment of an aligator, whoſe ſcales ſeemed to be intended by Nature for the protection of green fat. I was ſtopt ſhort in my reaſoning by a gentleman, who told me, that upon trial of the aligator there had been found ſo ſtrong a perfume in his fleſh that the ſtomach nauſeated and could not bear it; and that this was owing to a ball of muſk, which is always diſcovered in the head of that animal. I had, however, the ſatisfaction to perceive that my queſtion did me no diſcredit with the company; and before it broke up I had no leſs than twelve invitations to turtle for the enſuing ſummer. Beſides the honour herein deſigned me, I conſider theſe invitations as having more real value than ſo many ſhares in any of the bubbles of the famous South-ſea year; and I make no doubt but that, by the time they become due, they will be marketable in Change-alley. For as the gentlemen at White's have borrowed from thence the method of tranſferring the ſurplus dinners which they win at play, it is probable they will, in their turn, furniſh a hint to the Alley, where it will ſoon be as common to tranſfer ſhares in turtle as in any other kind of ſtock.

NUMB. 124. THURSDAY, May 15, 1755.

MY correſpondent of to-day will, I hope, forgive me for ſo long delaying the publication of his letter. All I can ſay to this gentleman, and to thoſe whoſe letters have lain by me almoſt an equal length of time, is, that no partiality to any performance of my own has occaſioned any ſuch delay.

To Mr Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

My higheſt ambition is to appear in the cauſe of the fair ſex; nor would any thing flatter my vanity ſo much as the honour of ſtanding, in this degenerate age, the ſingle champion of thoſe whom all mankind are bound to defend. No time ſeems more proper for this kind of gallantry than the preſent, now when the graver ſort of men are continually throwing out ſarcaſtic hints at leaſt, if not open invectives, againſt their lovely country-women; and the younger and more ſprightly are, from I know not what cauſe, leſs forward than ever in their defence. Though my abilities are by no means equal to my inclinations for their ſervice, give me leave to offer to you, and your polite readers, a few thoughts on this intereſting ſubject.

The malice of wits has, from time immemorial, attacked theſe injured beauties with the charge of levity and inconſtancy; a charge applicable indeed to the frailty of human nature in general, but by no means to be admitted to the particular prejudice of the moſt amiable part of the ſpecies. Hiſtory and experience inform us, that every different country produces a different race of people: the diſpoſition of the inhabitants, as well as the complexion, receive a colour from the clime in which they are born. Yet the ſame ſentiments do not always ſpring from the ſame ſoil. Some ſtrong particularity of genius diſtinguiſhes every æra of a nation. From hence ariſes what, in the language of the polite world, we call *faſhion*; as variable with regard to principles as dreſs. It would be, in theſe days, as uncommon and ridiculous to profeſs the maxims of an old Engliſhman as to ſtrut about in a ſhort cloak and trunk hoſe. The ſame viciſſitude of character takes place

among the ladies; their conduct, however, has been ſtill conſiſtent and irreproachable; for they have always acted up to the dictates of *faſhion*.

The matrons of ancient Rome, though as remarkable for public ſpirit as thoſe of Great Britain, were by no means ſo fond of public diverſions. It appears, from a hint which Horace has left us, that they were with difficulty prevailed on even to dance upon holydays.

In this, we may obſerve, they widely differed from thoſe Sabine dames from whom they derived their boaſted extraction: for ſo ſtrongly did they think themſelves bound by the reſtrictions of *faſhion*, that they refuſed to imitate their illuſtrious anceſtors in that very circumſtance to which their empire owed its original.

We need not look back ſo far into antiquity for inſtances of this kind, our own times may better ſupply us. Cruelty, if we may believe the lovers of the laſt century, was the reigning paſſion of thoſe tyrants to whom they devoted their hearts, their labours, and their underſtandings. No man, I preſume, will caſt ſuch an imputation on the preſent race of beauties; their influence is more benign, their glory is of a more exalted nature; mercy is their characteriſtic. It would be a piece of impudence to aſſert that they do not in every reſpect excel their relentleſs great-grandmothers. Beauty, Mr Fitz-Adam, is the peculiar perfection of our fair cotemporaries. To what then but the amiable compaſſion of thoſe gentle creatures can be aſcribed a kind of miracle, a ſeeming change in the conſtitution of Nature? Till poetry and romance are forgotten, the miſeries of love will be remembered. Authors of the higheſt reputation have not ſcrupled to aſſure us, that the lovers of their days did very frequently forget to eat and drink, nay, that they ſometimes proceeded ſo far as to hang or drown themſelves for the ſake of the cruel nymphs they adored. Whence comes it then, that, in an age to

which ſuicide is not unknown no inſtances are to be met with of this diſintereſted conduct? In the ſpace of many years I do not remember above one, and that one occaſioned by the lady's tenderneſs, not of heart, but of conſcience. Matter of fact, therefore, proves the truth of my aſſertion; our goddeſſes have laid aſide the bloody diſpoſition of pagan idols, inſomuch that ſcarce any man living has ſeen a lover's bier covered with cypreſs, or indeed with ſo much as a willow garland.

It were ingratitude not to acknowledge to whom we are indebted for ſo great a bleſſing. The celebrated inventers of modern romance, together with the judicious writers of the ſtage, have the honour of being the deliverers of their countrymen. So ardently have they pleaded the public cauſe, that the ladies are at laſt content to throw up the reins, to accept unmeaning flattery inſtead of tender ſighs, and admit innocent freedom in the place of diſtant adoration. They have learnt to indulge their admirers with frequent opportunities of gazing on their charms, and are grown too generous to conceal from them even the little failings of their tempers. Nor is this all: while the perſuaſive eloquence of theſe gentlemen has found the way to ſoften the rigour of the fair ſex, they have animated the reſolution of others; for by them are we inſtructed in the winning art of modeſt aſſurance, and furniſhed with the *dernier reſort* of indifference.

You will not be ſurpriſed, Sir, that I ſpeak ſo warmly on this ſubject, when you are informed how great a ſhare of the public felicity falls to my lot. Had the faſhionable polity of this kingdom continued in the ſame ſituation in which it ſtood a hundred years ago, I had been, perhaps, the moſt unfortunate man in the world. No heart is more ſuſceptible of tender impreſſions than mine, nor is my reſolution ſtrong enough to hold out againſt the ſlighteſt attacks of a pair of bright eyes.

Love, weak as he is, has often made me his captive; but I can never be too laviſh of my applauſe to thoſe generous beauties who have been the authors of my pains: ſo far have they ever been from glorying in their power, or inſulting the miſeries they occaſioned, that they have conſtantly employed the moſt effectual methods to free me from their fetters. By their indulgence it is that I have arrived at the fifty-third year of my life without the incumbrance of a wife or legitimate children; that I can now look back with pleaſure on the dangers I have eſcaped, and forward with comfort on the peace and quiet laid up for my old age. This, Sir, is my caſe; gratitude prompts me to publiſh the obligations I owe; and I beg leave to take this opportunity of paying my debt of honour, and at the ſame time of ſubſcribing myſelf,

Your conſtant reader, admirer,
and very humble ſervant,

Numb. 125. Thursday, May 22, 1755.

HAD the many wiſe philoſophers of antiquity, who have ſo often and ſo juſtly compared the life of man to a race, lived in the preſent times, they would have ſeen the propriety of that ſimile greatly augmented: for if we obſerve the behaviour of the polite part of this nation, (that is, of all the nation), we ſhall ſee that their whole lives are one continued race; in which every one is endeavouring to diſtance all behind him, and to overtake, or paſs by, all who are before him: every one is flying from his inferiors in purſuit of his ſuperiors, who fly from him with equal alacrity.

Were not the conſequences of this ridiculous pride of the moſt deſtructive nature to the public, the ſcene

would be really entertaining. Every tradeſman is a merchant, every merchant is a gentleman, and every gentleman one of the nobleſſe. We are a nation of gentry *populus generoſorum:* we have no ſuch thing as common people among us: between vanity and gin the ſpecies is utterly deſtroyed. The ſons of our loweſt mechanics, acquiring with the learning at charity-ſchools the laudable ambition of becoming gentlefolks, deſpiſe their paternal occupations, and are all ſoliciting for the honourable employments of tide-waiters and exciſemen. Their girls are all milliners, mantuamakers, or ladies' women; or preſumptuouſly exerciſe that genteel profeſſion, which uſed to be peculiarly reſerved for the well-educated daughters of deceaſed clergymen. Attornies' clerks and city prentices dreſs like cornets of dragoons, keep their miſtreſſes and their hunters, criticiſe at the play, and toaſt at the tavern. The merchant leaves his counting-houſe for St James's, and the country gentleman his own affairs for thoſe of the public, by which neither of them receive much benefit. Every commoner of diſtinction is impatient for a peerage, and treads hard upon the heels of quality in dreſs, equipage, and expenſes of every kind. The nobility, who can aim no higher, plunge themſelves into debt and dependence to preſerve their rank, and are even there quickly overtaken by their unmerciful purſuers.

The ſame fooliſh vanity that thus prompts us to imitate our ſuperiors induces us alſo to be, or to pretend to be, their inſeparable companions; or, as the phraſe is, to keep the *beſt company;* by which is always to be underſtood ſuch company as are much above us in rank or fortune, and, conſequently, deſpiſe and avoid us in the ſame manner as we ourſelves do our inferiors. By this ridiculous affectation are all the pleaſures of ſocial life, and all the advantages of friend-

ly converſe, utterly deſtroyed. We chuſe not our companions for their wit or learning, their good-humour or good-ſenſe, but for their power of conferring this imaginary dignity; as if greatneſs was communicable, like the powers of the loadſtone, by friction, or by contact like electricity. Every young gentleman is taught to believe it is more eligible, and more honourable, to deſtroy his time, his fortune, his morals, and his underſtanding, at a gaming-houſe with the *beſt company*, than to improve them all in the converſation of the moſt ingenious and entertaining of his equals; and every ſelf-conceited girl in faſhionable life chuſes rather to endure the affected ſilence and inſolent headach of my lady ducheſs for a whole evening than to paſs it in mirth and jollity with the moſt amiable of her acquaintance. For ſince it is poſſible that ſome of my readers, who have not had the honour of being admitted into the *beſt company*, ſhould imagine that amongſt ſuch there is ever the beſt converſation, the moſt lively wit, the moſt profound judgment, the moſt engaging affability and politeneſs; it may be proper to inform them, that this is by no means always the caſe; but that frequently in ſuch company little is ſaid, and leſs attended to; no diſpoſition appears either to pleaſe others or to be pleaſed themſelves; but that, in the room of all the before-mentioned agreeable qualifications, cards are introduced, endued with the convenient power of reducing all men's underſtandings, as well as their fortunes, to an equality.

It is pleaſant to obſerve how this race, converted into a kind of perpetual warfare between the *good* and *bad company* in this country, has ſubſiſted for half a century laſt paſt; in which the former have been perpetually purſued by the latter, and fairly beaten out of all their reſources for ſuperior diſtinction, out of innumerable faſhions in dreſs, and variety of diverſions; every one

of which they have been obliged to abandon as ſoon as occupied by their impertinent rivals. In vain have they armed themſelves with lace and embroidery, and intrenched themſelves in hoops and furbelows; in vain have they had recourſe to full-bottomed perriwigs and toupees, to high-heads and low-heads, and no heads at all: trade has beſtowed riches on the competitors, and riches have procured them equal finery. Hair has curled as genteely on one ſide of Temple-Bar as on the other, and hoops have grown to as prodigious a magnitude in the foggy air of Cheapſide as in the purer regions of Grofvenor-Square and Hill Street.

With as little ſucceſs have operas, oratorios, ridottos, and other expenſive diverſions been invented to exclude *bad company*: tradeſmen, by enhancing their prices, have found tickets for their wives and daughters, and by this means have been enabled to inſult the *good company*, their cuſtomers, at their own expenſe; and, like true conquerors, have obliged the enemy to pay for their defeat. But this ſtratagem has in ſome meaſure been obviated by the prudence of the *very beſt company*, who, for this, and many other wiſe conſiderations, have uſually declined paying them at all.

For many years was this combat between the *good* and *bad company* of this metropolis performed, like the ancient tilts and tournaments, before his Majeſty and the royal family, every Friday night in the drawing-room at St James's; which now appears, as it uſually fares with the ſeat of war, deſolate and uninhabited, and totally deſerted on both ſides; except that on Twelfth-night the *bad company* never fail to aſſemble, to commemorate annually the victories they have there obtained.

The *good company* being thus every where put to flight, they thought proper at laſt to retire to their own citadels; that is, to form numerous and brilliant

aſſemblies at their own hotels, in which they imagined that they could neither be imitated nor intruded on. But here again they were grievouſly miſtaken; for no ſooner was the ſignal given, but every little lodging-houſe in Town, of two rooms and a cloſet on a floor, or rather of two cloſets and a cup-board, teemed with card-tables, and overflowed with company; and as making a crowd was the great point here principally aimed at, the ſmaller the houſes, and the more indifferent the company, this point was the more eaſily effected. Nor could intruſion be better guarded againſt than imitation; for by ſome means or other, either by the force of beauty or of dreſs, of wealth or impudence, of folly enough to loſe great ſums at play, or of knavery enough to win them, or of ſome ſuch eminent or extraordinary qualifications, their plebeian enemies ſoon broke through the ſtrongeſt of their barriers, and mingled in the thickeſt of their ranks, to the utter deſtruction of all ſuperiority and diſtinction.

But though it may be owned that the affairs of the *good company* are now in a very bad ſituation, yet I would not have them deſpair, nor perpetually carry about the marks of their defeat in their countenances, ſo viſible in a mixture of *fierté* and dejection. They have ſtill one aſylum left to fly to, which, with all their advantages of birth and education, it is ſurpriſing they ſhould not long ſince have diſcovered: but ſince they have not, I ſhall beg leave to point it out; and it is this: that they once more retire to the long-deſerted forts of true Britiſh grandeur, their princely ſeats and magnificent caſtles in their ſeveral counties; and there, arming themſelves with religion and virtue, hoſpitality and charity, civility and friendſhip, bid defiance to their impertinent purſuers. And though I will not undertake that they ſhall not, even here, be followed in time, and imitated by their inferiors, yet ſo averſe are all

ranks of people at preſent to this ſort of retirement, ſo totally diſuſed from the exerciſe of thoſe kinds of arms, and ſo unwilling to return to it, that I will venture to promiſe it will be very long before they can be overtaken or attacked; but that here, and here only, they may enjoy their favourite ſingularity unmoleſted for half a century to come.

NUMB. 126. THURSDAY, May 29, 1755.

I AM favoured by a correſpondent with the following little inſtructive piece, which he calls

THE ART OF HAPPINESS.

A good temper is one of the principal ingredients of happineſs. This, it may be ſaid, is the work of Nature, and muſt be born with us; and ſo in a good meaſure it is; yet ſometimes it may be acquired by art, and always improved by culture. Almoſt every object that attracts our notice has its bright and its dark ſide: he that habituates himſelf to look at the diſpleaſing ſide will ſour his diſpoſition, and, conſequently, impair his happineſs; while he who conſtantly beholds it on the bright ſide inſenſibly meliorates his temper, and, in conſequence of it, improves his own happineſs and the happineſs of all about him.

Arachne and Meliſſa are two friends. They are both of them women in years, and alike in birth, fortune, education, and accompliſhments. They are originally alike in temper too; but by different management are grown the reverſe of each other. Arachne has accuſtomed herſelf to look only on the dark ſide of every object. If a new poem or a play makes its appearance with a thouſand brilliances, and but one or two blemiſhes,

ſhe ſlightly ſkims over the paſſages that ſhould give her pleaſure, and dwells upon thoſe only that fill her with diſlike. If you ſhow her a very excellent portrait, ſhe looks at ſome part of the drapery which has been neglected, or to a hand or finger that has been left unfiniſhed. Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatneſs and elegancy: but if you take a walk with her in it ſhe talks to you of nothing but blights and ſtorms, of ſnails and caterpillers, and how impoſſible it is to keep it from the litter of falling leaves and worm caſts. If you ſit down in one of her temples to enjoy a delightful proſpect, ſhe obſerves to you that there is too much wood, or too little water; that the day is too ſunny, or too gloomy; that it is ſultry, or windy; and finiſhes with a long harangue upon the wretchedneſs of our climate. When you return with her to the company, in hopes of a little cheerful converſation, ſhe caſts a gloom over all, by giving you the hiſtory of her own bad health, or ſome melancholy accident that has befallen one of her daughter's children. Thus ſhe inſenſibly ſinks her own ſpirits and the ſpirits of all around her, and at laſt diſcovers, ſhe knows not why, that her friends are grave.

Meliſſa is the reverſe of all this. By conſtantly habituating herſelf to look only on the bright ſide of objects, ſhe preſerves a perpetual cheerfulneſs in herſelf, which, by a kind of happy contagion, ſhe communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, ſhe conſiders it might have been worſe, and is thankful to Providence for an eſcape. She rejoices in ſolitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herſelf: and in ſociety, becauſe ſhe can communicate the happineſs ſhe enjoys. She oppoſes every man's virtues to his failings, and can find out ſome thing to cheriſh and applaud in the very worſt of her acquaintance. She opens every book with a deſire to be entertained or inſtructed

and therefore ſeldom miſſes what ſhe looks for. Walk with her, though it be but on a heath or a common, and ſhe will diſcover numberleſs beauties, unobſerved before, in the hills, the dales, the broom, the brakes, and the variegated flowers of weeds and poppies. She enjoys every change of weather and of ſeaſon as bringing with it ſomething of health or convenience. In converſation it is a rule with her never to ſtart a ſubject that leads to any thing gloomy or diſagreeable; you therefore never hear her repeating her own grievances, or thoſe of her neighbours, or (what is worſt of all) their faults or imperfections. If any thing of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, ſhe has had the addreſs to turn it into entertainment, by changing the moſt odious railing into a pleaſant raillery. Thus Meliſſa, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed; while Arachne, like the ſpider, ſucks poiſon from the faireſt flowers. The conſequence is, that of two tempers, once very nearly allied, the one is for ever ſour and diſſatisfied, the other always gay and cheerful; the one ſpreads an univerſal gloom, the other a continual ſunſhine.

There is nothing more worthy of our attention than this art of happineſs. In converſation as well as life happineſs very often depends upon the ſlighteſt incidents. The taking notice of the badneſs of the weather, a north-eaſt wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumſtance of the diſagreeable kind, ſhall inſenſibly rob a whole company of its good-humour, and fling every member of it into the vapours. If, therefore, we would be happy in ourſelves, and are deſirous of communicating that happineſs to all about us, theſe *minutiæ* of converſation ought carefully to be attended to. The brightneſs of the ſky, the lengthening of the days, the increaſing verdure of ſpring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or whatever carries with it the moſt diſtant glimpſe of joy, ſhall frequently be the

parent of a ſocial and happy converſation. Good manners exact from us this regard to our company. The clown may repine at the ſunſhine that ripens his harveſt, becauſe his turnips are burnt up by it; but the man of refinement will extract pleaſure from the thunder-ſtorm to which he is expoſed, by remarking on the plenty and refreſhment which may be expected from ſuch a ſhower.

Thus does good manners, as well as good ſenſe, direct us to look at every object on the bright ſide; and by thus acting we cheriſh and improve both the one and the other. By this practice it is that Meliſſa is become the wiſeſt and beſt-bred woman living; and by this practice may every man and woman arrive at that eaſy benevolence of temper which the world calls *good-nature*, and the ſcripture *charity*, whoſe natural and never-failing fruit is *happineſs*.

I cannot better conclude this paper than with the following Ode, which I received from another correſpondent, and which ſeems to be written in the ſame ſpirit of cheerfulneſs with the above Eſſay.

ODE to the Morning.

THE ſprightly meſſenger of Day
To heav'n aſcending, tunes the lay
That wakes the bluſhing Morn:
Cheer'd with th' inſpiring notes, I riſe,
And hail the Pow'r whoſe glad ſupplies
Th' enliven'd plains adorn.

Far hence retire, O Night! thy praiſe,
Majeſtic queen! in nobler lays,
Already has been ſung;
When thine own ſpheres expire, thy name,
Secure from Time, ſhall riſe in fame,
Immortaliz'd by Young.

See, while I ſpeak, Aurora ſheds
Her early honours o'er the meads,
The ſpringing vallies ſmile:
With cheerful haſte the village ſwain
Renews the labours of the plain,
And meets th' accuſtom'd toil.

Day's Monarch comes to bliſs the year!
Wing'd Zephyrs wanton round his car
Along th' ethereal road;
Plenty and Health attend his beams,
And Truth, divinely bright, proclaims
The viſit of the god.

Aw'd by the view, my ſoul reveres
The great Firſt Cauſe that bade the ſpheres
In tuneful order move:
Thine is the ſable-mantled night,
Unſeen Almighty! and the light
The radiance of thy love.

Hark! the awaken'd grove repays
With melody the genial rays,
And Echo ſpreads the ſtrain;
The ſtreams in grateful murmurs run,
The bleating flocks ſalute the ſun,
And muſic glads the plain.

While Nature thus her charms diſplays,
Let me enjoy the fragrant breeze
The op'ning flow'rs diffuſe;
Temp'rance and Innocence attend,
Theſe are your haunts, your influence lend,
Aſſociates of the Muſe!

Riot, and Guilt, and waſting Care,
And fell Revenge, and black Deſpair,
Avoid the morning's light;
Nor beams the ſun, nor blooms the roſe,
Their reſtleſs paſſions to compoſe,
Who Virtue's dictates ſlight.

Along the mead, and in the wood,
And on the margin of the flood,
The goddeſs walks confeſs'd;

She gives the landſcape pow'r to charm,
The ſun his genial heat to warm,
The wiſe and generous breaſt.

Happy the man! whoſe tranquil mind
Sees Nature in her changes kind,
And pleas'd the whole ſurveys;
For him the morn benignly ſmiles,
And evening ſhades reward the toils
That meaſure out his days.

The varying year may ſhift the ſcene,
The ſounding tempeſt laſh the main,
And Heav'n's own thunders roll;
Calmly he views the burſting ſtorm,
Tempeſts nor thunder can deform
The morning of his ſoul.

C. B.

NUMB. 127. THURSDAY, June 5, 1755.

"Quis novus hic noſtris ſucceſſit ſedibus hoſpes?
"Quem ſeſe ore ferens?"— *Virg.*

With ſtrange ideas of our Trojan gueſt,
His worth, his actions, and majeſtic air.
A man deſcended from the gods declare.

ALTHOUGH I profeſs myſelf a zealous advocate for modern faſhion, and have countenanced ſome of its boldeſt innovations, yet I cannot but recall my approbation, when I ſee it making ſome very irregular and unjuſtifiable ſallies, in oppoſition to true policy and reaſons of ſtate. In teſtimony of the perfect quietiſm I have hitherto obſerved in this reſpect, I defy any one to convict me of having uttered one ſyllable in praiſe of the good roaſt beef of Old England ſince the conſpiracy ſet on foot by the Creolian epicures totally to baniſh it our iſland. On the other hand, it is well known I have been

lately preſent at a turtle feaſt in perſon, and have at this very hour ſeveral engagements upon my hands. I have acquieſced likewiſe with great and ſudden revolutions in dreſs as well as taſte; I have ſubmitted, in oppoſition to the clamours of a numerous party, to diſmantling the intrenchments of the hoop, on a tacit promiſe from my fair countrywomen (in compliance to the application of the young men) that they would leave the ſmall of the leg at leaſt as viſible as before. I have made no objection to their wearing the cardinal, though it be a habit of Popiſh etymology, and was, I am afraid, firſt invented to hide the ſluttiſhneſs of French diſhabille. Nay, I have even connived at the importation of *rouge*, upon ſerious conviction that a fine woman has an inconteſtible right to be miſtreſs of her own complexion; neither do I know that we have any pretence to ſubject her to the neceſſity of telling us on the morrow the late hours ſhe was under engagement to keep the night before; a grievance which, through the extreme delicacy of her natural complexion, could no otherwiſe be remedied.

My abſolute compliance in ſo many important inſtances will, I hope, ſecure me from any imputation of prejudice againſt the dominion of Faſhion, which I am at laſt under the neceſſity of oppoſing, as it has introduced under its ſanction one of the moſt dangerous and impolitic cuſtoms that was ever admitted into a commonwealth, which is the unnatural and unconſtitutional practice of Inoculation. The evil tendency of this practice I have ſuch unanſwerable arguments to evince, as I doubt not will baniſh it our iſland, and ſend it back to the confines of Circaſſia, from whence one could hardly ſuſpect a lady of quality would have been ſo wicked as to have imported it.

I muſt firſt premiſe, which is not greatly to its credit, that it is of Turkiſh extraction; and (to ſpeak as

a man) I profeſs I dread leſt it ſhould be a means of introducing, in theſe opera days, ſome more alarming practices of the ſeraglio.

It ſeems likewiſe, by the bye, to ſtrike at the belief of abſolute predeſtination; for (as a zealous Calviniſt gravely remarked) is it not very preſumptuous for a young lady to attempt ſecuring not above twenty ſpots in her face, when perhaps it is abſolutely decreed ſhe ſhall have two hundred, or none at all?

But to my firſt argument. The world in general (for I pay no regard to what the author of the *Perſian Letters* aſſerts to the contrary) is certainly much over-peopled; and the proofs of it in this metropolis we cannot but viſibly remark, in the conſtant labour of builders, maſons, &c. to fit up habitations for the increaſing ſupernumeraries. This inconvenience had in a great meaſure been prevented by the proper number of people who were daily removed by the ſmall-pox in the natural way; one, at leaſt, in ſeven dying, to the great eaſe and convenience of the ſurvivors; whereas, ſince Inoculation has prevailed, all hopes of thinning our people that way are entirely at an end, not above one in three hundred being taken off, to the great incumbrance of ſociety. So that, unleſs we ſhould ſpeedily have a war upon the continent, we ſhall be in danger of being eaten up with famine at home, through the multiplicity of our people, whom we have taken this unnatural method of keeping alive.

My ſecond argument was ſuggeſted to me by a very worthy country gentleman of my acquaintance, whom I met this morning taking ſome freſh air in the Park. I accoſted him with the free impertinence of a friend at the firſt interview. "What brought you to Town, Sir?" "My wife, Sir, (ſays he, in a very melancholy tone), my "wife. It had pleaſed her, the firſt four years of our "marriage, to live peaceably in the country, and to em-

" ploy herſelf in ſetting out her table, viſiting her " neighbours, or attending her nurſery; and if ever a " with broke out after the diverſions of the Town, it " was eaſily ſoothed down again by my ſaying, with ac- " cents of tenderneſs, My Dear, we would certainly ſee " London this ſpring, but my laſt letters tell me the " ſmall-pox is very much there. But no ſooner had " ſhe heard the fatal ſucceſs of Inoculation than ſhe " inſiſted on the trial of it; has ſucceeded; and having " baffled my old valuable argument to keep her in " the country, has hurried me to Town, and is now " moſt induſtriouſly making up her four years' loſs of " time at the Abbey, by entering with the moſt coura- " geous ſpirit into every party of pleaſure ſhe can poſ- " ſibly partake in."

The inference I would make from my friend's ſtory is, not that the nation is deprived hereby of a convenient bugbear to confine ladies to the country, an abuſe I would by no means countenance; but to ſhow only to our ſagacious politicians, who are ſearching for more important reaſons, that it is undoubtedly owing to the increaſe of Inoculation, together with the number of convenient turnpikes, that ſo many of our worthy country gentlemen have evacuated their hoſpitable ſeats, and roll away with ſafety and tranquillity to Town, to the great diminution of country neighbourhood, and inſufferable incumbrance of all public places in this metropolis.

Another ill conſequence of this practice I have remarked more than once in walking round the circle at Ranelagh. Beauties are naturally diſpoſed to be a little inſolent; and a conſciouſneſs of ſuperior charms, where the poſſeſſion is confirmed to the party, is very apt to break out into little triumphant airs and ſallies of haughtineſs towards thoſe of avowed inferiority in that reſpect. Hence that air of defiance, ſo viſible in the

looks of our fineſt women, which in the laſt age was ſoftened and corrected with ſome ſmall traits of meekneſs and timidity; while theu nhappy group of plain women, who bear about them thoſe honourable ſcars for which they ought to be revered, can ſcarcely meet with a beauty who will drop them a curtſy, or a beau who will lead them to their chariots.

Neither do I think it for the advantage of a commonwealth to be overſtocked with beauties. They are undoubtedly the moſt ſuitable furniture for public places, very proper objects to embelliſh an aſſembly-room, and the prettieſt points of view in the Park: but it is believed by ſome, that your plain women, whoſe underſtandings are not perverted by admiration, make the diſcreeteſt wives and the beſt mothers: ſo that, to ſecure a conſtant ſupply of fit and ugly women to act in theſe neceſſary capacities, this modern invention for the preſervation of pretty faces ought, no doubt, to be aboliſhed; ſince, on a juſt computation, ten fine women *per annum* (which we can never want in England) will be ſufficient to entertain the *beau monde* for a whole ſeaſon, and completely furniſh all the public places every night, if properly diſpoſed.

I had ſome thoughts of laying theſe arguments againſt Inoculation before the legiſlature, in hopes that they would ſtrengthen them with their authority, and give them the ſanction of a law againſt ſo pernicious an invention; but I was diſcouraged by a friend, who convinced me, that however juſt I might be in my opinion, that our people were growing too numerous, and in the cauſe to which I imputed it, the pernicious ſucceſs of Inoculation, yet it might be impolitic to attempt reducing them at this critical ſeaſon, when the legiſlature may have occaſion to diſpoſe of them ſome other way. He propoſed to me, as the moſt effectual means of ſuppreſſing this growing evil, that it ſhould be recommended

to ſome zealous and faſhionable preacher to denounce his anathemas againſt it, which would not fail to deter all ladies of quality from the practice of it. But I would rather propoſe that a golden medal ſhould be given by the college of phyſicians to the ableſt of the profeſſion who ſhould publiſh the completeſt treatiſe to prove, (as undoubtedly might be proved), "That whatever "diſtemper any perſon ſhall die of at ſeventy years of "age muſt infallibly be owing to his having been in-"oculated at ſeven; and that every perſon who has "had the ſmall-pox by inoculation may have it after-"wards ten times in the natural way."

NUMB. 128. THURSDAY, June 12, 1755.

MONTAIGNE tells us of a gentleman of his country much troubled with the gout, who being adviſed by his phyſicians to abſtain from ſalt meats, aſked what elſe they would give him to quarrel with in the extremity of his fits; for that he imagined curſing one minute the Bologna ſauſages, and another the dried tongues, he had eaten was ſome mitigation of his pain.

If all men, when they are either out of health, or out of humour, would vent their rage after the manner of this Frenchman, the world would be a much quieter one than we ſee it at preſent. But dried tongues and ſauſages have no feeling of our diſpleaſure; therefore we reſerve it for one another: and he that can wound his neighbour in his fame, or ſow the ſeeds of diſcord in his family, derives happineſs to himſelf.

I once knew a huſband and wife who, without having the leaſt tincture of affection for each other, or any ſingle accompliſhment of mind or perſon, made a ſhift to live

comfortably enough by contributing equally to the abuſe of their acquaintance. The conſideration of one another's uneaſineſs, or, what was ſtill better, that it was in their power to inflict it, kept pain, ſickneſs, and misfortune, from touching them too nearly. They collected ſeparately the ſcandal of the day, and made themſelves company for one another, by conſulting how they might diſperſe it with additions and improvements. I have known the wife to have been cured of a fit of the colic by the huſband's telling her that a young lady of her acquaintance was run off with her father's footman: and I once ſaw the huſband ſit with a face of delight to have a tooth drawn, upon my bringing him the news that a very particular friend of his was a bankrupt in the Gazette. Their loſſes at cards were what chiefly tormented them; not ſo much from a principle of avarice as from the conſideration that what they had loſt others had won; and upon theſe occaſions the family peace has been ſometimes diſturbed: but a freſh piece of ſcandal, or a new misfortune befalling any of the neighbourhood, has immediately ſet matters right, and made them the happieſt people in the world.

I think it is an obſervation of the witty and ingenious author of Tom Jones, (I forget his words), that the only unhappy ſituation in marriage is a ſtate of indifference. Where people love one another, ſays he, they have great pleaſure in obliging; and where they hate one another they have equal pleaſure in tormenting. But where they have neither love nor hatred, and, of conſequence, no deſire either to pleaſe or plague, there can be no ſuch thing as happineſs. That this obſervation may be true in general I very readily allow; yet I have inſtanced a couple who, though as indifferent to each other as it was poſſible for man and wife to be, have yet contrived to be happy through the misfortunes of their friends.

But it is nevertheleſs true of happineſs, that it is prin-

cipally to be found at home; and therefore it is that in moſt families one viſits one ſees the huſband and wife (inſtead of contenting themſelves with the miſeries of their neighbours) mutually plaguing one another: and after a ſucceſſion of diſputes, contradictions, mortifications, ſneers, pouts, abuſes, and ſometimes blows, they retreat ſeparately into company, and are the eaſieſt and pleaſanteſt people alive.

That this is to be mutually happy I believe few married couples will deny; eſpecially if they have lived together a fortnight, and of courſe are grown tired of obliging. But it has been very luckily diſcovered, that as our ſorrows are leſſened by participation, ſo alſo are our joys; and that unleſs the pleaſure of tormenting be confined entirely to one party, the happineſs of either can by no means be perfect. The wife, therefore, of a meek and tender diſpoſition, who makes it the ſtudy of her life to pleaſe and oblige her huſband, and to whom he is indebted for every advantage he enjoys, is the fitteſt object of his tyranny and averſion. Upon ſuch a wife he may exert himſelf nobly, and have all the pleaſure to himſelf; but I would adviſe him to enjoy it with ſome little caution, becauſe (though the weekly bills take no notice of it) there is really ſuch a diſeaſe as a broken heart, and the misfortune is, that there is no tormenting a dead wife.

Happy is the huſband of ſuch a woman: for unleſs a man goes into company with the conſcious pleaſure of having left his wife miſerable at home, his temper may not be proof againſt every accident he may meet with abroad; but having firſt of all diſcharged his ſpleen and ill-humour upon his own family, he goes into company prepared to be pleaſed and happy with every thing that occurs: or if croſſes and diſappointments ſhould unavoidably happen, he has a wife to repair to, on whom he can beſtow with intereſt every vexation

he has received. Thus it was honeſtly and wiſely ſaid by the old ſerjeant of ſeventy, who, when his officer aſked him how he came to marry at ſo great an age, anſwered, "Why, an't pleaſe your Honour, they teaze and "put me out of humour abroad, and ſo I go home and "beat my wife." And indeed happy is it for ſociety that men have commonly ſuch repoſitories for their ill-humours; for I can truly aſſert, that the eaſieſt, the beſt-natured, and the moſt entertaining man I know out of his own houſe, is the moſt tyrannical maſter, brother, huſband, and father, in the whole world; and who, if he had no family to make miſerable at home, would be the conſtant diſturber of every party abroad.

But I am far from limiting this particular privilege to a huſband: the wife has it ſometimes in her power to enjoy equal happineſs. For inſtance, when a woman of family and ſpirit condeſcends to marry for a maintenance a wealthy citizen, whoſe delight is in peace, quietneſs, and domeſtic endearments; ſuch a woman may continually fill his houſe with routs and hurricanes; ſhe may teaze and fret him with her ſuperiority of birth; ſhe may torment his heart with jealouſy, and waſte his ſubſtance in rioting and gaming. She will have one advantage, too, over the male tyrant, inaſmuch as ſhe may carry her triumph beyond the grave, by making the children of her huſband's footmen the inheritors of his fortune.

Thus, as an advocate for matrimony, I have entered into a particular diſquiſition of its principal comforts; and that no motives may be wanting to induce men to engage in it, I have endeavoured to ſhow that it is next to an impoſſibility for a couple to miſcarry, ſince hatred as well as love, and indifference as well as either, (I mean if people have ſenſe enough to make a right uſe of their friends' misfortunes), is ſufficient for happineſs. Indeed it is hard to gueſs, when one reads in the public papers

that a treaty of marriage is on foot between the right Honourable Lord Somebody, and Lady Betty Such-a-one, whether his Lordſhip's and the Lady's paſſion be love or hatred; and, to ſay truth, it is of very little conſequence to which of theſe paſſions their deſire of coming together is firſt owing; it being at leaſt ſix to four that, in the compaſs of a month, they hate one another heartily. But let not this deter any of my readers from entering into the ſtate of matrimony; ſince the pleaſure of obliging the object of our deſires is at leaſt equalled by the pleaſure of tormenting the object of our averſion.

NUMB. 129. THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1755.

I SHALL make no apology for the following miſcellaneous letters, unleſs it be to the writers of them for ſo long delaying their publication.

To Mr FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

The late Earl Marſhal applying to a bookſeller at Paris for ſome Engliſh books, was anſwered by the Frenchman, that he had none in his ſhop except *une petite bagatelle*, called the Bible. Your readers will be informed, that this *petite bagatelle*, as the bookſeller termed it, contains (among other matter) ſome little treatiſes of eaſtern wiſdom, and particularly certain maxims collected by one King Solomon, of whom mention is made in Prior's poems. Solomon was, as Captain Bluff ſays of Scipio, a pretty fellow in his day, though moſt of his maxims have been confuted by experience. But I only make mention of him, to ſhow how exactly the virtuous woman of that monarch correſponds with the fine lady of the preſent times.

"Who can find a virtuous woman?" ſays Solomon. By the way, he muſt have kept ſad company, or elſe virtuous women were extremely ſcarce in thoſe days: for it will be no boaſt to ſay that five thouſand virtuous women may be aſſembled at any time in this metropolis on a night's warning. Solomon deſcribes the character ſo, that it is not ſo eaſy to miſtake it. "She "bringeth her food from afar." That is to ſay, the tea-table of the virtuous woman is ſupplied with ſugar and cordials from Barbadoes, and with tea from China; the bread and butter and ſcandal only being the produce of her native country. "She riſes whilſt it is "yet night." This cannot literally be ſaid of our modern virtuous women; but one may venture to aſſert, that if to riſe while it is yet night be the characteriſtic of virtue, to ſit up the whole night, and thereby have no occaſion for riſing at all, muſt imply no ordinary meaſure of goodneſs. "She ſtrengtheneth her arms." This is a circumſtance of ſome delicacy: ſuch myſteries ſuit not the vulgar ear. The huſband of the virtuous woman may ſay, as the poet ſays of Friendſhip with the great, *expertus metuit*. "She maketh herſelf cover-"ings of tapeſtry; her clothing is ſilk and purple." This plainly indicates that no lady can be conſummately virtuous unleſs ſhe wear brocaded ſilks, and robings of French embroidery. To theſe Solomon, with all the accuracy of a tire-woman, adds purple ribbons. This paſſage is liable to miſapplication; but the words, "ſhe maketh herſelf coverings," mean not that a virtuous woman muſt of neceſſity be a work-woman: to make ſignifies to occaſion the making of any thing: thus a perſon is ſaid to make intereſt, when in truth it is not he but his money that makes the intereſt. Thus Auguſtus fought battles by proxy; and thus many reſpectable perſonages beget children. So that a virtuous woman need not embroider in perſon; let her pay

for the work ſhe beſpeaks, and no more is required. "Her huſband is known in the gates." More univerſally known by his relation to his wife than by his own name. Thus you are told at public places, that is Mrs Such-a-one's huſband, or, he that married Lady Such-a-one. "He ſitteth among the elders of the "land," at White's, where the elders of the land aſſemble themſelves.

Let me add one more inſtance of the ſimilitude between a fine lady and the virtuous woman of Solomon, and I have done. When a lady returns home at five in the morning from the nocturnal myſteries of Bragg, how muſt the heart of her huſband exult when he ſees her flambeau rivalling the light of the ſun! May he not cry out in the words of the eaſtern Monarch, "Bleſſ-"ed is the virtuous woman; her candle goeth not out "by night?"

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

Mr FITZ-ADAM,

I have had the honour of ſitting in the three laſt parliaments; for as it was always my opinion that an honeſt man ſhould ſacrifice every private conſideration to the ſervice of his country, I ſpared no expenſe at my elections, nor afterwards to ſupport an intereſt in my borough, by giving annuities to half the corporation, building a town-hall, a market-houſe, a new ſteeple to the church, together with a preſent of a ring of bells that uſed to ſtun me with their noiſe. To defray all theſe expenſes I was obliged to mortgage my eſtate to its full value, excepting only two thouſand pounds, which ſum I took up againſt the laſt general election, and went down to my borough, where I was told there would be an oppoſition. What I heard was true; an

abſolute ſtranger had declared himſelf a candidate; and though I ſpent every farthing of my two thouſand pounds, and was promiſed the votes and intereſt of the mayor and corporation, they, every man of them, went againſt me, and I loſt my election.

As I have now no opportunity of ſerving my country, and have a wife and ſeven ſmall children to maintain, I have been at laſt concerting meaſures how I might do a ſmall ſervice to myſelf: and as there are many worthy gentlemen at preſent in the ſame unfortunate ſituation, I cannot think of a better expedient than to recommend to the parliament, at their next meeting, the paſſing an act for raiſing a fund towards the building and endowing an hoſpital for the relief and ſupport of decayed members. I mention it thus early, becauſe I would give the legiſlature time to deliberate upon ſuch a propoſal. And ſurely, Mr Fitz-Adam, if the loſs of a limb ſhall be ſufficient to entitle the meaneſt ſoldier or ſailor in the ſervice to this privilege, how much more worthy of relief is the diſabled patriot, who has ſacrificed his family and fortune to the intereſt of his country!

Your inſerting this letter will greatly oblige,

Sir,

Your very humble ſervant,

B. D.

P. S. All gentlemen reſiding in Town, who have loſt their fortunes by former parliaments, and their elections in this, are deſired to meet on Saturday the 21ſt of this inſtant June, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the Cat and Bagpipe in St Giles's, to conſider of the above propoſal, or of any other ways and means for their immediate ſupport.

N. B. A dinner will be provided at nine-pence a head.

SIR,

The proſtitution of characters given in behalf of bad ſervants has been long a grievance, demanding the attention of the Public. Give me leave to awaken it by a ſpecimen from my own experience.

Some time ſince an old ſervant left me upon ſhort notice. I had another recommended, as very honeſt, by a neighbouring family, whom he had ſerved. As I was preſſed for time, I took him upon that ſingle qualification in lieu of all the reſt; and relying upon the repeated aſſurances of his integrity, repoſed an entire confidence in him. In ſome little time, however, finding an increaſe of expenſe in the articles under his particular management, I diſcovered, upon obſervation, that the perquiſites, or rather plunder, of his province, had been nearly doubled. His diſmiſſion, you may imagine, enſued, and complaint to the perſons who had recommended him. The anſwer was, that they knew him to be a ſad fellow by the tricks he had played them, but that they would not ſay a word of it, becauſe they thought it wicked to hinder him of a place.

Now, Mr Fitz-Adam, I conceive it to be but a wicked world, when gentlemen will help thieves and robbers to get into people's houſes; and I ſhall take for the future a bare acquittal at the Old Bailey as a better recommendation than that of ſuch a friend.

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

A. B.

The abuſe complained of by this correſpondent is of too ſerious a nature to be paſſed over ſlightly. It is to this miſtaken compaſſion that the diſorderly behaviour of ſervants is, perhaps, principally owing; for if the puniſhment of diſhoneſty be only a change of place,

(which may be a reward inſtead of a puniſhment), it ceaſes to be a ſervant's intereſt to be true to his truſt.

This proſtitution of characters (as my correſpondent calls it) is grown ſo common, that a ſervant, after he has committed the moſt palpable robbery, for which you are turning him out of doors, and which would go near to hang him at the Old Bailey, looks compoſedly in your face, and very modeſtly hopes that you will not refuſe him a character, "for that you are too worthy "a gentleman to be the ruin of a poor ſervant, who "has nothing but his character to depend upon for his "bread." So away he goes, and you are really ſo very worthy a gentleman as to aſſure the firſt perſon who inquires about him, that he is a ſober, diligent, and faithful ſervant. Thus are you acceſſary to the next robbery he commits, and ought, in my humble opinion, to be deemed little leſs than an acceſſary by the law: for the ſervant who opens the door of his maſter's houſe to the thief that plunders it differs from you only in the motive, the conſequences are the ſame.

I have ſaid in a former paper, that the behaviour of ſervants depends in a great meaſure on that of their maſters and miſtreſſes. In this inſtance I am ſure it does: I ſhall therefore conclude this Paper with adviſing all heads of families to give honeſt characters before they allow themſelves to exclaim againſt diſhoneſt ſervants.

NUMB. 130. THURSDAY, June 26, 1755.

To Mr FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

WHEN your firſt *World* made its appearance, I was juſt entering into what is called *polite life*, and was mightily pleaſed at your promiſing young

maids how to get huſbands. I was then juſt eighteen, not diſagreeable in my perſon; and, by the tender care of indulgent parents, had been inſtructed in all the neceſſary accompliſhments towards making a good wife, a good mother, and a ſincere friend. I reſolved to keep ſtrictly to all the rules you ſhould preſcribe, and did not doubt but, by the time I was twenty, I ſhould have choice of admirers, or very probably be married. But, would you believe it? I have not ſo much as one man who makes any ſort of pretenſions to me. I am at a loſs to account for this, as I have not been guilty of any of thoſe errors which you and all ſober men exclaim ſo much againſt. I hate routs, ſeldom touch a card, and when I do, it is more to oblige others than myſelf. Plays are the only public amuſements I frequent; but I go only to good ones, and then always in good company.——Don't think by good company I mean quality; for, I aſſure you, I never go to any public place but with people of unexceptionable character. My complexion is of the olive kind; yet I have the aſſurance to ſhow my bare face, though I have been often told it is very indecent. However, to atone in ſome meaſure for this neglect, I never am ſeen without a handkerchief, nor with my petticoats above my ſhoes.

Though my fortune is rather beyond what is called genteel, I never run into any extravagancy in dreſs; and, to avoid particularity, am never the firſt nor the laſt in a faſhion. I am an utter enemy to ſcandal, and never go out of a morning either to auctions or the Park. If by chance I am alone a whole afternoon, I am never at a loſs how to ſpend my time, being fond of reading. I have an averſion to coquetry, yet am the cheerfuleſt creature living, and never better pleaſed than when joining in a country dance, which I can do for a whole night together, without either falling in love with my partner if unagreeable, or quarrelling with him if awkward.

Girls may pretend to deny it, but certainly the whole tenor of their actions leads to the diſpoſing of themſelves advantageouſly in the world. Some ſet about it one way, and ſome another; all of them chuſing what they think the moſt likely method to ſucceed. Now, I am ſure, when they purſue a wrong one, that nine times in ten it is owing to the men; for were they to admire women for virtue, prudence, good-humour, and good ſenſe, as well as beauty, we ſhould ſeek no other ornaments. The men ought to ſet the example, and then reward thoſe who follow it, by making them good huſbands. But inſtead of this, they make it their buſineſs to turn the heads of all the girls they meet; which when they have effectually done they exclaim againſt the folly of the whole ſex, and either cheat us of our fortunes by marrying our grandmothers, or die bachelors.

Now pray, Mr Fitz-Adam, as this is the caſe, what encouragement has a young woman to ſet about improving her mind?- I am ſure, in the ſmall circle of my acquaintance, I have known ſeveral women who have reached their thirtieth year unnoticed, whoſe good qualities are ſuch as would make it difficult to find men to deſerve them.

In public places the coquette, with a ſmall ſhare of beauty, and that perhaps artificial, ſhall, with the moſt trifling converſation in the world, engroſs the attention of a whole circle, while the woman of modeſty and ſenſe is forced to be ſilent becauſe ſhe cannot be heard. Thus, when we find that it is not merit which recommends us to the notice of the men, can it be wondered at, that while we are deſirous of changing our conditions, we try every innocent artifice to accompliſh our deſigns?

As to myſelf, I have a great reſpect for the married ſtate; but if I cannot meet with a man that will take

me juſt as Nature has formed me, I will live ſingle for ever: for it has been always a rule with me, never to expect the leaſt advantage from the poſſeſſion of any thing which is not to be attained but at the expenſe of truth.

I am not ſo vain, Mr Fitz-Adam, as to imagine this letter will merit a place in your paper; all I deſire is, that you will oblige me ſo far as to write a *World* upon the ſubject: and, might I adviſe, let the women alone, and apply yourſelf entirely to the reformation of the men; for when once they begin to cheriſh any thing valuable and praiſe-worthy in themſelves, you will ſoon find the women to follow their example.

I am, SIR,

Your conſtant reader,

and admirer,

M. S.

MR FITZ-ADAM,

You have often animadverted on the preſent faſhionable indecencies of female dreſs; but I wiſh you would pleaſe now and then to look a little at home, and beſtow ſome of your charitable advice upon your own ſex.

You are to know, Sir, that I am one of three old maids, who, though no relations, have reſolved to live and die together. Our fortunes, which ſingly are but ſmall, enable us, when put together, to live genteely, and to keep two maids and a footman. Patrick has lived with us now going on of ſix years, and, to do him juſtice, is a ſober, cleanly, and diligent ſervant: indeed, by ſtudying our tempers, and paying a ſilent obedience to all our whims, (for we do not pretend to be without whims), he has made himſelf ſo uſeful that there is no doing without him. We give him no livery, but allow him a handſome ſum yearly for clothes; and, to ſay the truth, till within this laſt week he has dreſſed with

great propriety and decency; when all at once, to our great confuſion and diſtreſs, he has had the aſſurance to appear at the ſideboard in a pair of filthy Nankin breeches, and thoſe made to fit ſo extremely tight, that a leſs curious obſerver might have miſtaken them for no breeches at all. The ſhame and confuſion ſo viſible in all our faces, one would think, ſhould ſuggeſt to him the odiouſneſs of his dreſs! but the fellow ſeems to have thrown off every appearance of decency: for at tea-table, before company, as well as at meals, we are forced to endure him in this abominable Nankin, our modeſty all the time ſtruggling with Nature to efface the ideas it conveys.

For the firſt two days, though we could think of nothing elſe, ſhame kept it ſilent even to one another: but we could hold out no longer; yet what to determine neither of us knew. Patrick, as I told you before, was a good ſervant; and to turn him away for a ſingle fault, when that fault would in all probability be remedied by a word's ſpeaking, ſeemed to be carrying the matter a little too far. But which of us was to ſpeak to him was the grand queſtion. The word Breeches (though I am prevailed upon to write it) was too coarſe to be pronounced; and to ſay, "Patrick, we don't like that "dreſs, or pray, Patrick, dreſs in another manner," was laying us under a neceſſity of pointing at his breeches to make ourſelves underſtood. Nor did it ſeem at all adviſable to ſet either Betty or Hannah upon doing it, as it might poſſibly draw them into explanations that might be attended with very puzzling if not dangerous conſequences.

After having deliberated ſome days upon this cruel exigence, and not knowing which way to look whenever Patrick was in the room, nor daring to ſhut our eyes, or turn our back upon him, for fear of his diſcovering the cauſe, it occurred to me, that if I could

muſter up courage to inform Mr Fitz-Adam of our diſtreſſes, (for we conſtantly take in the *World*, of which Patrick is alſo a reader), it might be a means of relieving us from this perpetual bluſhing and confuſion. If you walk abroad in the morning, or are a frequenter of auctions, you cannot but take notice of this odious faſhion: but I ſhould like it better if you were to paſs your cenſure upon Nankin breeches in general, than to have thoſe of our Patrick taken notice of particularly; however, I leave it entirely to your own choice; and whatever method you may take to diſcountenance the wearing of them will be perfectly agreeable to,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

PRISCILLA CROSS-STITCH.

The caſe of this lady and her companions is ſo exceeding critical, that for fear Patrick ſhould be backward at taking the hint, I have thought it the wiſeſt way to publiſh her letter juſt as I received it; and if, after this day, Patrick ſhould again preſume to appear before his ladies caſed in Nankin, I hereby authorize Mrs Betty or Mrs Hannah to burn his breeches wherever they can find them.

To be ſerious upon this occaſion, I have often looked upon this piece of naked drapery as a very improper part of dreſs: and as ſuch, I hereby declare, that after this preſent 26th day of June, it ſhall be a capital offence againſt decency and modeſty for any perſon whatſoever to be ſeen to wear it.

N. B. All canvas or linen breeches come within the act.

Numb. 131. Thursday, July 3, 1755.

THE converſation happening a few evenings ago to turn upon the different employments of mankind, we fell into the conſideration how ill the various parts of life are generally ſuited to the perſons who appear in them. This was attributed either to their own ambition, which tempts them to undertake a character they have not abilities to perform with credit, or to ſome accidental circumſtance, which throws them into profeſſions contrary, perhaps, both to their genius and inclination. All were unanimous in blaming thoſe parents who force their children to enter into a way of life contrary to their natural bent, which generally points out the employment that is beſt adapted to their capacities. To this we, in a great meaſure, aſcribed the ſlow progreſs of arts and ſciences, the frequent failures and miſcarriages of life, and many of thoſe deſperate acts which are often the conſequences of them.

This converſation carried us through the greateſt part of the evening, till the company broke up and retired to reſt. But the weather being hot, and my ſenſes perfectly awake, I found it impoſſible to give way to ſleep; ſo that my thoughts ſoon returned to the late ſubject of the evening's entertainment. I recollected many inſtances of this miſapplication of parts, and compaſſionated the unhappy effects of it. I reflected, that as all men have different ideas of pleaſures and honours, different views, inclinations, and capacities, yet all concur in a deſire of pleaſing and excelling; if that principle were applied to the proper point, and every one employed himſelf agreeably to his genius, what a wonderful effect would it ſoon have in the world! with how ſwift a progreſs would arts and ſciences grow up

to perfection! and to what an amazing height would all kind of knowledge ſoon be carried! Men would no longer drudge on with diſtaſte and murmuring in a ſtudy they abhor, but every one would purſue with cheerfulneſs his proper calling; buſineſs would become the higheſt pleaſure; diligence would be too univerſal to be eſteemed a virtue; and no man would be aſhamed of an employment in which he appeared to advantage.

While my mind hung upon theſe reflections, I imperceptibly dropt aſleep. But my imagination ſurviving my reaſon, I ſoon entered into a dream, which (though mixed with wild flights and abſurdities) bore ſome analogy to my waking thoughts.

I fancied myſelf ſtill reflecting on the ſame ſubject, when I was ſuddenly ſnatched up into the air, and preſently found myſelf on the Poets' Olympus, at the right hand of Jupiter; who told me that he approved my thoughts, and would make an immediate experiment of the change I had been wiſhing for.

He had no ſooner pronounced theſe words than I perceived a ſtrange hurry and confuſion in the lower world; all mankind was in motion, preparing to obey the tremendous nod.

Multitudes of the nobility began to ſtrip themſelves of their robes and coronets, and to act in the different capacities of horſe-jockies, coachmen, tailors, fiddlers, and merry-andrews. I diſtinguiſhed two or three great perſonages, who had dreſſed themſelves in white waiſtcoats, and with napkins wrapped about their heads, and aprons tucked round their waiſts, were buſied in ſeveral great kitchens, making conſiderable improvements in the noble art of cookery. A few of this illuſtrious rank, without quitting their honourable diſtinctions, applied themſelves to enlarging the diſcoveries, enlightening the underſtandings, rectifying the judgments, refining the taſtes, poliſhing the manners, improving the hearts,

and, by all poſſible methods, promoting the intereſts of their fellow-creatures.

I ſaw reverend prelates, who, tearing off their lawn, put themſelves into red-coats, and ſoon obtained triumphs and ovations; while others dwindled into pariſh clerks and village pedagogues. But I obſerved with pleaſure ſeveral of that ſacred order in my own country who appeared calm and unchanged amidſt the general buſtle, and ſeemed deſigned originally to do honour to their exalted ſtations.

There were ſeveral grave old men who threw off their ſcarlet robes, and retired to religious houſes. I ſaw with wonder ſome of theſe deſerted robes put on by private gentlemen, who, loſt in retirement and reſerve, were little imagined to be qualified for ſuch important poſts. But what more aſtoniſhed me was to ſee men of military rank throwing away their regimentals, and appearing with a much better grace in longer ſuits of ſcarlet. Some gentlemen of the robe, whom I had always regarded with reſpect and reverence, ſeemed now more awful aud reſpectable than ever: one, in particular, greatly ſurpriſed me, by quitting the ſeat of judgment, which he had long filled with univerſal applauſe, till I ſaw him entering a more auguſt aſſembly, and afterwards paſſing to the cabinet of his prince, from whence he returned to the great hall where firſt I obſerved him, and convinced me of the extent of his abilities, by appearing equally capable in all his employments.

I ſaw in a public aſſembly a junto of patriots, who, while they were haranguing on the corruption and iniquity of the times, broke off in the middle, and turned ſtock-jobbers and pawnbrokers. A group of critics at the Bedford Coffeehouſe were in an inſtant converted into haberdaſhers of ſmall wares in Cheapſide. Tranſlators, commentators and polemic divines, made for the moſt part very good coblers, gold-finders, and rat-catchers.

The chariot of a very eminent phyſician was transformed all at once into a cart, and the Doctor to an executioner faſtening a halter round the neck of a criminal. I ſaw two very noted ſurgeons of my acquaintance in blue ſleeves and aprons, exerting themſelves notably in a ſlaughter-houſe near the Victualling-office. A reverend divine, who was preaching in the fields to a numerous audience recollected himſelf on a ſudden, and producing a ſet of cups and balls, performed ſeveral very dexterous tricks by ſlight of hand. The pretty gentlemen were every where uſefully employed in knotting, pickling, and making conſerves: the fine ladies remained as they were; for it was beyond even the omnipotence of Jupiter (without entirely changing their natures) to aſſign an office in which they could be beneficial to mankind.

Several princes and potentates now relieved themſelves from the load of crowns and ſcepters, and entered with a good grace into private ſtations. Others put themſelves at the head of companies of banditti, formed of lawyers, public officers, and exciſemen. Their prime miniſters had generally the honour of being their firſt lieutenants, and ſometimes enjoyed the ſole command; while the courtiers ranged themſelves under them in rank and file. But with what a heart-felt pleaſure did I obſerve an auguſt and venerable Monarch, ſurrounded by a youthful band, with the moſt amiable countenances I had ever beheld! He wore a triple crown upon his head, which an angel held on, and over it a ſcroll, with this inſcription, FOR A GRATEFUL AND AFFECTIONATE PEOPLE.

The ſhops now began to be filled with people of diſtinction; and many a man ſtept, with a genteel air, from behind the counter into a great eſtate, or a poſt of honour.

The nobility were almoſt all changed throughout the

world; for no man dared to anſwer to a title of ſuperiority who was not conſcious of ſuperior excellence and virtue.

In the midſt of all this buſtle I was ſtruck with the appearance of a large bevy of beauties and women of the firſt faſhion, who, with all the perfect confidence of good breeding, inſhrined themſelves in the ſeveral temples dedicated to the Cyprian Venus, ſecure of the univerſal adorations and proſtrations of mankind: others of inferior rank and fame, very unconcernedly purſued their domeſtic affairs, and the occupations of the needle or the toilette; but it was with a ſecret pride that I obſerved a few of my dear countrywomen quit their dreſſing-rooms and card-aſſemblies, and venture into the public, as candidates for fame and honours. One lady in particular, forced by the ſacred impulſe, I ſaw marching, with modeſt compoſure, to take poſſeſſion of the warden's lodgings in one of our colleges; but obſerving ſome young ſtudents at the gate, who began to titter as ſhe approached, ſhe bluſhed, turned from them with an air of pity unmixed with contempt, and, retiring to her beloved retreat, contented herſelf with doing all the good that was poſſible in a private ſtation.

The face of affairs began now to be very much altered: all the great offices of ſtate were filled with able men, who were equal to the glorious load, which they accepted for the good of their country, not for their own private emolument. Bribery and corruption were at length happily baniſhed from all commonwealths; for as no man could be prevailed on to accept of an employment for which he was not every way qualified, merit was the only claim to promotion.

Univerſal peace and tranquillity ſoon enſued. Arts and ſciences daily received aſtoniſhing improvements. All men were alike emulous to excel in ſomething, and no part was diſhonourable to one who acted well. In

ſhort, the Golden Age of the Poets ſeemed to be reſtored.

But while I was reflecting with joy and admiration on theſe glorious revolutions, the tumult of a midnight broil awaked me; and I found myſelf in a world as full of folly and abſurdity as ever it was.

Numb. 132. Thursday, July 10, 1755.

IT has been a perpetual objection of declaimers againſt Providence in all ages, that good and evil are very irregularly diſtributed among mankind; that the former is too often the portion of the vicious, and the latter of the virtuous. Numberleſs hypotheſes have been framed to reconcile theſe appearances to the idea of a moral Supreme Being; I ſhall mention only two at the preſent, as they have been employed by writers of a very different turn.

Some of theſe writers aſſent to the truth of the fact, but endeavour to invalidate the concluſions raiſed on it, by arguments from reaſon and revelation for the proof of a future ſtate; in which the ſeeming and real inconſiſtencies of this life will be adjuſted agreeably to our ideas of a moral governor. Now, objectors will anſwer, and indeed have anſwered, that arguments from reaſon to ſupport this doctrine are extremely inconcluſive. They may allow it is agreeable to the rules of juſt analogy to preſume that the attributes of the Supreme Being, which are imperfectly known in the preſent life, will be manifeſted more clearly to our apprehenſions in a future one; but they will call it an inverſion of all reaſonable arguments, to conclude from thence, that the moral attributes will be diſcoverable in another ſtate of being, when by a confeſſion of the fact, that good and evil are ſo irre-

gularly diſtributed, no appearances of theſe attributes are ſuppoſed to exiſt in the preſent ſyſtem, that book of Nature, from which alone we collect that the author of it is good as well as wiſe. As little will theſe objectors be influenced by arguments from Revelation. To prove natural religion by revelation (which can itſelf be erected on no other principle) they will call but fantaſtic reaſoning in a circle. Revelation, they will ſay, preſuppoſes the following truths, and depends upon their certainty, that there is a God, and that ſuch evidences of his goodneſs and other attributes are diſcovered from his works, as, in reaſon, ſhould induce us to rely with confidence on thoſe oracles delivered to us as his word.

Other writers, who have undertaken a defence of Providence, attempt it in a different manner. They affirm it is vain preſumption to imagine Man the final end of the creation, who may be formed ſubſerviently to nobler orders and ſyſtems of being; and that God governs by general, not particular laws; laws that reſpect our happineſs as a community, not as individuals. But the ſame objectors will again reply, that it is inconſiſtent with our idea of a Being infinitely good to conceive him determining any creature to miſery, however inferior in the order of general nature, or however formed relative to ſuperior beings and ſyſtems. They will think it not more reconcileable with our idea of a Being infinitely wiſe, to imagine him incapable of accommodating laws, however general, to the intereſt of every particular. They will deſire an explanation how laws can reſpect the happineſs of any ſyſtem, which are ſuppoſed too generally to be productive of miſery, even to the moſt valuable individuals that compoſe it.

This argument, drawn from the government of God by general, not particular laws, ſeems by no means to have been attended with the ſucceſs it was entitled to: and it appears to have failed of this end, not from a

defect in the argument itſelf, but either becauſe it has been ill underſtood, or not purſued to its full extent. When unbelievers declaim againſt the ſuppoſed unequal diſtribution of things, they, in conſequence, condemn the general laws from which they proceed. To reply then, that God governs by general, not particular laws, is a repetition only of the foundation of their complaints, not an anſwer to them. There is another miſtake in the management of this argument. In the conſideration of the excellence of human laws we are not content with viewing them intrinſically in themſelves, but compare them with the particular country, temper, manners, and other circumſtances of that people for whom they are intended. Now, in the conſideration of divine laws we have not purſued the ſame method; and for this reaſon, among others, unbelievers have triumphed in the imagined weakneſs of one of the nobleſt arguments that has ever been employed in the nobleſt of cauſes, a defence of Providence.

God governs by general, not particular laws, becauſe the former alone are adapted to the condition of human kind. In this imperfect ſtate we are entirely unacquainted with the real nature of thoſe beings which ſurround us. We are ignorant from what principle or internal conſtitution they derive a power of operating on other beings, or in what manner the operation is performed. We have no knowledge of cauſes but in their effects, and in thoſe effects alone which are groſsly viſible to our material organs. We ſuppoſe the ſame effects invariably produced from the ſame cauſes, except where a miraculous power interpoſes, and ſuperſedes for a moment the general courſe of Nature, which reſumes its former conſtancy when the ſuperior influence that controuled it is removed. Such rare exceptions do not perplex our conduct, which is regulated by the general rule; but to deſtroy this general order as frequently as

the imagined intereſt of individuals ſeems to us to require it, is to confound human knowledge, and, in conſequence, human action. The huſbandman commits his ſeed to the ground, with a preſumption that the earth retains all thoſe powers which promote vegetation. He concludes that the ſeaſons will return in their ſtated order; that the ſun will warm and invigorate where it ſhines, and ſhowers cool and refreſh where they fall, as in ancient times. Certain eſtabliſhed properties in matter, and certain eſtabliſhed laws of motion, are preſumed in the meaneſt mechanical operation, nay, in the leaſt conſiderable actions of our lives.

Let us repreſent to ourſelves ſuch a ſyſtem of things exiſting as, in the opinion of an objector to the preſent, would juſtify our conceptions of a moral Supreme Being. Let us imagine every element and power of Nature, in the minuteſt as well as the greateſt inſtances, operating to the preſervation and advantage of the good; and, on the contrary, concurring to produce miſery and deſtruction to the wicked. The good man inhabits a houſe with great ſecurity, whoſe walls decline near two feet from the perpendicular. He falls aſleep with a lighted candle at the bed-ſide, and the flame it produces, though ſufficient to conſume the dwelling of the wicked, plays but as a lambent vapour on his curtains. He drinks a glaſs of aquafortis by miſtake for the ſame quantity of Champaigne, and finds it only an innocent enlivener of his ſpirits. The heats of ſummer and the froſts of winter occaſion the ſame agreeable ſenſations. Rich wines and poignant ſauces attenuate his juices, and rectify the ſcorbutic habit of his body. The bad man, on the other hand, experiences very oppoſite effects. He ſits frozen with cold over that fire which communicates warmth to the reſt of the company at the extremity of the room. At another time he ſcalds his fingers by dipping them into cold water. A baſon of broth, or rice-milk, intoxicates his brain,

He acquires the ſtone and a complication of diſtempers from a vegetable diet; and, at laſt, concludes a miſerable being, by paſſing under an arch of ſolid ſtone, which his own iniquities drew down upon his head.

Let us reſt a moment to expreſs our admiration of ſuch a ſyſtem, and then inquire how the bulk of mankind, neither perfect ſaints nor deſperate ſinners, but partaking generally of the qualities of both, ſhall regulate their conduct in conformity to it. From a confidence in their integrity ſhall they inhabit houſes that are nodding to their ruin; or, from a diſtruſt of their virtues, be afraid to venture themſelves under the dome of St Paul's? Shall they practiſe regularity, and exerciſe as wholeſome rules of life; or, indulging themſelves in indolence, ſwallow every day gallons of claret as the grand elixir? Shall they remain undetermined whether the centre of an ice-houſe or the chimney-corner is the more comfortable ſituation in the Chriſtmas holydays? And ſhall they retreat in the dog-days to cool ſhades and running ſtreams; or, covering themſelves with ſurtouts, hurry away to the ſweating-rooms of bagnios?

To ſuch inconvenient concluſions are the perſons reduced, whoſe narrow views, and narrower prejudices, furniſh them with complaints againſt the prevailing ſyſtem; which is wiſeſt and beſt, becauſe fitteſt for mankind, to whoſe wants it is accommodated, and to whoſe faculties it is proportioned.

Numb. 133. Thursday, July 17, 1755.

THERE is nothing in this world that a man places ſo high a value upon, or that he parts with ſo reluctantly, as the idea of his own conſequence. Amidſt care, ſickneſs, and misfortune; amidſt dangers,

diſappointments, and death itſelf, he holds faſt this idea, and yields it up but with his laſt breath.

Happy indeed would it be, if virtue, wiſdom, and ſuperior abilities of doing good, were the baſis of our conſequence; but the misfortune is, we are generally apt to place it in thoſe very qualities for which the thinking part of mankind either hate or deſpiſe us. The man of pleaſure derives his conſequence from the number of women he has ruined; the man of honour, from the duels he has fought; the country ſquire, from the number of bottles he can drink; the man of learning, by puzzling you with what you do not underſtand; the ignorant man, by talking of what he does not underſtand himſelf; my lady's woman, by dreſſing like a woman of quality; and my lady herſelf, by appearing in clothes unworthy of one of her houſe-maids.

Thoſe, who in their own ſituations are unfortunately of no conſequence, are catching at every opportunity that offers itſelf to acquire it. Thus the blockhead of fortune flies from the company that would improve him to be a man of conſequence among the vulgar; while the independent citizen gives up the eaſe and enjoyment which he would find in the company and converſation of his equals to be mortified by the pride and arrogance of his ſuperiors at the other end of the Town, in order to be a man of conſequence at his return.

I remember an Anabaptiſt tailor in the city, who, to make himſelf a man of conſequence, uſed to boaſt to his cuſtomers, that however ſilent hiſtory had been upon a certain affair, he could affirm upon his credit, that the man in the maſk who cut off King Charles's head was his own grandfather. I knew alſo a ſhoe-boy at Cambridge, when I was a ſtudent at St John's, who was afterwards tranſported for picking pockets, but who having at his return commenced gameſter, and of courſe made himſelf company for gentlemen, uſed al-

ways to preface what he had to ſay with, "I remem-"ber when I was abroad; or, when I was at college." But even a more ridiculous inſtance than this is in an old gentlewoman, who has lately taken a garret at my barber's. This lady (whoſe father, it ſeems, was a juſtice of the quorum) conſtantly ſits three whole hours every evening over a halfpenny roll and a farthing's worth of cheeſe, becauſe it was the cuſtom of her family, ſhe ſays, to dine late, and ſit a long while. This kind of conſequence was very happily ridiculed by Tom Slaughter the butcher, at New-market. Every body knows that Tom's father was a gentleman who run through a very good eſtate by cocking and horſe-racing. Tom being aſked, laſt meeting, by one who had known him in his proſperity, how he could deſcend to ſo low a calling as that of a butcher, anſwered, "Why, you know, "Sir, our family always took a pride in killing their "own mutton."

That this affectation of conſequence is the moſt ridiculous of all vanities every body will allow: but where men of real worth in all other reſpects are poſſeſſed of it, or where perſons in great and honourable ſtations render themſelves and their employments contemptible by ſuch affectation, it is then ſeriouſly to be lamented.

Our anceſtors derived their conſequence from their independency, and ſupported it by their integrity and hoſpitality. They reſided upon their ſeveral eſtates, and kept open houſes for their neighbours and tenants: they exerted themſelves in deeds of hardineſs and activity; and their wives and daughters were modeſt and good houſewives.

There is an epitaph in Peck's Collection of curious hiſtorical pieces, which (as that book is but in a few hands, and as I do not remember to have ſeen it in any other collection) I ſhall here tranſcribe, that our gentry of the preſent times may be inſtructed in the art of ma-

king themſelves perſons of real Conſequence. This epitaph (which for its natural beauty and ſimplicity is equal to any thing of the kind) was writen in Queen Elizabeth's time, upon that noble and famous knight, Sir Thomas Scot of Scot's-hall, in the county of Kent, who died on the 30th day of December 1594, and was buried at Bradborn church. His mother was the daughter of Sir William Kempe. He ſerved in many parliaments as knight of the ſhire for that county. In the memorable year 1588, upon the council's ſending him a letter on the Wedneſday, acquainting him with the approach of the Spaniſh Armada, he ſent four thouſand armed men to Dover on the Thurſday. The inhabitants of Aſhford would have paid the charges of his funeral, on condition that his corpſe might have been buried in their church.

EPITAPH.

I.

HERE lyes Sir Thomas Scot by name;
Oh, hapie Kempe that bore him:
Sir Raynold, with four knights of fame,
Lyv'd lyneally before him.

II.

His wiefes were Baker, Heyman, Beere;
His love to them unfayned.
He lyved nine and fifty yeare;
And ſeventeen ſowles he gayned.

III.

His firſt wief bore them everie one;
The world might not have myſt her!
She was a verie paragon,
The Ladie Buckerſt's ſyſter.

IV.

His widowe lyves in ſober ſorte;
No matron more diſcreter,
She ſtill reteiynes a good reporte,
And is a great howſekeper.

V.

He (being call'd to ſpecial place)
Did what might beſt behove him.
The Queene of England gave him grace;
The King of Heav'n did love him.

VI.

His men and tenants wail'd the daye,
His kinn and cuntrie cried!
Both younge and old in Kent may ſaye,
Woe woorth the daye he died.

VII.

He made his porter ſhut his gates
To ſycophants and briebors;
And ope them wide to greate eſtates,
And alſoe to his neighbors.

VIII.

His hous was rightlye termed Hall,
Whoſe bred and beef was redie.
It was a verie hoſpitall,
And refuge for the needie.

IX.

From whence he never ſtept aſide,
In winter nor in ſommer.
In Chriſtmas time he did provide
Good cheer for everie comer.

X.

When any ſervis ſhold be donn,
He lyeked not to lyngar;
The rich wold ride, the poor wold runn,
If he held up his fingar.

XI.

He kept tall men, he rydd great hors;
He did indite moſt finelye;
He us'd few words, but cold diſcours
Both wiſely and dyvinelye.

XII.

His lyving meane, his chargies greate,
His daugters well beſtowed;
Althogh that he were lefte in debt,
In fine he nothing owed;

XIII.

But died in rich and hapie ſtate,
Belov'd of man and woman;
And (which is yet much more than that)
He was envy'd of no man.

XIV.

In juſtice he dyd much excell,
In law he never wrangled;
He lov'd relygion wondrous well,
But he was not new-fangled.

XV.

Let Romney marſh, and Dover ſaye,
Aſk Norborn camp at leyſuer,
If he were wont to make delaye,
To do his cuntrie pleaſure.

XVI.

But Aſhford's proffer paſſeth all,
It was both rare and gentle;
They wold have pay'd his funerall
T' have tomb'd him in their temple.

XVII.

Ambition he did not regard
No boaſter nor no bragger;
He ſpent, and lookt for no reward:
He cold not play the bagger.

Numb. 134. Thursday, July 24, 1755.

IN a former paper I attempted to prove that the laws muſt be general, not particular, which God employs in the government of mankind. Let us now examine a little particularly the nature of the complaints which theſe laws occaſion, and conſider how far the exiſtence of a Providence is rendered precarious by them.

We lament that happineſs and miſery are very irregularly diſtributed among the good and bad; and yet,

as it has been well obſerved, are by no means determined in queſtions, very neceſſary to be preciſely ſettled, before we form this concluſion: as, What is the final and proper happineſs of man? And who are the good, and who are the bad, that deſerve to partake of it, or to be excluded from it? He is not a good man at Rome who is a good man at London. Nay, in the ſame country, this ſect adores him as a ſaint, whom another proclaims a miniſter of darkneſs. The patriot of one party is the rebel of the oppoſite one. The happineſs, then, or miſery of ſuch a perſon becomes very frequently, at the ſame time, and in the very ſame place, both an argument in the belief and rejection of a Providence.

Again, the greateſt part of the misfortunes which afflict us are concluded to ariſe from the action of general laws; when, in reality, they proceed from our own wilful oppoſition to them, and refuſal to accept them as the meaſure of our conduct. Obſcure and limited as human reaſon is, it is ſufficient to diſcover to us certain deſirable ends, and certain means fitted to produce them: ends not to be procured by the application of different means, and means not adapted to procure different ends. Phyſical cauſes produce phyſical, and moral cauſes moral effects. It is ſurely unreaſonable to invert this order, and expect moral effects from phyſical cauſes, and phyſical effects from moral cauſes. It is unreaſonable to expect that the virtues of a ſaint or martyr will ſecure us from the dangers of a well or precipice, if we advance to them with a bandage over our eyes. We ſhould ſmile at the country gentleman's ſimplicity, who diſbelieved a Providence, becauſe fox-hunting, Port, and tobacco, were incapable of inſpiring him with the genius of Milton, or becauſe he was unfurniſhed with the ſagacity and penetration of Locke, after a dozen years' attendance to every debate at the quarter-ſeſſions. The epicure would be en-

titled to as little ſerious treatment, who embraced the ſame atheiſtical tenet, becauſe his ſtream did not flow with Burgundy and Champaigne, or becauſe haunches of veniſon, turtles, and turbots, did not riſe as ſpontaneouſly from his hotbeds as muſhrooms. We ſhould treat ſuch characters with ridicule; but are others leſs ridiculous, who expect effects as diſproportionate to their cauſes as thoſe juſt deſcribed? Should the wiſe and good complain that they are not rich and robuſt like particular wicked men; the reply is obvious: the means that procure wiſdom and virtue are very different from thoſe that procure health and riches. Do they lament that they are not in poſſeſſion of thoſe external advantages, when they have neglected the natural methods of acquiring them, which perſons leſs valuable have purſued with ſucceſs? It is no objection againſt a Providence that men do not gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thiſtles; they have reaſon to be ſatisfied, while it is in their power to receive them from the plants proper to their production.

Let it be allowed that, on ſome occaſions, with all our precaution, the order of Nature may operate to our diſadvantage: the torrent may overwhelm, the flame conſume, or the earthquake ſwallow us; but are general laws to be condemned becauſe in particular inſtances they give us tranſient pain, or even determine our preſent ſtate of being, which they have contributed to preſerve in every period of it, and on which not only our happineſs, but our very exiſtence, has depended? It is a neceſſary condition of a compound ſubſtance, like the material part of man, to be ſubject to diſſolution, from cauſes exterior to it, or united with its conſtitution. Does a more convincing argument ariſe againſt a Providence from its diſſolution at one ſeaſon rather than another? or from its diſſolution by an external rather than an internal cauſe, which is as

effectual to the end, though leſs precipitate in the means?

Some few caſes (much fewer than are generally imagined) may poſſibly be ſtated, where, in the preſent life, the moment of miſery to a faultleſs creature may exceedingly overbalance the moment of its happineſs; as when it is introduced into being with infirmities of body too obſtinate for temperance and diſcipline to correct, and which render it inſenſible to every enjoyment. But to ſolve theſe appearances, a well-ſupported revelation, that inſtructs us in the doctrine of a future ſtate, may fitly be applied: for though revelation cannot ſerve as a baſis to natural religion, on which it is only a ſuperſtructure, yet it may be extremely uſeful to reconcile the ſeeming inconſiſtencies of a ſyſtem, diſcovered to be good by arguments of another kind; and reaſon will acquieſce in the truths it teaches, as agreeable to its own dictates.

After premiſing theſe reflections, I may venture to make public the following letter from a very learned female correſpondent.

Mr Fitz-Adam,

It has been ſome ſurpriſe to me that, in a paper which ſeems deſigned to correct our judgments, and reduce the influence of faſhion, folly, prejudice, and paſſion, you have never confuted a principle which is a compoſition of them all; I mean the belief of a Providence. It anſwers indeed no individual purpoſe except to countenance the inſolence of our parſons, who maintain it in defiance of the wiſdom of their ſuperiors. I was early initiated in that firſt philoſophy, which explained the creation by a fortuitous concourſe of atoms. An infinite number of particles, varied in ſhape, ſize, and colour, and embracing each other in all poſſible poſitions, opened a ſcene as entertaining to my fancy as it was in-

telligible to my underſtanding. My brother was an able advocate for this opinion? and his ſituation in a goal, under the preſſure of ill health, loſs of fortune, reputation, and friends, furniſhed him with copious arguments to ſupport it. A maiden aunt, indeed, who had the management of my education, was perpetually repreſenting his principles as impious, and his arguments for them as abſurd. That loſs of reputation and friends was the natural conſequence of a want of common honeſty; loſs of fortune, of extravagance; and loſs of health, of debauchery. I am aſhamed to confeſs that theſe childiſh reaſons had too much weight with me, and that I continued too long in a fluctuating ſtate between truth and error. I thank God, however, that my own misfortunes have taken off the partial bias from my mind, and opened it to conviction and the reaſon of things. My beauty impaired if not loſt by the ſmall-pox, the death of a favourite child, the ſcantineſs of my circumſtances, and the brutality of my huſband, have proved beyond exception, that no moral Being preſides over us. I ſhall not trouble you with a repetition of the ſame nonſenſe employed againſt me, as before againſt my brother, by the ſame ancient lady. She concluded with obſerving, that complaints of circumſtances, and the brutality of a huſband, came with an indifferent grace from a perſon who, after rejecting ſo many advantageous offers, eſcaped from a window with a ſtranger ſhe had ſcarcely ſeen. You will do me the juſtice to believe that my judgment on this occaſion was regulated more by my own feelings than the eloquence of my aunt. My ſatisfaction is, that the good lady, inſenſibly to herſelf, ſeems now becoming a convert to thoſe opinions, which half her life has been employed to confute. Some late circumſtances have indeed ſtaggered her orthodoxy. She has made a new diſcovery that ſhe is conſiderably turned of ſeventy,

and feels the infirmities which accompany that ſeaſon making haſty advances to her. Her father confeſſor, and ancient admirer, the vicar of the pariſh, broke his leg not long ſince, and received other contuſions not yet made public, by a fall from a vicious horſe; and a lady in the neighbourhood, whom ſhe has never forgiven the inſult of diſputing formerly the precedence at church, is placed in a rank very ſuperior to her own by the acceſſion of her huſband to an eſtate and title, to which he has been preſumptive heir for above theſe twenty years.

I am, &c.

NUMB. 135. THURSDAY, July 31, 1755.

To Mr FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THERE are few things which contribute more to miſlead our judgments, and pervert our morals, than the confuſion of our ideas ariſing from the abuſe of words. Hence it hourly happens that virtues and vices are ſo blended and diſguiſed, by taking each other's names, that almoſt the worſt actions a man can be guilty of ſhall be attributed to an elevated and laudable ſpirit. Thus the moſt extravagant fellow living, who to keep up an oſtentatious figure by all kinds of expenſe ſets his country and conſcience to ſale, ſhall be extolled by all about him as a noble generous ſoul, above the low conſideration of dirty money. The high-mettled blood, who debauches his friend's wife or daughter; who withholds a tradeſman's juſt debt, that he may be punctual with a ſharper; in ſhort, who dares do any injury, and run the man through the body who

ſhall reſent it, calls himſelf, and is called by the world, A man of gallantry and honour. Economy is put out of countenance by the odious word *avarice;* and the moſt rapacious covetouſneſs takes ſhelter under the terms *prudence* and *diſcretion*. An eaſy thoughtleſſneſs of temper, which betrays the owner to recommend a ſcoundrel, to lend to or be bound for a ſpendthrift, to conform with all the gallant ſchemes of a profligate, to heap favours on a pimp or ſharper even to the neglect of meritorious friends, and frequently to the diſtreſſing a wife and children; in fine, that eaſy diſpoſition of mind which cannot reſiſt importunity, be the ſoliciter ever ſo unworthy, is dignified with the moſt amiable of all epithets, good-nature; and ſo the thing itſelf brought into diſgrace by the miſapplication of the word.

The bare mention of theſe abuſes is ſufficient to lead every thinking reader into a larger catalogue of the like kind. Hence it is that falſehood uſurps the place of truth, and ignominy of merit; and though this may have been the complaint of all ages and nations of the civilized world, yet ſtill the cheaters and the cheated are as numerous as ever.

I have been led into theſe reflections by the ſuperficial and miſtaken opinions which are almoſt univerſally received of two gentlemen in a neighbouring county, at whoſe houſes I have been lately entertained, and whoſe characters I ſhall here delineate, concealing their real names under the fictitious ones of Sombrinus and Hilarius.

Sombrinus is a younger brother of a noble family, whoſe intrinſic worth having been deſcribed and valued by a man of ſolid ſenſe in the neighbourhood, procured him the happineſs of his only daughter in marriage, with a fortune of a thouſand pounds *per annum*. Sombrinus is a man of extraordinary natural parts, cultivated by much reading and obſervation; of nice honour,

ſincere in his friendſhips, which are but few, and univerſally humane. A warm lover of his religion and country, and an excellent juſtice of the peace, in which capacity he takes infinite pains to allay bitterneſs, and compoſe quarrels. Pious himſelf, a regularity of devotion is kept up in his family. His numerous iſſue (to which he is rather eſſentially affectionate than fond) obliges him to economy, though his natural inclination is ſtronger towards diſpenſing riches than hoarding them. His equipage and table are rather neat and ſufficent than ſumptuous. Reaſonable people are always welcome to him, but the roitous find their account neither in his temperance nor his converſation. With all theſe good qualities, his too great avidity for book knowledge, his penetration into men and manners, combining with a ſickly habit of body, render him apt to be ſplenetic or ſilent, upon occaſions wherein his delicacy is groſsly offended. Hence the much-injured Sombrinus lyes under the calumny of a very ill-natured man among all thoſe who have a ſlight acquaintance of him; while even his intimates, who ſee him at all hours, and in every mood, though convinced of the goodneſs of his heart, and the purity of his intentions, are yet obliged, when contending in his favour, to grant that he has often the appearance of an ill-humoured man.

Hilarius is a downright country gentleman; a *bon vivant*; an indefatigable ſportſman. He can drink his gallon at a ſitting, and will tell you he was never ſick nor ſorry in his life. He married a moſt diſagreeable woman with a vaſt fortune, whom, however, he contents himſelf with ſlighting, merely becauſe he cannot take the trouble of uſing her ill. For the ſame reaſon he is ſeldom ſeen to be angry, unleſs his favourite horſe ſhould happen to be lamed, or the Game act infringed. Having an eſtate of above five thouſand a-year, his ſtrong beer, ale, and wine cellar

are always well ſtored; to either of which, as alſo to his table, abounding in plenty of good victuals, ill ſorted and ill dreſſed, every voter and fox-hunter claims a kind of right. He roars for the church, which he never viſits, and is eternally cracking his coarſe jeſts, and talking ſmut, to the parſons; whom, if he can make fuddled, and expoſe to contempt, it is the higheſt pleaſure he can enjoy. As for his lay-friends, nothing is more frequent with him than to ſet them and their ſervants dead drunk upon their horſes, to whoſe ſagacity it is left to find the way home in a dark winter's night; and ſhould any of them happen to be found half ſmothered in a ditch the next morning, it affords him excellent diverſion for a twelvemonth after. His ſons are loobies, and his daughters hoydens: not that he is covetous, but careleſs in their educations. Through the ſame indolence his baſtards, of which he has not a few, are left to the pariſh; and his men and maid ſervants run riot without controul for want of diſcipline in the family. He has a mortal averſion to any interruption in his mirth. Tell him of a calamity that has befallen any of his acquaintance, he aſks where ſtands the bottle? Propoſe to him the aſſiſting at a quarter-ſeſſions, he is engaged at a cock-match; or ſhould he, through curioſity, make his appearance there, ever jovial and facetious, and equally free from the diſturbance of paſſion and compaſſion, he will crack his joke from the bench with the vagrant whom he ſentences to be whipt through the county, or with the felon whom he condemns to the gallows. Such is his condeſcenſion, that he makes no ſcruple to take his pipe and pot at an alehouſe with the very dregs of the people. As for the parliament, (tho' his ſeat in it coſts him very dear in houſekeeping), if the fate of the nation depended upon his attendance there, he would not be prevailed on to quit the country in the ſhooting or hunting ſeaſon, unleſs forced up by

a call of the houſe. In fine, it is an invariable maxim with him, let what will happen, never to give himſelf one moment's concern. Are you in health and proſperity; no one is readier to club a laugh with you; but he has no ear to the voice of diſtreſs or complaint. The buſineſs of his life is (what he calls) pleaſure; to promote this, he annually conſumes his large income, which, without any deſign of his, may happen indeed to do ſome good,

And wander, Heav'n directed, to the poor.

With theſe endowments, there are at leaſt nine in ten who give the preference to Hilarius, and laviſh on him the epithets of the worthieſt, the nobleſt, and the beſt-natured creature alive; while Sombrinus is ridiculed as a deadly wiſe man, a milkſop, ſtingy, proud, ſullen, and ill-natured. Yet Sombrinus is the man to whom every one flies whenever there is a demand for juſtice, good ſenſe, wholeſome counſel, or real charity; to Hilarius, when the belly only is to be conſulted, or the time diſſipated.

Thus are the thouſand good qualities of Sombrinus eclipſed by a too reſerved and ſerious turn of mind; while Hilarius, on the falſe credit of generoſity and good-humour, without one ſingle virtue in his compoſition, ſwims triumphantly with the ſtream of applauſe, and is eſteemed by every one of his acquaintance for having only the abilities of a complete voluptuary.

I cannot diſmiſs this letter without lamenting the miſtaken opinions uſually received of characters like theſe, as a woeful inſtance of the depravity of our hearts as well as heads. A man may with equal propriety aver, that the giant, who ſhowed himſelf for a ſhilling laſt winter at Charing-Croſs, was in every reſpect a much greater man than Mr Pope, who had the miſfor-

tune of being low, crooked, and afflicted with the head-ach.

I am, SIR,

Your conſtant reader,
and moſt humble ſervant,
W. M.

NUMB. 136. THURSDAY, Aug. 7, 1755.

SIR, To Mr FITZ-ADAM.

AS it is incumbent on an hiſtorian, who writes the hiſtory of his own times, to take notice of public and remarkable events, ſo I apprehend it to be the buſineſs of writers of eſſays for entertainment and inſtruction to mark the paſſions as they riſe, and to treat of thoſe eſpecially which appear to influence the manners of the age he lives in.

The love of noiſe, though a paſſion obſervable in all times or countries, has yet been ſo predominant of late years, and given riſe to ſo many of our modern cuſtoms, that I cannot think it unworthy of one of your ſpeculations.

In many inſtances this paſſion is ſubordinate to, and proceeds from another, which is no leſs univerſal, and no leſs commendable; I mean the love of fame. Noiſe, or ſound, in general, has been conſidered as a means whereby thouſands have rendered themſelves famous in their generation; and this is the reaſon why to be famous, and to make a noiſe in the world, are commonly underſtood as equivalent expreſſions. Hence alſo the trumpet, becauſe one of the moſt noble inſtruments of ſound, was anciently made ſacred to the heathen goddeſſes of Fame: ſo that even at this day, when the world is too backward in doing juſtice to a man's me-

rit, and he is conſtrained to do it himſelf, he is very properly ſaid to ſound his own praiſes, and trumpet out his fame.

The great utility and advantages which may be obtained from noiſe, in ſeveral other reſpects are very apparent. In the pulpit the preacher who declaims in the loudeſt manner is ſure to gain the greateſt number of followers. He has alſo the ſatisfaction of knowing that the devotion of a great part of his audience depends more upon the ſoundneſs of his lungs than the ſoundneſs of his doctrine.

At the bar, every one knows the great influence of ſound: and, indeed, where people accuſtom themſelves to talk much and mean little, it behoves them to ſubſtitute noiſe in the place of eloquence. It is alſo a very juſt remark, that ſcurrility and abuſe require an elevation of the voice.

In the ſenate it is often ſeen, that the noiſe and thunder with which the patriot ſhakes the houſe has redounded more to the good of his country than all the knowledge of the hiſtory and laws of it, locked up in the breaſts of profound politicians, who have wanted voices to make themſelves heard.

From a conviction that noiſe in general can be made ſubſervient to ſo many good purpoſes, we may eaſily imagine that a great fondneſs muſt be often ſhown for it, even where its uſefulneſs or tendency is not immediately diſcernible: for, from the very force of habit, the means will often be purſued where the end is not perhaps attainable.

At a coffeehouſe which I frequent at the St James's end of the Town I meet with two ſets of young men, commonly diſtinguiſhed by the name of Beaux and Bloods; who are perpetually interrupting the converſation of the company, either with whiſtling of tunes, liſping of new-faſhioned oaths, trolling out affected

ſpeeches and ſhort ſentences, or elſe with the recitals of bold adventures paſt, and much bolder which they are about to engage in. But as noiſe is more becoming a Blood than a Beau, I am generally diverted with the one, and always tired with the other.

This has led me to reflect on the wiſdom which has been ſhown in the inſtitution of certain clubs and nocturnal meetings for men, into which no perſons can be admitted as members but thoſe who are diſpoſed to make that particular noiſe only which is agreeable to the taſtes and talents of their reſpective ſocieties. Thus the members of one club vent their noiſe in politics; thoſe of another in critical diſſertations on eating and drinking; a third, perhaps, in ſtory-telling; and a fourth in a conſtant rotation of merry ſongs. In moſt of theſe clubs there are preſidents choſen and inveſted with authority to be as noiſy as they pleaſe themſelves, and to inflict penalties on all thoſe who open out of time.

The ladies, indeed, are ſomewhat more limited in their topics for noiſe, though their meetings for venting it are more numerous than thoſe of the men. They alſo lie under the diſadvantage of having voices of a tone too ſoft and delicate to be heard at a great diſtance; but they ſeem, in ſome meaſure, to have obviated theſe diſadvantages, by agreeing to talk all together; by which means, and as the ſubject is generally of the vituperative kind, they are able to cope with the men, even at the moſt vociferous of their clubs.

Again; thoſe diverſions, in which noiſe moſt abounds, have been always held in the higheſt eſteem. The true and original country ſquire, who is actuated by this generous paſſion for noiſe, prefers the diverſion of hunting to all other enjoyments upon earth. He can entertain his companions for hours together with talking of his hounds, and extolling the divine muſic and harmony of their tongues; and ſcarce ever goes to bed

without winding the horn, and having the full cry in the parlour. Horſe-racing, cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and the like, are ſports which fill the hearts of the common people with the moſt extravagant delight; while their voices are employed in the loudeſt ſhouts and exclamations. In the opinion of our Engliſh ſailors, no entertainment can be complete where the all-cheering huzza is wanting; by the force of which they are inſpired with ſuch courage and reſolution that even fighting itſelf becomes their diverſion.

In London, where many of theſe ſports cannot be enjoyed, the paſſion for noiſe has appeared in various other ſhapes. It has, within the memory of moſt men, given riſe to routs, drums, and hurricanes; which, in all probability, would have been improved into cannonades, thunders, and earthquakes, before this time, had it not been for the late panics on account of ſome concuſſions in the air, very much reſembling thoſe of a real earthquake. However, as a proof that the names already given to thoſe polite aſſemblies are extremely proper for them, I need only to remark that they are uſually compoſed of what is called *the beſt company*, who, from time immemorial, have pleaded the privilege of birth for talking as loud as they can.

Among the many other inſtances of the effects of this paſſion in high life I ſhall only take notice of one more, which is an ingenious method (unknown to our forefathers) of making a thundering noiſe at people's doors; by which you are generally given to underſtand that ſome perſon of conſequence does you the honour to ſuppoſe you are in the land of the living.

Some may think that it will bear a diſpute, whether ſuch a violent hammering at people's doors may not be looked upon, in the eye of the law, as an attempt of a forcible entry: but it is my humble opinion, that it can only be conſtrued to an action of aſſault and battery,

ſince it may be proved that the generality of thoſe who are guilty of this miſdeameanor have really no intention of making any entry at all: for when doors are opened to them, they ſecure their retreat as faſt as they can; flying from the face of thoſe whom they count their enemies when at home, and viſit as their friends when abroad.

I have now by me a certain curious book of memoirs, wherein the ſentiments of a wealthy old lady in the City, with regard to the uſefulneſs of noiſe, ſeem very nearly to correſpond with the obſervations I have here made upon that ſubject. I ſhall tranſcribe a ſhort paſſage from the character of this lady, and conclude my letter.

"Towards the decline of her days ſhe took lodgings "on Ludgate-hill, in order to be amuſed with the "noiſes in the ſtreet, and to be conſtantly ſupplied "with objects of contemplation; for ſhe thought it of "great uſe to a mind that had a turn for meditation "to obſerve what was paſſing in the world. As ſhe "had alſo a very religious diſpoſition, ſhe uſed often to "ſay, it was a grievous ſhame that ſuch a thing as ſi"lent meetings among ſome of the diſſenting brethren "ſhould be ſuffered in a Chriſtian country. And when "ſhe died, ſhe left five hundred pounds towards the "erecting fifty new ſounding-boards, to aid the lungs "of the aged clergy, in divers churches within the bills "of mortality." I am, SIR,

Your obliged humble ſervant.

R. L.

NUMB. 137. THURSDAY, Aug. 14, 1755.

MY correſpondent of to day will, I hope, excuſe me for not publiſhing his letter ſooner. To

confeſs the truth, I had ſome thoughts of making an apology to him for not publiſhing it at all; having conceived an opinion that it might tend to leſſen thoſe exalted ideas which the world has always entertained of us men of learning. But though, upon reconſideration, I have changed my mind, I muſt take the liberty of obſerving, by way of introduction, that as I modeſtly preſume no man living has more learning than myſelf, ſo no man values himſelf more upon it, or has a greater veneration for all thoſe who poſſeſs it, even though they ſhould poſſeſs nothing elſe. I remember to have ſeen it under my grandmother's own hand, in the new Primer ſhe gave me at my firſt going to ſchool, that "learning is better than houſe and land:" and though I cannot ſay that I have ever been in a ſituation to make the proper compariſon between learning and houſe and land, yet my grandmother was a wiſe woman, and I had never reaſon to call in queſtion the truth of any of her ſayings.

To Mr Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

It is with pleaſure I obſerve, that you commonly avoid the ridiculous oſtentation of prefixing a ſcrap of antiquity to your lucubrations. Your practice confirms me in my opinion, that a line or two of Greek and Latin is neither uſeful nor ornamental to a paper intended for the benefit of all ſorts of readers.

It was excuſable in your predeceſſors, the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian; for in their time we had fine gentlemen, one out of twenty of whom could, perhaps, make a ſhift to pick out the meaning of a Latin couplet: but now-a-days the caſe is altered; it is pedantry to know any other language, or, at leaſt, to ſeem to know any, but the faſhionable modern ones. For my own

part, I by no means approve of mottos, which I doubt not are often thought of after the piece is written; and if not, muſt confine the writer too cloſely to the ſenſe of them. The ſame objection I have to numerous quotations from the Ancients; for why ſhould we ſpeak in a leſs intelligible language what may be as pertinently and juſtly expreſſed in our own! It is with reaſon, then, that in our days a man is no more reputed a ſcholar for quoting Homer and Virgil than he would be eſteemed a man of morals for reading Tully and Seneca; and a Greek motto is thought as unneceſſary to a good eſſay as a head of Otho or Galba would be to a learned man, if it was ſlung round his ſhoulders. Indeed, to ſpeak my mind, if the uſe of a language is to arrive at the ſenſe, wit, and arts, conveyed by it, I ſee no reaſon why our own ſhould yield to any other, ancient or modern. It is copious and manly, though not regular; and has books in every branch of the arts and ſciences, written with a ſpirit and judgment not to be exceeded. Notwithſtanding which, a man verſed in Greek and Latin, and nothing elſe, ſhall be called *learned*; while another, leſs knowing in theſe, who has imbibed the ſenſe, ſpirit, and knowledge, of all the beſt authors in our own language is denied that honourable title.

I own to you, Mr Fitz-Adam, that he who would lay in a ſtore of prudent and judicious maxims for the direction of his conduct in life can do it no where more effectually than from the invaluable works of antiquity. But is it abſolutely neceſſary that he ſhould do this from the very languages in which they were written? I am myſelf what is called a good Greek and Latin ſcholar; and yet I believe I might be maſter of as much true knowledge if I underſtood neither. There are many good reaſons to be given why the ſtudy of theſe languages ought to be cultivated: but I think this pur-

ſuit may be carried too far; and that much of the time ſpent in acquiring a critical knowledge of them might be employed to more advantage. I ſpeak in general; for there are ſome who have a genius particularly ſuited to the ſtudy of words, that would never make any figure in the ſtudy of things.

There is hardly any thing truly valuable in the dead languages that may not be read with equal advantage and ſatisfaction in the living, and more particularly in our own: for if I may rely upon my own judgment, and the report of learned men, many of the beſt ancient authors have loſt little by their tranſlation into our ſoil. I am charmed with the Greek of Thucydides and Longinus; but I am likewiſe delighted with the French dreſs of the laſt, and Mr Smith's Engliſh of both. I can diſtinguiſh the gentility and eaſe of Cicero, and the ſpirit and neatneſs of Pliny, in their epiſtles, as they are tranſlated by Mr Melmoth. Will any man that has ſeen Mr Pope's Homer lament that he has not read him in the original? And will not every man of a true taſte admire the gaiety and good ſenſe of Horace, the gallantry and genteel careleſſneſs of Ovid, the fire and energy of Juvenal, and the paſſion of Tibullus, in paraphraſes and tranſlations of Donne, Dryden, Garth, Congreve, and Hammond? I inſtance theſe, as their beauties are with more difficulty tranſlated into a foreign language.

It would be endleſs to enumerate the Engliſh poems that perhaps equal any thing in Greek or Latin. The Paradiſe Loſt will be thought little inferior to the Iliad or Æneid in judgment, majeſty, and true poetic fire. The Eſſay on Criticiſm I need not ſcruple to compare with the Epiſtle to the Piſoes; nor to prefer the Dunciad, Eſſay on Man, and the Ethic Epiſtles, to any of the productions of antiquity. And will you not join with me in preferring Alexander's Feaſt to all the extravagance

of Pindar, in point of harmony, and power of expreſſion and numbers? The Poets, it is true, had different views; but, notwithſtanding, there may be a compariſon.

To enlarge farther would carry me beyond the limits I propoſe to myſelf; I ſhall therefore conclude my remarks on this kind of writing with obſerving, that if we fall ſhort of the Ancients in any part of polite writing, it is in the method of Dialogue, in which ſome of them, as Xenophon, Plato, and Tully, had moſt excellent talents: and yet I know not whether the Dialogue on Medals, and the Minute Philoſopher, may not rival any thing they have left behind them: for as to their political writings, no man will think them equal to the Letters on Patriotiſm, and the Idea of a Patriot King. In hiſtory we are certainly deficient, though Raleigh, Clarendon, and a few others, are excellent in their kinds; but we as certainly make it up in mathematics, natural philoſophy, phyſic, and the many excellent treatiſes we have in morality, politics, and civil prudence.

It is not my intention to reſume a ſubject that has already employed much abler pens, and to raiſe a diſpute about the comparative merits of the Ancients and Moderns; nor would I by any means diſcourage the ſtudy of the ancient languages; for I think the time I ſpent in acquiring them extremely well employed: but I would willingly perſuade ſuch as are not maſters of them, that they may become ſcholars and learned men with no other aſſiſtance than their own native Engliſh. I am ſure I think the man more deſerving of thoſe names who is converſant with Bacon, Boyle, Locke, and Newton, than he who is unacquainted with theſe great philoſophers, though he ſhould have read Plato, Ariſtotle, and all the orators and poets of antiquity.

You will now, no doubt, be curious to know who I am that decide ſo magiſterially in a point ſo long given up, and of ſo much conſequence to the republic of letters.

Time, Mr Fitz-Adam, may bring that to light: at preſent it is neceſſary I ſhould ſcreen myſelf from the indignation of pedants, who would overwhelm me with heaps of ancient rubbiſh. My view in this letter is to convince the ladies, that many of them poſſeſs more real learning than a fellow of a college, who has for twenty years pored upon remnants. I have indeed often wondered that the Author of the World has not been favoured with a much greater ſhare of the productions of female correſpondents than any of his predeceſſors, as he has ſet at naught Greek and Latin for their ſakes. But perhaps it may be for that very reaſon: for ſo capricious are the ſex, that though they hate a pedant, they deſpiſe the man who is not *homo multarum literarum*. I have heard a lady declare, that ſhe could no more love a man whoſe learning was not ſuperior to her own, than him who took all occaſions of ſhowing her that it was. If you approve of me as a correſpondent, I may be ſometimes at your ſervice; in which caſe, to ſhow my learning, my ſtyle ſhall now-and-then be enriched with a little Greek and Latin.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

A. C.

NUMB. 138. THURSDAY, Aug. 21, 1755.

FOR ſeveral weeks paſt I have been conſidering with myſelf how I might extend the uſe and entertainment of theſe my labours: for though thouſands of my countrymen have experienced, and are ready to atteſt, their ſalutary effects, yet it cannot be denied but there are ſtill people to be met with who are by no means as wiſe and as good as they ought to be. Ge-

neral ſatire, as I have formerly obſerved, is what few people care to apply to themſelves; and though I have hitherto been averſe to particular and perſonal abuſe, I am at laſt willing to try its effect, well knowing, that if the good which may accrue from it be but in the proportion of one million to the entertainment it gives, I ſhall have reaſon to bleſs myſelf for thus quarrelling with the world. I am ſenſible alſo, that by adopting this method I am increaſing the number of my correſpondents, as every one will be for trying his hand on ſo delightful a ſubject as the failings of his friends; eſpecially when I ſhall have given him my honour that he need be under no apprehenſions for his ſafety, and that I will take every quarrel upon myſelf. I therefore hereby invite all perſons whatſoever to tranſmit to me forthwith all the ſcandal they can either collect or invent. Names, and particularly great ones, will be very acceptable; or, in default of ſuch names, minute deſcriptions of perſons, their alliances and connexions, or the ſtreets they live in, will be equally agreeable. Great regard will be paid to the letters of female correſpondents; but it is humbly hoped that they will not ſuffer the copiouſneſs and enticement of the ſubject to hurry them into lengths that may exceed the bounds of this paper.

I am ſenſible that a great deal of courage, and an equal degree of dexterity at ſingle rapier, will be neceſſary on this occaſion; but, as I ſaid before, I am contented to take the whole upon myſelf rather than lay my correſpondents under any reſtraint: my name is Adam Fitz-Adam: I am to be heard of every morning at the Tilt-yard coffeehouſe; and though an old man, ſhall be ready to give any gentleman ſatisfaction who chuſes to call upon me in a hackney-coach, and frank me to Hyde Park or Montague Houſe.

To extend the uſefulneſs of this paper ſtill farther,

it is my intention (notwithſtanding any former declaration to the contrary) to mix politics with ſlander. I am in a manner compelled to make this ſecond alteration in my plan, from a thorough conviction that no man in theſe kingdoms is ſuch a maſter of politics as myſelf; and as a war with France ſeems now to be inevitable, I ſhall, from time to time, inſtruct our miniſters in what manner to conduct it, and ſhall hope for an exact compliance with every plan I ſhall lay before them. This will be ſaving a great deal of trouble and perplexity to the common people of England, who, though always ready to inſtruct an Adminiſtration, are ſometimes ſo divided in their opinions that the ſaid Adminiſtration are forced to purſue their own meaſures, for want of plain and punctual inſtructions from their friends.

The better to carry on this laudable deſign, I ſhall direct what bills are proper to be brought into parliament, and what acts I would have repealed. I ſhall alſo devote three mornings in every week to the private inſtruction of all ſuch miniſters and members of parliament as are deſirous of conferring with me at my lodgings up two pair of ſtairs, at the trunk-maker's in St Martin's Lane. I ſhall likewiſe be ready to anſwer all queſtions in politics to ſuch gentlemen and ladies as would willingly inveſtigate that ſcience without ſtudy or application. This will tend greatly to the edification of all juſtices of the peace, nurſes, midwives, country curates, and pariſh clerks, whoſe ideas ſeem at preſent to be a little confuſed, for want of a thorough knowledge of the intereſts and connexions of the ſeveral ſtates of Europe, and how the balance of power is to be maintained. I ſhall keep a watchful eye over the King of France and his miniſters, and will give timely notice of any intended invaſions, and direct meaſures to defeat ſuch invaſions in proper time. I ſhall find means of

inſtructing the other powers of Europe in their true and natural intereſts, and will communicate in this paper the intelligence I ſhall, from time to time, receive from the ſaid powers; ſo that the Public ſhall always be apprized beforehand of the meaſures they intend to take.

When I conſider the vaſt utility of this my undertaking, I cannot be too thankful for the abilities I am bleſſed with for carrying it on to the univerſal ſatisfaction of all parties. My humanity is, I confeſs, a little hurt by reflecting that, while I am thus making a monopoly of politics and ſlander, I am doing an injury to thoſe of my brother authors, who have long lived by dealing out their occaſional portions of thoſe commodities. But I am comforted, upon ſecond thoughts, that as this paper is publiſhed once a-week, they will have continued opportunities of enriching their own larger compoſitions with the moſt ſhining parts of it: and this they ſhall have free leave to do, provided that they add no conjectures of their own, or pretend to doubt the ſuperiority of my abilities, whereby diſputes may be raiſed upon any of thoſe facts which I ſhall think proper to advance. The ſame indulgence is hereby given to all writers or compilers of country newſpapers in Great Britain and Ireland: for as I have only the good of my country at heart, I am deſirous of extending theſe my labours to the remoteſt parts of his Majeſty's dominions. I ſhall alſo have this farther ſatisfaction, that the general complaint of the country's being deſerted of inhabitants every winter may ceaſe; as by means of this circulation every private gentleman may reſide conſtantly at his ſeat, and every clergyman at his living, without being obliged once a year to pay a viſit to London, in order to ſtudy politics, and inſtruct the Adminiſtration.

But a much greater advantage than any yet mentioned remains ſtill to be told. The circulation of this

paper will not be confined to Great Britain and Ireland; it will, doubtleſs, be demanded in all the courts, cities, and large towns, of Europe; by which means our enemies on the continent, finding the ſuperiority of our wiſdom, and knowing by whom our counſellors are counſelled, will ſue to us for peace upon our own terms. In the mean time, as we are entering into a war not of our own ſeeking, but merely in defence of our commerce, and for the protection and ſupport of our undoubted rights, I ſhall direct the Adminiſtration how to raiſe ſuch ſupplies as may enable us to carry it on with vigour and ſucceſs; and this I hope to effect to every body's ſatisfaction, which I humbly apprehend has not always been the caſe.

I am well aware that there are certain ſuperficial perſons in the world, who may fancy that they have not diſcovered in my writings hitherto theſe marvellous abilities to which I am now laying claim. To all ſuch I ſhall only anſwer, let the event decide: for I have always thought it beneath me to boaſt of talents ſuperior to other men till the neceſſity of the times compel me to produce them. Thoſe who know me will ſay of me what modeſty forbids I ſhould ſay of myſelf. Indeed it has been owing to a very uncommon degree of that ſheepiſh quality that I have not let my readers into many ſecrets of myſelf, that would have amazed and confounded them.

I have undertaken politics and ſlander at the ſame time, from a conſtant obſervation that there is a certain connexion between thoſe ſciences, which its difficult to break through. But I intend to vary from the common method, and ſhall ſometimes write politics without abuſe, and abuſe without politics. It may be feared, perhaps, that as I have hitherto received no reward for the great candour with which I have treated the Adminiſtration during the courſe of this Paper,

I may incline to direct wrong meaſures out of pure ſpite; but I can aſſure my readers that ſuch fears are groundleſs. I have nothing at heart but the public good, and ſhall propoſe no meaſures but ſuch as are moſt apparently conducive to the honour and glory of my native country. In treating of theſe meaſures I ſhall build nothing upon hypotheſis, but will go mathematically to work, and reduce every thing to a demonſtration. For inſtance, if the war is only to be a naval one, I would inſtruct our miniſter (as a certain ingenious painter is ſaid to draw) by the triangle. As thus. The end of war is an advantageous peace. Now ſuppoſe any triangle equilateral or otherwiſe, where A ſhall ſignify the Engliſh fleet, B the French fleet, and C the above peace; the ſolution then will be no more than this, let the fleet A take the fleet B, and you produce the peace C. The ſame ſolution will do in a land war, where A and B may ſtand for armies inſtead of fleets.

Having now ſufficiently explained myſelf upon this important occaſion, I ſhall take leave of my readers till next Thurſday, at which time, unleſs I ſhould ſee reaſon to the contrary, I ſhall preſent them with a paper either of ſcandal or politics, which ſhall be to all their ſatisfactions.

Numb. 139. Thursday, Aug. 28, 1755.

I HAVE judged it proper to poſtpone politics to another week, that I may oblige my readers with a piece of ſcandal, or whatever elſe they may pleaſe to call it, which has but juſt tranſpired, and which will quickly engage the converſation of all the beſt families in Town and country. Thoſe who are unacquainted with the parties concerned will, I hope, excuſe me for

publiſhing only the initial letters of their names, or, ſometimes no letters at all; their higher rank, and the honourable offices they bear demanding from me a little more complaiſance than I may probably ſhow to meaner perſons. At the ſame time I ſhould be ſorry to have it thought that my tenderneſs upon this occaſion aroſe from any ſelfiſh conſiderations of the conſequences that might enſue: the ſword of a man of quality is no longer than that of another man, nor, for any thing I have obſerved, is he a jot more dexterous at drawing a trigger. My moderation proceeds from the great reſpect which is due from perſons in humble ſituations to men of high and illuſtrious birth; though, at the ſame time, I muſt take the liberty of declaring, that one or two ſtories more of the ſame nature with what I am now going to relate will entirely cancel my regards, and incline me to treat them with the freedom of an equal.

Every body knows, at leaſt every body in genteel life, that the match between Lord * * * and Miſs G— was brought about by the old Earl and the young lady's aunt, at whoſe houſe my Lord unfortunately ſaw, and fell deſperately in love with, Miſs L——, who was a diſtant relation of the aunt, and who happened to be there upon a viſit at the time of his Lordſhip's courtſhip to the niece. The character of Miſs L—— is too notorious to require a place in this narrative; though I muſt do her the juſtice to own, that I believe every art to undo a woman was practiſed upon her before ſhe was prevailed upon to give up her honour to a man whom ſhe knew to be the deſtined huſband of her moſt intimate friend.

Thoſe who knew of the affair between my Lord and Miſs L—— endeavoured, by every poſſible method, to diſſuade Miſs G—— from the match; and indeed if that unfortunate young lady had not preferred a title to happineſs, ſhe had treated his Lordſhip as he deſerved, from

a thorough conviction that he had already beſtowed his affections upon Miſs L——. But an union of hearts is by no means neceſſary in the marriages of the great. My Lord and the old Earl ſaw a thouſand charms in Miſs G— 's large fortune; and the young lady and her aunt ſaw every thing in a title that could be wiſhed for in the married ſtate. The ceremony was performed ſoon after at the Earl's houſe; and the young couple, though perfectly indifferent to each other, conducted themſelves ſo prudently in all companies, that thoſe who did not know them intimately believed them to be very happy people.

The old Earl dying ſoon after, my Lord ſucceeded to the eſtate and title of ***, and lived with his Lady in all the magnificence and ſplendour which his large income could afford. His Lordſhip had a conſiderable mortgage on the eſtate of Sir O—— S——; and it was under pretence of ſettling ſome affairs with that gentleman, at his brother's ſeat near St Alban's, that he ſet out the beginning of this month upon the expedition, which has unhappliy turned out ſo fatal to his peace. Colonel ***, a gentleman too well known for his gallantries among the ladies to need the initial letters of his name, was to be of his Lordſhip's party; and tho' my Lord had two ſets of horſes of his own, yet, for certain reaſons, which may hereafter be gueſſed at, he hired a coach and ſix at Tubbs's, and ſet out on the Tueſday for St Alban's, with intention, as was given out, to return on the Thurſday following.

I ſhould have informed my readers, that Lady *** and the young Viſcounteſs D——, who was ſaid to have a *tendre* for the Colonel, were to meet them in the Viſcounteſs's coach at Barnet on their return home, and that they were all to dine together at the Green Man. It was ſaid, I know, that Doctor ***, who is a man of family, was of the ladies' party: he had been an intimate acquaintance, and ſome ſay a lover, of Miſs G——

before her marriage with Lord***. The Doctor is a man much more famous for his wit and addreſs than his practice; and is thought to be the author of a late extraordinary performance, which, however celebrated, in my humble opinion reflects more honour on his invention than either on his knowledge in politics or his character as a moral man. But I will avoid circumſtances, and be as ſhort as I can.

Doctor ***, though he lives at St James's end of the Town, had been ſeveral times in that week at Batſon's and Child's coffeehouſes, and had drank chocolate with Sir E—— H—— the very Thurſday that Lord *** and the Colonel were to return from St Alban's to meet Lady *** and the Viſcounteſs at the Green Man at Barnet. Many people are of opinion that the Doctor was not of the party, but that he received his intelligence from one H—y, who had formerly been a ſteward of Lord***. But H—y denies the fact, and lays the whole miſchief on Lady ***'s woman, who it ſeems had been houſekeeper to the Doctor when he lived in the ſquare. There are ſtrange reports of the Doctor and this woman; but whether ſhe or H—y was the contriver of this villany will appear hereafter. H—y is a man of a very indifferent character, and (I am not afraid of ſaying it) capable of undertaking any miſchief whatſoever.

Lady*** and the Viſcounteſs, according to agreement, ſet out on Thurſday at one o'clock for Barnet, and came to the Green Man, which was the place appointed for dining. My Lord and the Colonel not being arrived, the Viſcounteſs recollected that ſhe had an acquaintance in the neighbourhood, at about two miles' diſtance, whom ſhe propoſed viſiting in a poſt-chaiſe, under pretence of ſaving her own horſes. As this acquaintance of the Viſcounteſs was a ſtranger to Lady***, her Ladyſhip declined going with her friend,

and agreed to amuſe herſelf with a book of novels till her return, or till the arrival of my Lord and the Colonel, which was every moment expected. The Viſcounteſs ſtept immediately into the poſt-chaiſe; and ſoon after, as Lady *** was looking out at the window of the inn ſhe ſaw a coach and ſix drive by very haſtily towards London; and the landlord declares that he ſaw Lord *** and the Colonel, and two ladies in the coach muffled up in cloaks. He alſo declares that Lady *** called out three times for the coach to ſtop, but that no one anſwered, and the coachman drove out of ſight in a few minutes.

I ſhould have taken notice before, that as ſoon as the Viſcounteſs was gone upon her viſit, as Lady *** was ſitting at the window next the road, the Captain in quarters took great notice of her, and ſaid to the chamber-maid, in her Ladyſhip's hearing, that he would give up a whole year's pay to paſs the afternoon with ſo fine a creature: upon which Lady *** frowned upon him very ſeverely, and began a ſmart converſation with him on his boldneſs and preſumption.

The Viſcounteſs, to the great ſurpriſe of Lady ***, did not return till near ſix in the evening, and ſeemed in great confuſion while ſhe endeavoured to apologize for her abſence. But as Lady *** was convinced that her Lord was in the coach that drove ſo haſtily towards London, ſhe declared poſitively that ſhe would not ſtir a ſtep from the inn till he returned to fetch her; and inſiſted on the Viſcounteſs's going immediately to inform him of her reſolution. The Viſcounteſs accordingly ſet out, and the Captain was ſeen going up ſtairs ſoon after. But whether Lord *** returned that night, or whether it was really his Lordſhip's coach that paſſed by, is uncertain: however, Lady *** has been miſſing ever ſince; and yeſterday a lady was found drowned in Roſamond's pond, who is ſuſpected to be her: for though Lady *** was a thin woman, and wore a chintz gown

that day, and the perſon taken out of the pond appeared to be fat, and was dreſſed in white; yet it is thought that by lying a long time under water the body may be very much ſwelled, and the colours of the linen entirely diſcharged. One thing is certain, that Lord *** is like a man diſtracted; the Doctor, the ſteward, and my lady's woman are taken into cuſtody; and the Colonel and the Viſcounteſs are fled no body knows whither.

I ſhall leave my readers to make their own comments on this unhappy affair; which I have brought into as ſhort a compaſs as I was able with truth and perſpicuity. I am ſenſible that where names occur ſo often, and thoſe only marked with aſteriſks or initial letters, it is a very difficult matter to avoid confuſion: and indeed I ſhould hardly have thought myſelf perfectly clear, if I had not communicated my narrative to a country acquaintance of mine, a man totally ignorant of the whole affair, who was pleaſed to aſſure me, that he never met with any thing ſo plain and intelligible. I have been the more circumſtantial upon this occaſion, from a deſire of pointing out, in the moſt perſpicuous manner, the leading ſteps of this fatal cataſtrophe: for I am not ſatisfied with entertaining my readers with the frailties and misfortunes of perſons of quality, unleſs I can warn them by their example againſt falling into the like errors.

NUMB. 140. THURSDAY, Sept. 4, 1755.

THE report of the King of France's having lately forbidden the coffeehouſes at Paris to take in any Engliſh newſpapers was no more than I expected, after having, in the *World* of laſt Thurſday was ſe'en-

night, ſo plainly and openly declared my intentions of making all men politicians. But though his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty has thought proper to keep his ſubjects in the dark as to the ſcience of politics, yet I hear with pleaſure that his emiſſaries in this city are buying up large numbers of theſe my lucubrations for the private peruſal of that Monarch and his miniſters, and that a counſel is ordered to attend the reading of them as ſoon as they arrive. But, for very good reaſons, I have thought proper to change my intentions, and not meddle with matters of ſtate, at leaſt for the preſent. Indeed, to confeſs the truth, I have lately received full conviction that, great as my knowledge is in politics, there are thoſe at the head of affairs that know to the full as much as myſelf. Succeſs is not always in our power; but if we are really to enter into a war with France, I have the pleaſure of aſſuring the common people of England, that they may depend upon its being as well conducted as if they had the entire management of it in their own hands, or even if I myſelf was to preſide at all their meetings for ſettling plans and operations.

This and other reaſons have inclined me for the preſent to lay aſide politics, and to go on in the old way, mending hearts inſtead of heads, or furniſhing ſuch amuſements as may fix the attention of the idle, or divert the ſchemes of the vicious, for at leaſt five minutes every week. Of this kind is the following little piece, which I received ſome time ſince from a very ingenious correſpondent, who intitles it

A Meditation among the Books.

From every thing in Nature a wiſe man may derive matter of meditation. In meditations various authors have exerciſed their genius, or tortured their fancy. An author who meant to be ſerious has meditated on the

myſtery of weaving; an author who never meant to be ſerious has meditated on a broomſtick; let me alſo meditate; and a library of books ſhall be the ſubject of my meditations.

Before my eyes an almoſt innumerable multitude of authors are ranged, different in their opinions as in their bulk and appearance. In what light ſhall I view this great aſſembly? Shall I conſider it as an ancient legion, drawn out in goodly array, under fit commanders? or as a modern regiment of writers, where the common men have been forced by want, or ſeduced through wickedneſs, into the ſervice; and where the leaders owe their advancement rather to caprice, party-favour, and the partiality of friends, than to merit or ſervice?

Shall I conſider ye, O ye Books, as a herd of courtiers and ſtrumpets, who profeſs to be ſubſervient to my uſe, and yet ſeek only your own advantage? No; let me conſider this room as the great charnel-houſe of human reaſon, where Darkneſs and Corruption dwell; or, as a certain poet expreſſes himſelf,

> Where hot and cold, and wet and dry,
> And beef and broth and apple-pye,
> Moſt ſlovenly aſſemble.

Who are they whoſe unadorned raiment beſpeaks their inward ſimplicity? They are law-books, ſtatutes, and commentaries on ſtatutes. Theſe are acts of parliament, whom all men muſt obey, and yet few only can purchaſe. Like the Sphynx of antiquity, they ſpeak in ænigmas, and yet devour the unhappy wretches who comprehend them not.

Theſe are commentaries on ſtatutes; for the perſuing of them the longeſt life of man would prove inſufficient; for the underſtanding of them the utmoſt ingenuity of man would not avail.

Cruel is the dilemma between the neceſſity and the impoſſibility of underſtanding; yet are we not left utterly deſtitute of relief. Behold, for our comfort, an abridgment of law and equity! It conſiſts not of many volumes; it extends only to twenty-two folios; yet as a few thin cakes may contain the whole nutritive ſubſtance of a ſtalled ox, ſo may this compendium contain the eſſential gravy of many a report and adjudged caſe.

The ſages of the law recommend this abridgment to our peruſal. Let us, with all thankfulneſs of heart, receive their counſel. Much are we beholden to phyſicians, who only preſcribe the bark of the Quinquina, when they might oblige their patients to ſwallow the whole tree.

From theſe volumes I turn my eyes on a deep-embodied phalanx, numerous and formidable: they are controverſial divines: ſo has the world agreed to term them. How arbitrary is language! and how does the cuſtom of mankind join words that reaſon has put aſunder! Thus we often hear of hell-fire cold, of deviliſh handſome, and the like: and thus controverſial and divine have been aſſociated.

Theſe controverſial divines have changed the rule of life into a ſtandard of diſputation. They have employed the temple of the Moſt High as a fencing-ſchool, where gymnaſtic exerciſes are daily exhibited, and where victory ſerves only to excite conteſts. Slighting the bulwarks wherewith He who beſtowed religion on mankind had ſecured it, they have encompaſſed it with various minute outworks, which an army of warriors can with difficulty defend.

The next in order to them are the redoubtable antagoniſts of common ſenſe; the gentlemen who cloſe up the common highway to heaven, and yet open no private road for perſons having occaſion to travel that way. The writers of this tribe are various, but in prin-

ciples and manners not hing diſſimilar. Let me review them as they ſtand arranged. Theſe are Epicurean orators, who have endeavoured to confound the ideas of right and wrong, to the unſpeakable comfort of highwaymen and ſtockjobbers. Theſe are inquirers after truth, who never deign to implore the aid of knowledge in their reſearches. Theſe are ſceptics, who labour earneſtly to argue themſelves out of their own exiſtence; herein reſembling that choice ſpirit, who endeavoured ſo artfully to pick his own pocket as not to be detected by himſelf. Laſt of all are the compoſers of rhapſodies, fragments, and (ſtrange to ſay it) thoughts.

Amidſt this army of anti-martyrs I diſcern a volume of peculiar appearance: its meagre aſpect, and the dirty gaudineſs of its habit, make it bear a perfect reſemblance of a decayed gentleman. The wretched monument of mortality was brought forth in the reign of Charles II.; it was the darling, the only child, of a man of quality. How did its parent exult at its birth! how many flatterers extolled it beyond their own offſpring, and urged its credulous father to diſplay its excellencies to the whole world! Induced by their ſolicitations, the father arrayed his child in ſcarlet and gold, ſubmitted it to the public eye, and called it, *Poems by a perſon of honour*. While he lived, his booby offſpring was treated with the cold reſpect due to the rank and fortune of its parent: but when Death had locked up his kitchin, and carried off the keys of his cellar, the poor child was abandoned to the pariſh; it was kicked from ſtall to ſtall, like a deſpiſed proſtitute; and after various calamities was reſcued out of the hands of a vender of Scotch ſnuff, and ſafely placed as a penſioner in the band of Free-thinkers.

Thou firſt, thou greateſt vice of the human mind, Ambition; all theſe authors were originally thy votaries! They promiſed to themſelves a fame more du-

rable than the calf-ſkin that covered their works: the calf-ſkin (as the dealer ſpeaks) is in excellent condition, while the books themſelves remain the prey of that ſilent critic the worm.

Complete cooks and conveyancers; bodies of ſchool divinity and Tommy Thumb; little ſtory-books, ſyſtems of philoſophy, and memoirs of women of pleaſure; apologies for the lives of players and prime miniſters, are all conſigned to one common oblivion.

One book indeed there is, which pretends to a little reputation, and by a ſtrange felicity obtains whatever it demands. To be uſeful for ſome months only is the whole of its ambition; and though every day that paſſes confeſſedly diminiſhes its utility, yet it is ſought for and purchaſed by all: ſuch is the deſerved and unenvied character of that excellent treatiſe of practical aſtronomy the Almanac.

NUMB. 141. THURSDAY, Sept. 11, 1755.

THE following letter was miſlaid, which is the reaſon of its not having appeared earlier in this Paper. The excuſe, perhaps, is leſs pardonable than the fault; but it is the only one I can make with truth; and I hope the author will receive it with candour.

SIR, To Mr FITZ-ADAM.

If ever you take the trouble of looking into any of the public papers beſides your own, you cannot help obſerving the many curious experiments which of late years have been made through all parts of this kingdom, in running, riding, leaping, driving, fire-eating, wire-dancing, and various other uſeful arts, by perſons of all ranks and fortunes.

I am willing to give credit to these extraordinary atchievements, though many of them, I own, far exceed the bounds of probability, because of the honour they do to our age and country; and it is not without high indignation against the ingratitude of the present times that I have been hitherto disappointed in my expectations of seeing public honours and rewards bestowed on these illustrious personages, who, by such experiments, have shown us what great things the powers of Nature are capable of when properly directed. Newton was knighted, and both he and Mr Locke had very considerable places under the government; and yet what mighty matters did these philosophers do in comparison of our new experiment-makers? They contented themselves with looking into the laws of Nature, and went no farther. The mind orders its ideas just as it used to do before the Essay on the Human Understanding had banished from the world the doctrine of innate principals and substantial forms: and Newton, after he had demolished the vortices of Descartes left the planets just as he found them. They have rolled round the sun precisely in the same time, and at the same distance, before and since his discoveries. But our wonder-workers have found the secret of controuling the laws of Nature, and have actually accomplished what in the walls of Bedlam, and the laboratories of Logada, it would have been thought madness to attempt.

I am sensible it may be objected to me, that the things I compare are totally different; and instead of these modern chiefs in philosophy I should rather have turned my eye to the renowned heroes of antiquity, whose exploits have been the admiration of so many ages. Be it so; we own the resemblance, and have no reason to be afraid of the comparison: for besides that many of these exploits are looked upon as fabulous, if it be con-

ſidered that ſome of them were only the effects of brute force, and that the merit of others is to be divided among multitudes, who all had a ſhare in their production, no doubt can be made, on a fair eſtimate between the merit of ancient and modern worthies, on whoſe ſide the balance will be found to turn. I am no enemy to the fame of antiquity; but I own it grieves me, that when ancient exploits have been celebrated over and over by the choiceſt poets and hiſtorians, thoſe of our own times, no leſs extraordinary, ſhould be left to paſs down to poſterity on no better authority than the doubtful teſtimony of a common newſpaper.

Mr Fitz-Adam, you profeſs yourſelf a citizen of the world, an equal judge between all the children of our firſt parents; act up then to this character, and do juſtice; ſuffer not exploits to drop into oblivion, at which the Gymnaſia of Greece and Italy would have ſtood aghaſt; which would have been honoured with ſtatues and crowns of olive at Olympia; with a place in the Prytaneum at Athens; and an ovation, if not a triumph, at Rome. Suffer not ingratitude to fix a ſtain upon our country which it would never be able to wipe off.

I pretend not to enumerate, or even to be ſenſible of, all the advantages with which theſe ſingular efforts of genius will be attended; but in natural philoſophy and religion their uſes are apparent at the firſt glance.

Experiments, it is now agreed on all hands, are the only ſolid baſis of natural ſcience. In theſe Bacon and Newton led the way: but their followers have ennobled them; they have transferred them from heavy inert matter to the very quinteſſence of ſpirit, their horſes and themſelves. What before was only fit for recluſe pedants they have made the amuſement and the buſineſs of fine gentlemen.

And here I beg leave, by the way, to propoſe a problem to the lovers of theſe noble arts, which I hope

will not be thought altogether unworthy of their attention.

Suppoſe a gentleman is able to drive a wheel-carriage any number of miles in a hour, when the motion of his horſes is progreſſive, or according to the natural courſe of their limbs; how much time ought he to be allowed to do it in when his horſes move retrogarde, or tails foremoſt?

But to come to religion. Theſe new experiments ſerve to ſhow how little we underſtand of the bounds of credibility. Had ſuch experiments been properly attended to, a certain gentleman, that ſhall be nameleſs, might have ſpared his haughty challenge to the defenders of the Chriſtian faith. Our brave youths will ſoon make him ſenſible of his error, and turn the edge of that formidable broad-ſword of his upon himſelf, with which he has threatened to depopulate the Chriſtian world. Will he any longer pretend to ſay, that no teſtimony can make a thing credible that is contrary to experience, when I defy him to match, in the annals of any age or country, the feats which he is forced to believe on the credit of a common newſpaper.

I could run through all the arts and ſciences, and in each of them ſhow the wonderful advantage of theſe new experiments, but this is a taſk that deſerves an abler hand: I therefore propoſe, when his Majeſty ſhall have incorporated the authors of them into a new Royal Society, which I hope will be ſoon, that one of our moſt eminent pens be appointed, after the example of Biſhop Sprat, to write the hiſtory of the Society; and another, after the example of Fontenelle, to make eulogies on its particular members. And I deſire that you will immediately look out for two ſuch perſons amongſt your correſpondents; which I ſhould imagine can be no great difficulty to one who has the honour to reckon in that number the prime wits of the age.

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant.

Mr Fitz-Adam,

Walking the other day through Wapping, to ſee the humours of the place, I happened to caſt my eyes upon the windows of an alehouſe, where I ſaw written in large capitals, Roman Purl. I had the curioſity to aſk of a man who was walking near me why it might not as well have been called Britiſh Purl as Roman Purl? "O, "Sir," ſaid he, "the landlord has had twenty times the "cuſtom ſince he gave his liquor that outlandiſh name." I ſoon found that my ſagacious informer was a maker of leather breeches, by ſeeing him enter and ſet himſelf to work in a ſhop, over the door of which was written upon a bit of paper, The true Italian leather-breeches balls ſold here by the maker. I confeſs I was a little ſurpriſed to find the faſhion of admiring every thing foreign had extended itſelf to ſo great a diſtance from St James's; having conceived an opinion that none but our betters at the polite end of the Town were the deſpiſers and diſcouragers of our home manufactures.

As I ſee no ſolid reaſon for this univerſal diſlike to every thing that is Engliſh, I ſhould be glad of your ſentiments on the ſubject, which will greatly oblige,

Sir,

Your conſtant reader,
and admirer,
C. D.

I ſhall forbear making any remarks upon this letter, that I may oblige a very witty correſpondent, whoſe letter I received a few days ago by the general poſt. But I muſt entreat the favour of this gentleman, and of all others who may incline to write to me in ſo laconic a ſtyle, to chuſe another method of conveyance, for fear their letter ſhould ſometimes happen to miſcarry.

To Mr Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

Pray be so kind as to insert this in your next.

Your's,

W. B.

Numb. 142. Thursday, Sept. 18, 1755.

SINCE the publication of my correspondent's letter on the subject of noise, I have received the two following, which I shall lay before my readers for the entertainment of to-day.

To Mr Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

Your paper which treats of the passion for noise has in one respect given me some pleasure; the observations in it being such as I have often made myself, and the ridicule intended by them what many persons in the world very justly observe. At the same time I could not help feeling some uneasiness on being led by those observations to reflect seriously and deliberately upon my own misfortunes.

Till I was about forty years old I had lived a bachelor in London; at which time, having acquired a considerable fortune in the mercantile way, I retired into the country; and hoping to pass the rest of my days in peace, and to be happy in a social companion, I married a wife. She has always been, for any thing that I know to the contrary, what is called a virtuous woman; a notable one I am sure she is: but though chastity and notableness may be very valuable qualities in a woman,

yet if they are to be nurſed and cheriſhed at the expenſe of meekneſs, forbearance, and all the other virtues, in my humble opinion ſhe had better be without them. I called at your friend Dodſley's the laſt time I was in Town to look in Mr Johnſon's Dictionary for the meaning of the word *notable;* but could find no ſuch epithet applied to a wife. I wiſh with all my heart that he had given us a definition of that character, as alſo of a *good woman*, which, according to ſome alehouſe ſigns in the country, is a woman without a head.

I have long been of opinion, that as the principal virtue of a man is courage, ſo the principal virtue of a woman is ſilence: my wife indeed is of a contrary way of thinking with regard to this female virtue; but till I am ſtark deaf I ſhall never be prevailed upon to alter my opinion. Dumb creatures were always my delight, and particularly a cat, the dumbeſt of all; but my wife, who has a natural antipathy to that animal, has hung up a parrot in my parlour, and filled my hen-yard and garden with maccaws and peacocks.

Beſides the domeſtic noiſes with which I am perpetually tormented, I am unfortunately ſituated near the church, and in the hearing of ten diſmal bells, which our pariſhioners have ſet up in the room of one ſingle bell, by which for many years before the proper notice for church-time, and other parochial matters, had been uſually given. And leſt the advantage of the ſound of theſe bells ſhould ever be loſt, one of our wealthy yeomen has bequeathed by will a conſiderable ſum of money to the ringers of the pariſh, for a certain number of peals five or ſix times a week for ever. About the time of this deſirable acquiſition the new method of pſalmody was introduced into our church by a ſet of fellows who call themſelves *the ſingers:* ſo that our good old tunes being rejected, I am obliged to ſit and hear their terrible bawling and diſcord, having never been taught to ſing

in treble time, or to find any thing ſolemn in the airs of a jigg.

It happens alſo that our pariſh is famous for delighting in what is called *rough muſic*, conſiſting of performances on cow-horns, ſalt-boxes, warming-pans, ſheep-bells, &c. intermixed with hooting, hallooing, and all ſorts of hideous noiſes, with which the young wags of the village ſerenade their neighbours on ſeveral occaſions, particularly thoſe families in which (as the phraſe is) the gray mare is the better horſe.

Being thus accuſtomed to noiſe in the day-time, I am frequently awaked out of my ſleep (though in the abſence of my wife) by dreaming of them in the night; ſo that in almoſt all my hours of retirement, in my ſlumbers, and even in my devotions, I am conſtantly tormented with noiſes, and thoroughly convinced that there is no peace for me but in the grave.

This being my caſe, I would adviſe you, Mr Fitz-Adam, by all poſſible means, to diſcourage this raging paſſion for noiſe. If you are a married man, and have a notable wife, (though from the freedom and ſpirit with which you write I ſhould gueſs you to be a bachelor), you will need neither my example nor entreaties to ſet about this work in ſober ſadneſs. I am firmly perſuaded, that if you can put an end to all unreaſonable noiſes, you will then accompliſh that univerſal reformation of ſentiments and manners for which your Paper was intended. The women will be diſcreet and lovely, and the men rational companions for their wives and one-another.

After what I have here ſaid of myſelf, I dare not let you know the firſt ſyllable of my name, or of the village where I live; but I deſire, nevertheleſs, to be eſteemed as your very good friend, and though unknown,

Your moſt faithful,
humble ſervant.

P. S. I forget to tell you that I have three fine girls, who, though extremely well inclined, are whipt every hour in the day, and made to pierce my ears with their cries for not being women before their time, and as notable as their mamma. It had like to have eſcaped me, too, that though my wife is reckoned to have the beſt times of any woman in the pariſh, it is the jeſt of the whole neighbourhood, upon hearing any violent or unuſual ſcreaming, that Mrs *** is in labour.

Mr Fitz-Adam,

Finding, by a late paper of yours, that you are an advocate for peace and quietneſs, I am encouraged, though a woman, to make known my caſe to you. I have been a ſufferer by noiſe all my life long. When I was young, I had a tender though not a ſickly conſtitution, and was reckoned by all my acquaintance a girl of a mild and gentle diſpoſition, with abundance of good-nature. The temper of my father was unfortunately the very reverſe of mine; and though I was ready to obey the leaſt notice of his will, yet his commands were always given in ſo loud and harſh a tone of voice that they terrified me like thunder. I have a thouſand times ſtarted from my chair, and ſtood with my knees knocking together, upon his beginning to aſk me a common queſtion. My mother, he uſed to tell me, would ruin me by her gentleneſs. Indeed ſhe was as indulgent to me as I could wiſh, and hardly ever chid me in her life, unleſs forced to it by my father, and to keep the peace of the family, which on various other occaſions was frequently in danger of being broken.

At the boarding-ſchool, which I was ſent to at the uſual age, I met with a governeſs who was haſty and paſſionate; and as in her cooler hours ſhe was frequently making conceſſions to her ſcholars for the unguard-

ed things ſhe had ſaid in her anger, ſhe loſt all her authority: ſo that having not one to fear, and no good example to follow, we were noiſy and quarrelſome all the day long.

After this I had the unhappineſs to be left an orphan to the care of my mother's brother, who was a wealthy pewterer in the City. The room we lived in was directly over the ſhop, from whence my ears were perpetually dinned with the noiſe of hammers, and the clattering of plates and diſhes. Our country-houſe (where we uſually paſſed three or four months every ſummer) was built cloſe to ſome iron-mills, of which my uncle was proprietor. During our ſtay at his houſe I need not tell you how I was tormented with the horrid and tremendous noiſe which proceeded from theſe mills.

At laſt I was ſent to board with a diſtant relation, who had been captain of a man of war, but who, having married a rich widow, had given up his commiſſion, and retired into the country. Unfortunately for poor me, the captain ſtill retained a paſſion for firing a great gun; and had mounted on a little fortification, that was thrown up againſt the front of his houſe, eleven nine pounders, which were conſtantly diſcharged ten or a dozen a times over on the arrival of viſitors, and on all holydays and rejoicings. The noiſe of theſe cannon was more terrible to me than all the reſt, and would have rendered my continuance there intolerable, if a young gentleman, a relation of the captain's, had not held me by the heartſtrings, and ſoftened, by the moſt tender courtſhip in the world, the horrors of theſe firings. In ſhort, I ſtaid at the Captain's till my fortune was in my own power, and then gave it to a huſband.

But, alas! Mr Fitz-Adam, I am wedded to noiſe and contention as long as I live. This tendereſt of lovers is the moſt tyrannical of huſbands. The hammering of pewter, the iron-mills, and the cannon, which ſo much

diſturbed me, are but lulling ſounds when compared to the raging of his voice, whenever he throws himſelf into one of his furies. It is the ſtudy of my life to oblige and pleaſe him, yet I offend and diſguſt him by every thing I do. If I am ſilent to his upbraidings, I I am ſullen; if I anſwer, though with the utmoſt mildneſs, I am either inſolent or impertinent. How muſt I do, Mr Fitz-Adam, to reclaim or bear with him? Whatever I was by nature, I am at preſent ſo humbled, that I can ſubmit to any thing. I have laid my caſe before you for your advice, being well convinced, by your ſpeculations in general, that you are a warm advocate for the ſex, though you ſometimes take the liberty of telling us our own. It is not ſo much at the croſſneſs of my huſband, as at the loudneſs of his voice, that I complain; for I could ſubmit with ſome kind of patience to be beat, pinched, ſcratched, or any thing, ſo that the drum of my ear was not eternally in danger of being broken. If I was deaf, I could defy the utmoſt of his malice; but till that happy time arrives I am the moſt miſerable of women, though much,

Mr Fitz-Adam's,
Admirer, and humble ſervant.

Numb. 143. Thursday, Sept. 25, 1755.

I OUGHT hourly to be looking up with gratitude and praiſe to the Creator of my being, for having formed me of a diſpoſition that throws off every particle of ſpleen, and either directs my attention to objects of cheerfulneſs and joy, or enables me to look upon their contraries as I do on ſhades in a picture, which add force to the lights, and beauty to the whole. With this happineſs of conſtitution I can behold the luxury of the

times, as giving food and cloathing to the hungry and the naked, extending our commerce, and promoting and encouraging the liberal arts. I can look upon the horrors of war as productive of the bleſſings and enjoyments of peace; and upon the miſeries of mankind which I cannot relieve, with a thankful heart that my own lot has been more favourable.

There is a paſſage in that truly original poem, called *The Spleen*, which pleaſes me more than almoſt any thing I have read. The paſſage is this:

> Happy the man who, innocent,
> Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;
> His ſkiff does with the current glide,
> Not puffing pull'd againſt the tide:
> He, paddling by the ſcuffling crowd,
> Sees, unconcern'd, life's wager row'd;
> And when he can't prevent foul play,
> Enjoys the follies of the fray.

The laughing philoſopher has always appeared to me a more eligible character than the weeping one: but before I ſit down either to laugh or cry at the follies of mankind, as I have publicly enliſted myſelf in their ſervice, it becomes me to adminiſter every thing in my power to relieve or cure them. For this purpoſe I ſhall here lay before my readers ſome looſe hints on a ſubject which will, I hope, excite their attention, and contribute towards the expelling from the heart thoſe malignant and ſullen humours which deſtroy the harmony of ſocial life.

If we make obſervations on human nature, either from what we feel in ourſelves, or ſee in others, we ſhall perceive that almoſt all the uneaſineſſes of mankind owe their riſe to inactivity or idleneſs of body or mind. A free and briſk circulation of the blood is abſolutely neceſſary towards the creating eaſineſs and good-humour; and is the only means of ſecuring us from a

reſtleſs train of idle thoughts, which cannot fail to make us burthenſome to ourſelves, and diſſatisfied with all about us.

Providence has therefore wiſely provided for the generality of mankind, by compelling them to uſe that labour which not only procures them the neceſſaries of life, but peace and health to enjoy them with delight. Nay, farther, we find how eſſentially neceſſary it is that the greateſt part of mankind ſhould be obliged to earn their bread by labour, from the ill uſe that is almoſt univerſally made of thoſe riches which exempt men from it. Even the advantages of the beſt education are generally found to be inſufficient to keep us within the limits of reaſon and moderation. How hard do the very beſt of men find it to force upon themſelves that abſtinence or labour which the narrowneſs of their circumſtances does not immediately compel them to? Is there really one in ten who, by all the advantages of wealth and leiſure, is made more happy in reſpect to himſelf, or more uſeful to mankind? What numbers do we daily ſee of ſuch perſons, either rioting in luxury, or ſleeping in ſloth, for one who makes a proper uſe of the advantages which riches give for the improvement of himſelf, or the happineſs of others? And how many do we meet with who, for their abuſe of the bleſſings of life, are given up to perpetual uneaſineſs of mind, and to the greateſt agonies of bodily pain?

Whoever ſeriouſly conſiders this point will diſcover that riches are by no means ſuch certain bleſſings as the poor imagine them to be; on the contrary, he will perceive that the common labours and employments of life are much better ſuited to the majority of mankind than proſperity and abundance would be without them.

It was a merciful ſentence which the Creator paſſed on man for his diſobedience, "By the ſweat of thy face "ſhalt thou eat thy bread;" for to the puniſhment it

ſelf he ſtands indebted for health, ſtrength, and all the enjoyments of life. Though the firſt Paradiſe was forfeited for his tranſgreſſion, yet by the penalty inflicted for that tranſgreſſion the earth is made into a paradiſe again, in the beautiful fields and gardens which we daily ſee produced by the labour of man. And though the ground was pronounced curſed for his diſobedience, yet is that curſe ſo ordered as to be the puniſhment chiefly, and almoſt ſolely, of thoſe who, by intemperance or ſloth, inflict it upon themſelves.

Even from the wants and weakneſſes of mankind are the bands of mutual ſupport and affection derived. The neceſſities of each, which no man of himſelf can ſufficiently ſupply, compel him to contribute toward the benefit of others; and while he labours only for his own advantage, he is promoting the univerſal good of all around him.

Health is the bleſſing which every one wiſhes to enjoy; but the multitude are ſo unreaſonable as to deſire to purchaſe it at a cheaper rate than it is to be obtained. The continuance of it is only to be ſecured by exerciſe or labour. But the misfortune is, that the poor are too apt to overlook their own enjoyments, and to view with envy the eaſe and affluence of their ſuperiors, not conſidering that the uſual attendants upon great fortunes are anxiety and diſeaſe.

If it be true that thoſe perſons are the happieſt who have the feweſt wants, the rich man is more the object of compaſſion than envy. However moderate his inclinations may be, the cuſtom of the world lays him under the neceſſity of living up to his fortune. He muſt be ſurrounded by a uſeleſs train of ſervants; his appetite muſt be palled with plenty, and his peace invaded by crowds. He muſt give up the pleaſures and endearments of domeſtic life to be the ſlave of party and faction. Or if the goodneſs of his heart ſhould incline him to acts

of humanity and benevolence, he will have frequently the mortification of ſeeing his charities ill beſtowed, and by his inability to relieve all, the conſtant one of making more enemies by his refuſals, than friends by his benefactions. If we add to theſe conſiderations a truth which I believe few perſons will diſpute, namely, that the greateſt fortunes, by adding to the wants of their poſſeſſors, uſually render them the moſt neceſſitous men, we ſhall find greatneſs and happineſs to be at a wide diſtance from one another. If we carry our inquiries ſtill higher, if we examine into the ſtate of a king, and even enthrone him, like our own, in the hearts of his people; if the life of a father be a life of care and anxiety, to be the father of a people is a pre-eminence to be honoured, but not envied.

The happineſs of life is, I believe, generally to be found in thoſe ſtations which neither totally ſubject men to labour, nor abſolutely exempt them from it. Power is the parent of diſquietude, ambition of diſappointment, and riches of diſeaſe.

I will conclude theſe reflections with the following fable.

" Labour, the offspring of Want, and the mother " of Health and Contentment, lived with her two " daughters in a little cottage by the ſide of a hill, at " a great diſtance from Town. They were totally un- " acquainted with the great, and had kept no better " company than the neighbouring villagers: but having " a deſire of ſeeing the world, they forſook their com- " panions and habitation, and determined to travel. " Labour went ſoberly along the road with Health on " her right hand, who, by the ſprightlineſs of her con- " verſation, and ſongs of cheerfulneſs and joy, ſoftened " the toils of the way; while Contentment went ſmiling " on the left, ſupporting the ſteps of her mother, and,

" by her perpetual good-humour, increaſing the viva-
" city of her ſiſter.

" In this manner they travelled over foreſts, and
" through towns and villages, till at laſt they arrived
" at the capital of the kingdom. At their entrance
" into the great city the mother conjured her daugh-
" ters never to loſe ſight of her; for it was the will of
" Jupiter, ſhe ſaid, that their ſeparation ſhould be at-
" tended with the utter ruin of all three. But Health
" was of too gay a diſpoſition to regard the counſels of
" Labour: ſhe ſuffered herſelf to be debauched by in-
" temperance, and at laſt died in childbirth of Diſeaſe.
" Contentment, in the abſence of her ſiſter, gave her-
" ſelf up to the enticements of Sloth, and was never
" heard of after: while Labour, who could have no
" enjoyment without her daughters, went every where
" in ſearch of them, till ſhe was at laſt ſeized by Laſſi-
" tude in her way, and died in miſery."

NUMB. 144. THURSDAY, Oct. 2, 1755.

THE following letter is of ſo intereſting a nature, that I have put my printer to no ſmall inconvenience in getting it ready at a very ſhort warning for this day's publication. If the contents of it are genuine, I hardly know of a puniſhment which the author of ſuch complicated ruin does not deſerve. The unavoidable miſeries of mankind are ſufficient in themſelves for human nature to bear; but when ſhame and diſhonour are added to poverty and want, the lot of life is only to be endured by the conſideration that there is a final ſtate of retribution, in which the ſufferings of the innocent will be abundantly recompenſed, and temporary ſorrows be crowned with endleſs joys.

To Mr Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

If your breaſt has any feeling for the diſtreſſes of a ruined wife and mother, I beſeech you to give my moſt unhappy ſtory a place in your next paper. It may poſſibly come time enough to prevent a cataſtrophe, which would add horror to ruin, and drive to utter diſtraction a poor helpleſs family, who have more miſery already than they are able to bear.

I am the wife of a very worthy officer in the army, who, by a train of unavoidable misfortunes, was obliged to ſell his commiſſion; and from a ſtate of eaſe and plenty has been long ſince reduced to the utmoſt penury and want. One ſon and a daughter were our only children.—Alas! that I ſhould live to ſay it! happy would it have been for us if one of them had never been born! ——The boy was of a noble nature, and in happier times his father bought him a commiſſion in the ſervice, where he is now a lieutenant, and quartered in Scotland with his regiment. O! he is a dear and dutiful child, and has kept his poor parents from the extremity of want, by the kind ſupplies which he has from time to time ſent us in our misfortunes.

His ſiſter was in the eyes of a fond father and mother lovely to an extreme. Alas, Mr Fitz-Adam! ſhe was too lovely.——The times I have watered her dear face with my tears, at the thought that her temper was too meek and gentle for ſo engaging a form! She lived with us till ſhe was turned of fourteen, at which time we were prevailed on by a friend to place her with a gentleman of fortune in the country, (who had lately buried his lady), to be the companion of his daughters. The gentleman's character was too honourable, and the offer too advantageous, to ſuffer us to heſitate long about parting with a child, whom, dear to us as ſhe was,

we were not able to ſupport. It is now a little more than two years ſince our ſeparation; and till within a very few months it was our happineſs and joy we had provided for her ſo fortunately. She lived in the eſteem and friendſhip of the young ladies, who were indeed very amiable perſons; and ſuch was their father's ſeeming indulgence to us, that he advanced my huſband a ſum of money upon his bond, to free him of ſome ſmall debts which threatened him hourly with a jail.

But how ſhall I tell you, Sir, that this ſeeming benefactor has been the cruelleſt of all enemies! The enjoyment of our good fortune began to be interrupted by hearing leſs frequently from our daughter than we uſed to do; and when a letter from her arrived, it was ſhort and conſtrained, and ſometimes blotted, as if with tears, while it told us of nothing that ſhould occaſion any concern. It is now upwards of two months ſince we have heard from her at all; and while we were wondering at her ſilence we received a letter from the eldeſt of the young ladies, which threw us into a perplexity which can neither be deſcribed nor imagined. It was directed to me, and contained theſe words.

"MADAM,

"For reaſons that you will too ſoon be acquainted "with, I muſt deſire that your daughter may be a "ſtranger to our family. I dare not indulge my pity "for her as I would, leſt it ſhould lead me to think too "hardly of one whom I am bound in duty to reve-"rence and honour. The bearer brings you a trifle, "with which I deſire you will immediately hire a poſt-"chaiſe, and take away your daughter. My father is "from home, and knows nothing of this letter; but

" aſſure yourſelf it is meant to ſerve you, and that I am, Madam,

" Your very ſincere friend,

" and humble ſervant."

Alarmed and terrified as I was at this letter, I made no heſitation of complying with its contents. The bearer of it either could not, or would not, inform me of a ſyllable that I wanted to know. My huſband indeed had a fatal gueſs at its meaning; and, in a fury of rage, inſiſted on accompanying me: but as I really hoped better things, and flattered myſelf that the young ladies were apprehenſive of a marriage between their father and my girl, I ſoothed him into patience, and ſet out alone.

I travelled all night, and early the next morning ſaw myſelf at the end of my journey.——O, Sir! am I alive to tell it? I found my daughter in a ſituation the moſt ſhocking that a fond mother could behold! ſhe had been ſeduced by her benefactor, and was viſibly with child. I will not detain you with the ſwoonings and confuſion of the unhappy creature at this meeting, nor with my own diſtraction at what I ſaw and heard. In ſhort, I learned from the eldeſt of the young ladies that ſhe had long ſuſpected ſome unwarrantable intimacies between her father and my girl; and that finding in her altered ſhape and appearance a confirmation of her ſuſpicions, ſhe had queſtioned her ſeverely upon the ſubject, and brought her to a full confeſſion of her guilt: that farther, her infatuated father was then gone to Town to provide lodgings for the approaching neceſſity, and that my poor deluded girl had conſented to live with him afterwards in London in the character of a miſtreſs.

I need not tell you, Sir, the horror I felt at this diſmal tale. Let it ſuffice that I returned with my unhappy child, with all the haſte I was able. Nor is it needful

that I ſhould tell you of the rage and indignation of a fond diſtracted father at our coming home. Unhappily for us all, he was too violent in his menaces, which I ſuppoſe reached the ears of this cruelleſt of men, who eight days ago cauſed him to be arreſted upon his bond, and hurried to a priſon.

But if this, Mr Fitz-Adam, had been the utmoſt of my miſery, cruel as it is, I had ſpared you the trouble of this relation, and buried my grief in my boſom. Alas! Sir, I have another concern, that is more inſupportable to me than all I have told. My diſtracted huſband, in the anguiſh of his ſoul, has written to my ſon, and given him the moſt aggravated detail of his daughter's ſhame and his own impriſonment; conjuring him (as he has confeſſed to me this morning) by the honour of a ſoldier, and by every thing he holds dear, to loſe not a moment in doing juſtice with his ſword upon this deſtroyer of his family. The fatal letter was ſent laſt week, and has left me in the utmoſt horror at the thought of what may happen.—I dread every thing from the raſhneſs and impetuoſity of my ſon, whoſe notions of honour and juſtice are thoſe of a young ſoldier, who, in defiance of the law, will be judge in his own cauſe, and the avenger of injuries which Heaven only ſhould puniſh.

I have written to him upon this occaſion in all the agony of a fond mother's diſtreſſes. But O! I have fatal forebodings that my letter will come too late. What is this honour, and what this juſtice, that prompts men to acts of violence and blood, and either leaves them victims to the law, or to their own unwarrantable raſhneſs? As forcibly as I was able in this diſtracted condition I have ſet his duty before him; and have charged him, for his own ſoul's ſake, and for the ſake of thoſe he moſt tenderly loves, not to bring utter ruin on a family, whoſe diſtreſſes already are near ſinking them to the grave.

The only glimmering of comfort that opens upon me is the hope that your publication of this letter may warn the wretch who has undone us of his danger, and incline him to avoid it. Fear is commonly the companion of guilt, and may poſſibly be the means of preſerving to me the life of a ſon, after worſe than death has happened to a daughter.

If you have pity in your nature, I beg the immediate publication of this letter, which will infinitely oblige,

SIR,

Your greatly diſtreſſed,
but moſt faithful humble ſervant.

NUMB. 145. THURSDAY, Oct. 9, 1755.

To Mr FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IT is with great pleaſure that I ſee you frequently doing juſtice to the age you live in, and not running into that vulgar and ill-natured prejudice that the preſent times are worſe than the paſt. We are certainly better in every reſpect than our forefathers; and it is right we ſhould be told ſo, to encourage us in our progreſs towards the ſummit of perfection. I could give a thouſand inſtances of the virtues of theſe times; but ſhall at preſent content myſelf with one, which I do not remember that you have hitherto ſo much as touched upon. It is the extreme conſtancy and diſintereſtedneſs of the men in affairs of love and marriage.

I am a woman, Mr Fitz-Adam, and have lately experienced this truth in a degree that would bring upon me the imputation of ingratitude, if I neglected to do this public juſtice to the moſt conſtant and generous of all lovers.

It is now upwards of a year ſince I received the addreſſes of this gentlemen. He is a man of fortune and family; perfectly agreeable in his perſon; witty and engaging in his converſation; with a heart the moſt tender, and manners the moſt ſoft and amiable that can be imagined. Such as I have deſcribed him, you will not wonder that I gave him my whole heart, and waited with the utmoſt impatience to be united to him for ever.

I will not give him a merit which he does not want, that of intending my happineſs only, and of raiſing me to a rank which neither my perſon nor fortune gave me any pretenſions to; on the contrary, I was young and handſome, and, in the opinion of the world, one whoſe alliance could bring as much honour into my lover's family as he could reflect on mine. Nor indeed did I ever wiſh that there ſhould be any ſuch obligation on either ſide; having generally obſerved that the moſt equal matches are the moſt productive of happineſs. But I only mention this circumſtance, as it may ſerve to do honour to his behaviour ſince.

The time was now approaching, which was to make us inſeparably one. What his ſentiments were upon the occaſion may be ſeen by the following letter, which, among a thouſand of the ſame kind, I ſhall here tranſcribe.

" It is as impoſſible for me to riſe and not write to " my angel as to ly down and not think of her. I am " too happy. Pray uſe me a little ill, that I may come " to a right ſtate of mind; for at preſent I can neither " eat nor ſleep: yet I am more good-humoured than " all the world; and then ſo compaſſionate, that I pity " every man I ſee. My deareſt loves only me, and all " other men muſt be miſerable. I wonder that any " body can laugh beſides myſelf: if it be a man, he " makes me jealous; I fancy that he entertains hopes

" of my charmer; for the world has nothing elſe in it " to make him cheerful.

" And now, my life! I have done with all my doubts; " the time approaches that will change them into hap- " pineſs. I know of nothing (ſickneſs and death ex- " cepted) that can poſſibly prevent it. Our pleaſures " will ly in ſo narrow a compaſs that we ſhall always " be within reach of them. To oblige and be obli- " ged will be all we want; and how ſweet it is to think " that the buſineſs of our lives, and the delight of our " hearts, will be the ſame thing! I mean, the making " each other happy! But I am doomed to be more " obliged than I have power to oblige. —— What a wife " am I to have! Indeed, my love, I ſhall think myſelf " the worſt if I am not the very beſt of all huſbands. " Adieu!"

Upon my making a viſit of a few days to a friend near Town, where I deſired him not to come, he wrote me as follows.

" This lazy penny-poſt how I hate it! It is two " tedious days that I muſt wait for an anſwer to what " I write. I will ſet up a poſt of my own, that ſhall " go and come every two hours; and then, upon con- " dition that I hear from you by every return of it, I " will obey your commands, and not think of ſeeing " you. I wonder you have not taken it into your head " to bid me live without breathing. But take care, " my love, that you never give up the power you have " over me: for if ever it comes to my turn to reign, I " will be revenged on you without mercy. I will load " you ſo with love and kind offices, that your little " heart ſhall almoſt break in ſtruggling how to be " grateful. I will be tormenting you every day, and all " day long. I will prevent your very wiſhes. Even " the poor comfort of hope ſhall be denied you; for

" you ſhall know that none of your to-morrows ſhall " be happier to you than your yeſterdays. Your pride, " too, ſhall be mortified; for I will out-love you, and " be kinder to you than you can poſſibly be to me. " All theſe miſeries you ſhall ſuffer, and yet never be " able to wiſh for death to relieve you from them. So " if you have a-mind to avoid my cruelties reſolve not " to marry me; for I am a tyrant in my nature, and " will execute all I have threatened."

How tender and obliging were theſe expreſſions! I own to you, Mr Fitz-Adam, that I anſwered them all in an equal ſtrain of fondneſs. But in the midſt of this ſweet intercourſe he was unhappily taken ill of the ſmall-pox. The moment he was ſenſible of his diſtemper he conjured me, in a letter, not to come near him, leſt his apprehenſions for me (as I had never had it) ſhould prove more fatal to him than the diſeaſe. It was indeed of the moſt dangerous kind: but how was it poſſible for me to keep from him? I flew to him when he was at the worſt, and would not leave him till they took me away by force. The conſequence of this viſit was, that I caught the infection, and ſickened next day. My diſtemper was of the confluent ſort, and much worſe than my lover's, who in leſs than three weeks was in a condition to return my viſit. He had ſent almoſt every hour in the day to inquire how I did; and when he ſaw me out of danger (tho' totally altered from my former ſelf) his tranſports were not to be told or imagined. I cannot reſiſt the pleaſure of tranſcribing the letter that he ſent me at his return home that evening.

" What language ſhall I invent to tell the charmer " of my ſoul how happy this viſit has made me! To " ſee you reſtored to health was my heart's only wiſh; " nor can my eyes behold a change in that face (if " they can be ſenſible of any change) that will not en- " dear it to me beyond the power of Beauty. Every

" trace of that cruel diſtemper will be conſidered by " me as a love-mark, that will for ever revive in my " ſoul the ideas of that kindneſs by which it came. " Lament not a change then, that makes you lovelier to " me than ever: for till your ſoul changes (which can " never happen) I will be only and all

" Yours."

This letter, and a thouſand repetitions of the ſame engaging language, made me look upon the loſs of my beauty as a trivial loſs. But the time was not yet come that was to ſhow me this diſintereſted lover in the moſt amiable of all lights. My father, whoſe only child I was, and who had engaged to give me a large fortune at my marriage, and the whole of his eſtate at his death, fell ill ſoon after; and, to the ſurpriſe of all the world, died greatly involved, and left me without a ſhilling to my portion.

My lover was in the country, when I acquainted him with this fatal news. Indeed I had no doubt of his generoſity; but how like a divinity he appeared to me, when, by the return of the poſt, he ſent me the following letter!

" Think not, my ſoul! that any external accident " can occaſion the leaſt change in my affections. I ra- " ther rejoice that an opportunity is at laſt given me " of proving to my deareſt creature that I loved her " only for herſelf. I have fortune enough for both; or " if I had not, love would be ſufficient to ſupply all our " wants. This cruel buſineſs, how angry it makes me! " But a very few days, my life! ſhall bring me to your " arms. O! how I love you! Thoſe are my favourite " words, and I am ſure I ſhall die with them; or if I " ſhould have the miſery to outlive you, they will be " only changed to—O! how I loved her! But the How,

" my dear, is not to be told; your own heart muſt teach
" it you. When is it that I ſhall love you beſt of all?
" Why, the laſt day of my life, after having lived ma-
" ny, many years

" Your obliged,
" and happy huſband."

How truly noble was this letter! But you will think me dwelling too long upon my own happineſs; I ſhall therefore only add, that it is now a week ſince he wrote it: and that yeſterday I received the undoubted intelligence that my lover was married the very next day to a fat widow of five-and-fifty, with a large jointure, a fine houſe, and a fortune of twenty thouſand pounds at her own diſpoſal.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

M. B.

NUMB. 146. THURSDAY, Oct. 16, 1755.

I HAVE ſo tender a regard for my fair countrywomen, that I moſt heartily congratulate them upon the approaching meeting of the parliament, which I conſider (and I believe they do ſo too) as the general gaol-delivery of the ſeveral counties of the united kingdom.

That beautiful part of our ſpecies once engroſſed my cares; they ſtill ſhare them: I have been exceedingly affected all the ſummer with the thoughts of their captivity, and have felt a ſympathetic grief for them.

In truth, what can be more moving than to imagine a fine woman of the higheſt rank and faſhion torn from all the elegant and refined pleaſures of the metropolis, hurried by a mercileſs huſband into country captivity,

and there expoſed to the incurſions of the neighbouring knights, ſquires, and parſons, their wives, ſons, daughters, dogs and horſes? The metropolis was at once the ſeat of her empire, and the theatre of her joys. Exiled from thence, how great the fall! how dreadful the priſon! Methinks I ſee her ſitting in her dreſſing-room at the manſion-ſeat, ſublimely ſullen, like a dethroned Eaſtern monarch; ſome few books ſcattered up and down ſeem to imply that ſhe finds no conſolation in any. The unopened knotting-bag ſpeaks the painful leiſure. Inſenſible to the proffered endearments of her tender infants, they are ſent away for being ſo abominably noiſy. Her dreſs is even neglected, and her complexion laid by. I am not aſhamed to own my weakneſs, if it be one; for I confeſs that this image ſtruck me ſo ſtrongly, and dwelt upon my mind ſo long, that it drew tears from my eyes.

The prorogation of the parliament laſt ſpring was the fatal forerunner of this ſummer captivity. I was well aware of it, and had ſome thoughts of preparing a ſhort treatiſe of conſolation, which I would have preſented to my fair countrywomen in two or three weekly papers, to have accompanied them in their exile: but I muſt own that I found the attempt greatly above my ſtrength; and an inadequate conſolation only redoubles the grief, by reviving in the mind the cauſe of it. Thus at a loſs, I ſearched (as every modeſt Modern ſhould do) the Ancients, in order to ſay in Engliſh whatever they had ſaid in Latin or Greek upon the like occaſion; but far from finding any caſe in point, I could not find one in any degree like it. I particularly conſulted Cicero upon that exile which he bore ſo very indifferently himſelf; but, to my great ſurpriſe, could not meet with one ſingle word of conſolation addreſſed or adapted to the fair and tender part of his ſpecies. To ſay the truth, that philoſopher ſeems to have had either a con-

tempt for, or an averſion to, the fair ſex; for it is very obſervable, that even in his Eſſay upon Old Age there is not one ſingle period addreſſed directly and excluſively to them; whereas I humbly preſume that an old woman wants at leaſt as much, if not more comfort than an old man. Far be it from me to offer them that refined ſtoical argument to prove that exile can be no misfortune, becauſe the exiled perſons can always carry their virtue along with them if they pleaſe.

However, though I could adminiſter no adequate comfort to my fair fellow-ſubjects under their country captivity, my tender concern for them prompts me to offer them ſome advice upon their approaching liberty.

As there muſt have been during this ſuſpenſion (I will not ſay only of pleaſure, but, in a manner, of exiſtence) a conſiderable ſaving in the article of pin-money, I earneſtly recommend to them, immediately upon their coming to Town, to apply that ſinking fund to the diſcharge of debts already incurred, and not divert it to the current ſervice of the enſuing year. I would not be miſunderſtood; I mean only the payment of debts of honour contracted at Commerce, Brag, or Faro; as they are apt to hang heavy upon the minds of women of ſentiment, and even to affect their countenances upon the approach of a creditor. As for ſhop-debts to mercers, milliners, jewellers, French pedlars, and ſuch like, it is no great matter whether they are paid or not; ſome how or other thoſe people will ſhift for themſelves, or at worſt fall ultimately upon the huſband.

I will alſo adviſe thoſe fine women who, by an unfortunate concurrence of odious circumſtances, have been obliged to begin an acquaintance with their huſbands and children in the country, not to break it off entirely in Town, but, on the contrary, to allow a few minutes every day to the keeping it up; ſince a time may come when perhaps they may like their company rather better than none at all.

As my fair fellow-ſubjects were always famous for their public ſpirit and love of their country, I hope they will, upon the preſent emergency of the war with France, diſtinguiſh themſelves by unequivocal proofs of patriotiſm. I flatter myſelf that they will, at their firſt appearance in Town, publicly renounce theſe French faſhions which of late years have brought their principles, both with regard to religion and government, a little in queſtion. And therefore I exhort them to diſband their colours, comb their heads, wear white linen, and clean pocket-handkerchiefs, in open defiance of all the power of France. But above all, I inſiſt upon their laying aſide that ſhameful piratical practice of hoiſting falſe colours upon their top gallant, in the miſtaken notion of captivating and enſlaving their countrymen. This they may the more eaſily do at firſt, ſince it is to be preſumed that, during their retirement, their faces have enjoyed uninterrupted reſt. Mercury and Vermilion have made no depredations theſe ſix months; good air and good hours may perhaps have reſtored, to a certain degree at leaſt, their natural carnation: but at worſt, I will venture to aſſure them, that ſuch of their lovers who may know them again in that ſtate of native artleſs beauty, will rejoice to find the communication opened again, and all the barriers of plaſter and ſtucco removed. Be it known to them, that there is not a man in England who does not infinitely prefer the browneſt natural to the whiteſt artificial ſkin; and I have received numberleſs letters from men of the firſt faſhion, not only requeſting, but requiring, me to proclaim this truth, with leave to publiſh their names; which, however, I declined; but if I thought it could be of any uſe, I could eaſily preſent them with a round robin to that effect, of above a thouſand of the moſt reſpectable names. One of my correſpondents, a member of the Royal Society, illuſtrates

his indignation at glazed faces by an apt and well-known phyſical experiment. The ſhining glaſs tube, ſays he, when warmed by friction, attracts a feather (probably a white one) to cloſe contact; but the ſame feather, from the moment that it is taken off the tube, flies from it with more velocity than it approached it with before. I make no application; but, avert the omen, my dear countrywomen!

Another, who ſeems to have ſome knowledge of chymiſtry, has ſent me a receipt for a moſt excellent waſh, which he deſires me to publiſh by way of *ſuccedaneum* to the various greazy, glutinous, and pernicious applications ſo much uſed of late. It is as follows:

"Take of fair clear water *quantum ſufficit*; put it "into a clean earthen or China baſon; then take a "clean linen cloth, dip it in that water, and apply it to "the face night and morning, or oftener, as occaſion "may require."

I own the ſimplicity and purity of this admirable lotion recommend it greatly to me, and engage me to recommend it to my fair countrywomen. It is free from all the inconveniencies and naſtineſs of all other preparations of art whatſoever. It does not ſtink, as all others do; it does not corrode the ſkin, as all others do; it does not deſtroy the eyes, nor rot the teeth, as all others do; and it does not communicate itſelf by colliſion, nor betray the tranſactions of a *tête à tête*, as moſt others do.

Having thus paid my tribute of grief to my lovely countrywomen during their captivity, and my tribute of congratulations upon their approaching liberty, I heartily wiſh them a good journey to London. May they ſoon enter, in joyful triumph, that metropolis which, ſix months ago, they quitted with tears.

Numb. 147. Thursday, Oct. 23, 1755.

I AM favoured with the following letter by a correſpondent, who (if I am not miſtaken in the hand) has once obliged me before. I cannot better teſtify my approbation of what he writes, than by deſiring a repetition of his favours as often as he has leiſure and inclination to oblige me. It is chiefly owing to the aſſiſtance of ſuch correſpondents that this Paper has extended its date beyond the uſual period of ſuch kind of productions; and (if I may be allowed to ſay it) they have given it a variety which could hardly have been accompliſhed by one ſingle hand. Whether it be modeſty or vanity that compels me to this confeſſion I ſhall leave the reader to determine, after telling him that it is to the full as pleaſing to me not to have been thought unworthy of the aſſiſtance I have received, as it would to have been myſelf the compoſer of the moſt approved pieces in this Collection.

To Mr Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

In this land of liberty, he who can procure a printer commences author, and inſtructs the public. Far be it from me to cenſure this ſpirit of adviſing, ſo prevalent among my honoured countrymen; for to this we owe treatiſes of divinity by tallow-chandlers, and declamations on politics by apothecaries.

You muſt, no doubt, have obſerved, that every man who is in poſſeſſion of a diamond arrogates to himſelf this privilege of inſtructing others; hence it is that the panes of windows in all places of public reſort are ſo

amply furniſhed with miſcellaneous obſervations by various authors.

One advice may be given to all writers, whether in paper or on glaſs; and it is comprehended in the ſingle word *think*. My purpoſe at preſent is to illuſtrate this maxim, in as far as it reſpects the latter ſort of authors.

I divide the authors who exerciſe the diamond into four claſſes; the politicians, the hiſtorians, the lovers, and the ſatiriſts.

The myſtery or art of politics is the buſineſs of every one who either has nothing to do, or who cares not to do any thing; as a broken merchant is often made a tide-waiter. Hence ſo many politicians make their appearance on glaſs. It is there that controverſies of a political nature are daily agitated: in them the eſtabliſhed laws of controverſy are obſerved: ſome one aſſerts the truth of a propoſition; another contradicts him; rogue and raſcal are immediately dealt about, and the matter originally in diſpute is no more heard of.

Now, Mr Fitz-Adam, if theſe gentlemen would be but pleaſed to think, and keep their temper, how might the world be edified! One might acquire as much uſeful knowledge by travelling poſt through England as ever the philoſophers of Athens did by lounging in their porticoes; and our great turnpike roads would afford as complete a ſyſtem of politics as that which Plato picked up in his Egyptian rambles. In a word, the debates on the windows at the George or the Bell might prove no leſs inſtructing than the debates of the Political Club, or the ſociety at the Robin Hood.

Were this propoſed reformation to take place, the contractors for the Magazines of knowledge and pleaſure might forage ſucceſsfully on window glaſs. But I need not inſiſt farther on theſe conſiderations; their zeal for the public ſervice is well known: with the view of amuſing and inſtructing they have not only ranſacked the

records of paſtry-ſchools and the manuſcript collections of good houſewives for receipts in cookery, but they have conſulted the monuments of the dead for delightful blunders and merry epitaphs.

The hiſtorians on glaſs are of various ſorts: ſome are chronologers, and content themſelves with informing us that they were at ſuch a place, on ſuch a day, in their way to this or that town or country. Others are chorographers, and minutely deſcribe the nature and condition of the highways and the landladies. A third ſort may be termed annaliſts, who imagine that a fact deſerves to be recorded merely becauſe it is fact; and on this account gravely tell the world that on ſuch a day they fell in love, or got drunk, or did ſome other thing of equal inſignificancy.

A little thought would abridge the labour of theſe hiſtorians. Let them reflect on the nothingneſs of ſuch incidents, and ſurely they will abſtain from recording them. In common life, minute relations of trifles are neceſſary: man is a ſociable and talkative animal; and as the bulk of mankind cannot communicate to others what they have thought, they muſt content themſelves with relating what they have ſeen. On this principle are moſt coffeehouſe ſocieties eſtabliſhed. But why muſt a man be dull and narrative on window-glaſs? Let him reſerve his dulneſs for the club-night, and, as Dogberry in the play ſays, beſtow all his tediouſneſs on his own companions.

I now proceed to the moſt numerous tribe of all, the lovers; and ſhall only hint at ſome enormities in their conduct. And, firſt of all, as to their cuſtom of writing the names of their miſtreſſes with *anno Domini* at the end of them; as if the chronicles of Love were to be as exactly kept as a pariſh-regiſter. To what good purpoſe can this ſerve? To inſcribe the names of fair ladies on glaſs may, indeed, convey a pretty moral ſig-

nification, ſince female charms are properly enough recorded on tables of a frail nature: but when the year of admiration is added, what elderly woman is there who can pretend to youthfulneſs? Her waiting-maid may extol her good looks; her mirror may deceive her; powder of pearl and Spaniſh wool may favour the illuſion; but pretty Miſs Such-a-one, 1730, is an argument of antiquity, which neither flattery nor paint can refute.

The lovers alſo deſerve cenſure for their humour of writing in verſe. Becauſe all poets are ſaid to be lovers, theſe gentlemen ſagely conclude that all lovers are poets; and on the faith of this inverted aphoriſm they commence rhymers. He who cannot compoſe a ſermon does well to read the works of another. This example ought to be imitated by the herd of lovers. Prior and Hammond are at their ſervice; their only care ought to be in the application. And yet this caution, ſimple as it is, has been neglected by many lovers who have condeſcended to ſteal. Hence it is that the wealth of the Eaſt is frequently declared inſufficient for the purchaſe of a girl who would be dear at half a crown; and Milton's deſcription of the mother of human kind perverted to the praiſe of ſome little milliner.

The ſatiriſts come now to be conſidered. Theſe men are certainly of a ſtrange diſpoſition. While dinner is getting ready they amuſe themſelves in making out a liſt of the faults, real or imaginary, which may be imputed to any of their acquaintance. Incapable of reflection, they know not how to employ their time, and therefore wound and murder the fame of men better and wiſer than themſelves. If I am not miſtaken, a defamation is no leſs puniſhable when inſcribed on glaſs than when committed to paper. This conſideration may prevent fools from ſcattering arrows and death, although reaſon and humanity cannot.

But the chief of all ſatiriſts are they who ſcribble

obſcenity on windows. Every word which they write is a ſevere reflection on themſelves, and, in the judgment of foreigners, on their country. What opinion muſt foreigners entertain of a nation, where infamous ribaldry meets the eye on every window! an enormity, peculiar, in a great meaſure, to Great Britain. Do theſe writers indeed believe themſelves to be wits? Let them but ſtep into the ſmoaking parlours, or the low rooms where their footmen have their reſidence, and they will perceive that their ſerving-men equal their maſters in this ſpecious of wit. Vainly do people of faſhion attempt to monopolize illiberality, ignorance, and indecency, when, if they and their footmen apply themſelves to the ſame ſtudies, the latter will probably be the beſt proficients.

Be wiſe therefore, O ye Scribblers, and Think.

I am, &c.

Numb. 148. Thursday, Oct. 30, 1755.

CIVILITY and Good-breeding are generally thought, and often uſed, as ſynonymous terms, but are by no means ſo.

Good-breeding neceſſarily implies Civility; but Civility does not reciprocally imply Good-breeding. The former has its intrinſic weight and value, which the latter always adorns, and often doubles, by its workmanſhip.

To ſacrifice one's own ſelf-love to other people's is a ſhort, but, I believe, a true definition of Civility: to do it with eaſe, propriety and grace, is Good-breeding. The one is the reſult of good-nature; the other of good ſenſe, joined to experience, obſervation, and attention.

A ploughman will be civil if he is good-natured, but cannot be well-bred. A courtier will be well-bred, though perhaps without good nature, if he has but good ſenſe.

Flattery is the diſgrace of Good-breeding, as brutality often is of truth and ſincerity. Good-breeding is the middle point between thoſe two odious extremes.

Ceremony is the ſuperſtition of Good breeding as well as of religion; but yet, being an outwork to both, ſhould not be abſolutely demoliſhed. It is always to a certain degree to be complied with, though deſpiſed by thoſe who think, becauſe admired and reſpected by thoſe who do not.

The moſt perfect degree of Good-breeding, as I have already hinted, is only to be acquired by great knowledge of the world, and keeping the beſt company. It is not the object of mere ſpeculation, and cannot be exactly defined, as it conſiſts in a fitneſs, a propriety of words, actions, and even looks, adapted to the infinite variety and combinations of perſons, places, and things. It is a mode, not a ſubſtance: for what is Good-breeding at St James's would paſs for foppery or banter in a remote village; and the home-ſpun Civility of that village would be conſidered as brutality at Court.

A cloiſtered pedant may form true notions of Civility; but if, amidſt the cobwebs of his cell, he pretends to ſpin a ſpeculative ſyſtem of Good-breeding, he will not be leſs abſurd than his predeceſſor, who judiciouſly undertook to inſtruct Hannibal in the art of war. The moſt ridiculous and moſt awkward of men are, therefore, the ſpeculatively well-bred monks of all religions and all profeſſions.

Good-breeding, like charity, not only covers a multitude of faults, but, to a certain degree, ſupplies the want of ſome virtues. In the common intercourſe of life it acts good-nature, and often does what good-na-

ture will not always do; it keeps both wits and fools within thoſe bounds of decency, which the former are too apt to tranſgreſs, and which the latter never know.

Courts are unqueſtionably the ſeats of Good-breeding, and muſt neceſſarily be ſo, otherwiſe they would be the ſeats of violence and deſolation. There all the paſſions are in their higheſt ſtate of fermentation. All purſue what but few can obtain, and many ſeek what but one can enjoy. Good-breeding alone reſtrains their exceſſes. There, if enemies did not embrace they would ſtab. There, ſmiles are often put on to conceal tears. There, mutual ſervices are profeſſed, while mutual injuries are intended; and there, the guile of the ſerpent ſimilates the gentleneſs of the dove: all this, it is true, at the expenſe of ſincerity; but, upon the whole, to the advantage of ſocial intercourſe in general.

I would not be miſapprehended, and ſuppoſed to recommend Good-breeding thus profaned and proſtituted to the purpoſes of guilt and perfidy; but I think I may juſtly infer from it to what a degree the accompliſhment of Good-breeding muſt adorn and enforce virtue and truth, when it can thus ſoften the outrages and deformity of vice and falſehood.

I am ſorry to be obliged to confeſs that my native country is not perhaps the ſeat of the moſt perfect Good-breeding, though I really believe that it yields to none in hearty and ſincere Civility, as far as Civility is (and to a certain degree it is) an inferior moral duty of doing as one would be done by. If France exceeds us in that particular, the incomparable author of *L'Eſprit de Loix* accounts for it very impartially, and I believe very truly. "If my countrymen," ſays he, "are the beſt-bred "people in the world, it is only becauſe they are the "vaineſt." It is certain that their Good-breeding and attentions, by flattering the vanity and ſelf-love of others, repay their own with intereſt. It is a general com-

merce, uſually carried on by a barter of attentions, and often without one grain of ſolid merit by way of medium to make up the balance.

It were to be wiſhed that Good-breeding were in general thought a more eſſential part of the education of our youth, eſpecially of diſtinction, than at preſent it ſeems to be. It might even be ſubſtituted in the room of ſome academical ſtudies, that take up a great deal of time to very little purpoſe; or at leaſt it might uſefully ſhare ſome of thoſe many hours that are ſo frequently employed upon a coachbox, or in ſtables. Surely thoſe who, by their rank and fortune, are called to adorn courts ought at leaſt not to diſgrace them by their manners.

But I obſerve with concern, that it is the faſhion for our youth of both ſexes to brand Good-breeding with the name of ceremony and formality. As ſuch, they ridicule and explode it, and adopt in its ſtead an offenſive careleſneſs and inattention to the diminution, I will venture to ſay, even of their own pleaſures, if they know what true pleaſures are.

Love and friendſhip neceſſarily produce, and juſtly authorize, familiarity; but then Good-breeding muſt mark out its bounds, and ſay, Thus far ſhalt thou go, and no farther: for I have known many a paſſion and many a friendſhip degraded, weakened, and at laſt (if I may uſe the expreſſion) wholly flattered away by an unguarded and illiberal familiarity. Nor is Good-breeding leſs the ornament and cement of common ſocial life; it connects, it endears, and at the ſame time that it indulges the juſt liberty, reſtrains that indecent licentiouſneſs of converſation which alienates and provokes. Great talents make a man famous, great merit makes him reſpected, and great learning makes him eſteemed; but Good-breeding alone can make him beloved.

I recommend it in a more particular manner to my countrywomen, as the greateſt ornament to ſuch of them

as have beauty, and the ſafeſt refuge for thoſe who have not. It facilitates the victories, decorates the triumphs, and ſecures the conqueſt, of beauty; or in ſome degree atones for the want of it. It almoſt deifies a fine woman, and procures reſpect at leaſt to thoſe who have not charms enough to be admired.

Upon the whole; though Good-breeding cannot, ſtrictly ſpeaking, be called a virtue, yet it is productive of ſo many good effects, that, in my opinion, it may juſtly be reckoned more than a mere accompliſhment.

NUMB. 149. THURSDAY, NOV. 6, 1755.

Cantantes licet uſque (minus via laedet) eamus.

And that thou mayſt not be too late abroad.

To Mr FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I DO not know that you, or any of your predeceſſors, have ever paid your compliments to a moſt uſeful branch of this community; I mean, the ancient and reputable ſociety of Ballad-ſingers. Theſe harmonious itinerants do not cheat the country people with idle tales of being taken by the Turks, or maimed by the Algerines, but earn an honeſt livelihood by a proper exertion of thoſe talents with which Nature has endowed them. For if a brawny-ſhouldered porter may live by turning prize-fighter, or a gentleman of the ſame make by turning petticoat-penſioner, I do not ſee why a perſon endued with the gift of a melodious voice is not equally entitled to all the advantages which can poſſibly ariſe from it.

With regard to the antiquity of this profeſſion, in all probability we owe the invention of it to old Homer himſelf, who hawked his Iliad about the ſtreets for an

obolus a book. But as the trade was not then brought into any repute, and as his poetry wanted the refinement of modern times, he could ſcarce earn bread for himſelf and his family. Theſpis, the Athenian, made a great improvement in the art: he harneſſed Pegaſus to a cart, from which he diſperſed his ballads; and, by keeping all the public fairs, made ſhift to pick up a tolerable maintenance. This improvement our Engliſh Ballad-ſingers have neglected: whether they think there is any thing really ominous in mounting a cart, or whether the ſneers of the populace, who are always throwing out their inſolent jeſts on their ſuperiors, have prevented them from making uſe of that vehicle, I will not pretend to determine.

Among the Romans, too, this practice was preſerved. Virgil makes one of his ſhepherds ſay to another, by way of reproach,

——" Non tu in triviis, indocte, ſolebas,
" Stridenti miſerum ſtipula diſperdere carmen?"

But this was becauſe, as Milton tranſlates it, " his lean " and flaſhy ſongs grated on his ſcrannel pipe of wretch- " ed ſtraw." But this never can be objected to my fair countrywomen, whoſe melodious voices give every ſyllable (not of a lean and flaſhy but of a fat and plump ſong) its juſt emphaſis, to the delight and inſtruction of the attentive audience. By the way, I ſuſpect that Virgil was a hawker himſelf; for he ſays,

" Aſcræumque cano Romana per oppida carmen."

which in plain Engliſh is no more than this,

I ſing my Ballads through the ſtreets of Rome.

Were it not for this muſical ſociety the country people would never know how the world of letters goes on. Party ſongs might come out, and the parſon never ſee

them; jovial ſongs, and the ſquire never hear them; or love ſongs, and his daughter never ſigh over them. I would have a ballad-ſinger well furniſhed with all theſe before ſhe ſets out on her travels; then bloody murders for ſchool-boys and apprentices, conundrums and conjuring books for footmen and maid-ſervants, hiſtories and ſtory-books for young maſters and miſſes, will turn to an excellent account. And as the trade of ballad-ſinging and fortune-telling generally go together in the country, like ſurgeon and apothecary, I think it would not be amiſs, if their friends the poets would furniſh them with rhymes ſuited to the occaſion, that their predictions may wear the true maſk of oracles, and, like thoſe of the Sibyls, be given out in metre. And, to come ſtill nearer to the original, a joint-ſtool would make an excellent tripod.

Uſeleſs as this profeſſion may ſeem, it ſerves to ſupport two others; I mean the worſhipful and numerous companies of printers who have no buſineſs, and poets who have no genius. A good ſong, that is a very good ſong, I love Sue, for inſtance, or Colin and Phœbe, will run you through fifty editions; but let it be never ſo good, it will always give way to a newer; ſo that the printer has by this means conſtant employment for his preſs, which would otherwiſe be idle, and the poet a conſtant market for his wit, which would otherwiſe live and die with its author in obſcurity.

As I have a great regard for theſe itinerant ſyrens, not ariſing from any perſonal favours that I have received from them, nor founded on whim and fancy, but from a well-weighed conſideration of their ſervice to the Public, I have thought of a ſcheme, which will at once both ennoble their profeſſion and render their lives infinitely more comfortable. It is this: Many profeſſors of muſic, whoſe talents have ſhamefully been neglected in Town, (for in theſe degenerate days men of

merit are but little regarded), condescend, for the amusement of the country people, to enliven the humours of the weak with violins, dulcimers, harpinets, &c. With these ingenious gentlemen I would persuade our fair ballad-singers to incorporate. Some few misfortunes they have indeed met with, which I think myself obliged in honour to reveal; and those are, the loss of eyes, legs, and other trifles, which a prudent thinking woman would disregard, when over-balanced by such excellent qualifications. The expense of children may possibly be urged as an objection to this scheme; but I answer, that children will of necessity come whether our ballad-singing ladies are married or not: and while the parents are mutually travelling with the younger at their backs, the elder will, in all probability, be able to walk; so that they may get a reputable livelihood by the lawful profession of begging, till such time as they are of a proper age to learn the rudiments of music under the tuition of their father. But pilfering I would by all means have them avoid, it hurts the credit of the profession.

Now, what a comfortable life must this be! A perpetual concert of vocal and instrumental music! And if Orpheus, with only his lyre, drew after him beasts and trees, (by which people are apt to imagine that nothing more is meant than the country bumpkins), what will not the melodious fiddle of one of these professors do, when in union with the voice of his beautiful help-mate?

As for the Marriage-act, and guardian's consent, and such new-fangled stuff, I would by no means have them pay any regard to it. For as the ladies when in Town for the winter-season are generally resident about Fleet-Ditch, a certain public-spirited clergyman who lodges in that neighbourhood, and whom I would by all means recommend, will tack together half a dozen couple at

a minute's warning, and the parliament be never the wiſer. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

T. D.

"Whereas two letters, ſigned A. Z. have been lately ſent to Mr Fitz-Adam; the firſt containing a very witty but wanton abuſe of a lady of great worth and diſtinction; the ſecond full of ſcurrilous reſentment againſt Mr Fitz-Adam for not publiſhing the ſaid letter; this is to acquaint the writer of it, that till his manners bear ſome little proportion to his wit, he cannot be admitted a correſpondent in this paper."

NUMB. 150. THURSDAY, NOV. 13, 1755.

To Mr FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

HAVING obſerved of late years that our young gentlemen are endeavouring to rival the ladies in all the refinements and delicacies of dreſs, and are ornamenting the boſoms of their ſhirts with jewels, I have, for the good of my country, and the emolument of my own ſex, been contriving a method of rendering jewels of uſe as well as ornament to the male part of the human ſpecies. It was an ancient cuſtom in ſeveral of the eaſtern countries, and is the practice of ſome few nations at this very day, for women to wear jewels in their noſes; but I am of opinion, that as affairs now ſtand, it would not be improper to have this elegant piece of finery transferred from the ladies to the gentlemen.

It muſt indeed be acknowledged that this cuſtom of

ornamenting the noſe has no where prevailed but in thoſe heatheniſh and barbarous nations, where the women are kept in conſtant ſubjection to their huſbands; and therefore I ſuppoſe it took its origin from the tyrannical inſtitution of the men, who put a ring in the wife's noſe as an emblem of her ſlavery. I apprehend alſo, that the wife, when ſhe found ſhe was to be rung, very wiſely made a virtue of neceſſity, and added jewels to the ring, which ſerved two purpoſes at once, that of making it coſtly to the huſband, and rendering it ornamental to herſelf. But as in theſe politer and more Chriſtian countries the barbarous inſtitution of obedience from wives to huſbands has been entirely laid aſide, the ladies have judged it proper to throw off this badge of their ſubjection. And as in many inſtances our young ladies and young gentlemen ſeem inclinable to invert the order of Nature, and to recommend manly airs to the female ſex, and effeminate behaviour to the men, I think it adviſeable to comply with the juſt ſentiments of the preſent generation, and, as I ſaid before, to tranſfer this ornamental part of dreſs from the noſes of the ladies to the noſes of the men.

I find myſelf indeed inclinable to carry this inſtitution of the Ring a little farther, and would have every man whatſoever, whether married or unmarried, if he be of a right non-reſiſting and paſſively obedient diſpoſition, to be well rung. And for this uſe I would have a particular ſort of noſe-jewel invented, and eſtabliſhed by public authority, which, by the emblem or device that was engraven upon it, ſhould expreſs the kind of ſubjection to which the wearer was inclined to ſubmit. And when theſe paſſive gentry were all enrolled under their proper banners, they might annually chuſe ſome one perſon of diſtinguiſhed merit, who ſhould be ſtyled, for the time being, Grand Maſter of the moſt honourable Order of the Ring.

There was a time when the laity of the whole Chriſtian world ought to have worn Rings in their noſes; and if the device had been a triple-crown, it would not have been unexpreſſive.

The gentlemen of the army have ſometimes taken it into their heads to ring every body about them; and we have had inſtances how able they have been, by the help of theſe Rings, to lead both houſes of parliament by the noſe. The device engraved on theſe noſe-jewels was *The Protector*. At preſent, indeed, it is thought that the gentlemen of the law have a great ſuperiority over the gentlemen of the army, and that they are preparing Rings for all the noſes in theſe kingdoms, under the well-conceived device of *Liberty and Property*.

It has been a maxim of long ſtanding among ſtateſmen never to employ any perſon whatſoever who will not bear being rung; and as this very much depends on the ſhape of the noſe, which ought to be of ſuch a diſpoſition as not to be refractory to a perforation, I would in a particular manner recommend it to all leaders of parties to make the knowledge of the human noſe a principal object of their ſtudy; ſince it is manifeſt that many of them have found themſelves grievouſly diſappointed when they have preſumed to count noſes, without a ſufficient inveſtigation of the uſeful ſcience.

As I have for many years taken much pains in the ſtudy of phyſiognomy, I ſhall, for the good of my country, communicate, through the channel of your paper, ſome of thoſe many obſervations which I have made on that remarkable feature called the *noſe*: for as this is the moſt prominent part of the face, it ſeems to be erected as a ſign, on which was to be repreſented the particular kind of ware that was to be diſpoſed of within doors. Hence it was that amongſt the old Romans very little regard was paid to a man without a noſe; not only as there was no judgment to be made of the ſentiments of ſuch

a perſon, but, as in their public aſſemblies, when they came to reckon noſes, he muſt of conſequence be always omitted out of the account.

Among theſe ancient Romans the great offices of ſtate were all elective, which obliged them to be very obſervant of the ſhape of the noſes of thoſe perſons to whom they were to apply for votes. Horace tells us, that the ſharp noſe was looked upon as an indication of ſatirical wit and humour: for, when ſpeaking of his friend Virgil, though he ſays, *At eſt bonus, ut melior non alius quiſquam*, yet he allows that he was no joker, and not a fit match at the ſneer for thoſe of his companions who had ſharper noſes than his own. *Minus aptus* (ſays he) *acutis naribus horum hominum.* They alſo looked upon the ſhort noſes, with a little inflection at the end turning upwards, as a mark of the owner's being addicted to jilting: for the ſame author, talking of Mæcenas, ſays, that though he was born of an ancient family, yet he was not apt to turn perſons of low birth into ridicule; which he expreſſes by ſaying that he had not a turn-up noſe: *Nec naſo ſuſpendis adunco.* Martial, in one of his Epigrams, calls this kind of noſe the rhinocerotic noſe; and ſays, that every one in his time affected this kind of ſnout as an indication of his being maſter of the talent of humour. But a good ſtateſman will hardly think it worth his while to ſpend noſe-jewels upon ſuch perſons, unleſs it be to ſerve them as you do ſwine, when you ring them only to keep them from rooting.

The Greeks had a very bad opinion of the flat noſe. The remarkable ſtory of Socrates and the phyſiognomiſt is too well known to be particularly repeated: but I cannot help obſerving, that the moſt particular feature in the face of Socrates was his noſe, which being very flat, with a little inflection upwards towards the end, cauſed the phyſiognomiſt to denounce him a drunken, impudent, and luſtful perſon; which the philoſopher

acknowledged to be a true character of him in his natural ſtate.

The Hebrews looked upon this kind of noſe to be ſo great a blemiſh in a man's character, that though of the lineage of Aaron, his having a flat noſe was, by the expreſs command of Moſes, an abſolute excluſion from the ſacerdotal office. On the other hand, they held long noſes in the higheſt eſteem, as the certain indication of a meek and patient mind. Hence it is that in the Book of *Proverbs* the original words which literally ſignifiy "he that has a long noſe," are, in our Engliſh tranſlation, and by all interpreters, rendered, "he that is ſlow to wrath:" and the words which ſignify, "he that has a ſhort noſe," are always tranſlated, "he that is ſoon angry, or haſty of ſpirit." I ſhall only remark upon this, that the Welch, who are by no means the ſloweſt to anger, have generally ſhort noſes.

The elephant is of all animals the moſt docible and ſervile; and every body knows how remarkable that creature is for the length of his ſnout. Though ſometimes it happens that he is not altogether ſo patient of injuries as might be wiſhed. Hamilton, in his travels to the Eaſt-Indies, tells us of an elephant of Surat that was paſſing with his keeper to his watering-place through the ſtreets of that city, who ſeeing the window open of a tailor's ſhop, and thruſting in his trunk in ſearch of proviſion, received an affront from the needle of the tailor, as he was ſitting at his work. The ſtory adds, that the elephant went ſoberly on to water, and after drinking his uſual draught, drew up a great quantity of mud into his trunk, and returning by the window of the tailor, diſcharged an inundation of it on his work-board. This was, I own, an unlucky trick; but we ought not to have a worſe opinion of long noſes in general for the ſake of one ſuch ſtory, the like of which may not probably happen again in a whole century.

I have many more curious obſervations to make on the various kinds of noſes, which, for fear of exceeding the bounds of your Paper, I ſhall reſerve to another opportunity, when I intend to deſcant at large on the method of *riging* them: for ſome men are of ſuch untoward and reſtiff diſpoſitions, that they are like the Leviathan mentioned by Job, into whoſe noſe there is no putting a *hook*, as our tranſlators render it, but the original word ſignifies a *ring*. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

NUMB. 151. THURSDAY, NOV. 20, 1755.

I WAS lately ſubpœnaed by a card to a general aſſembly at Lady Townly's, where I went ſo awkwardly early that I found no body but the five or ſix people who had dined there, and who, for want of hands enough for play, were reduced to the cruel neceſſity of converſing till ſomething better ſhould offer. Lady Townly obſerved, with concern and impatience, that people of faſhion now came intolerably late, and in a glut at once, which laid the lady of the houſe under great difficulties to make the parties properly. That, no doubt, ſaid Manly, is to be lamented; and the more ſo, as it ſeems to give your Ladyſhip ſome concern: but, in the mean time, for want of ſomething better to do, I ſhould be glad to know the true meaning of a term that you have juſt made uſe of, People of Faſhion: I confeſs I have never yet had a preciſe and clear idea of it, and I am ſure I cannot apply more properly for information than to this company, which is moſt unqueſtionably compoſed of People of Faſhion, whatever People of Faſhion may be.

I therefore beg to know the meaning of that term: what are they, who are they, and what conſtitutes, I had almoſt ſaid, anoints, them People of Faſhion? Theſe queſtions, inſtead of receiving immediate anſwers, occaſioned a general ſilence of above a minute, which, perhaps, was the reſult of the whole company's having diſcovered, for the firſt time, that they had long and often made uſe of a term which they had never underſtood: for a little reflection frequently produces theſe diſcoveries. Belinda firſt broke this ſilence, by ſaying, One knows well enough who are meant by People of Faſhion, though one does not juſt know how to deſcribe them: they are thoſe that one generally lives with; they are people of a certain ſort——They certainly are ſo, interrupted Manly; but the point is, of what ſort? If you mean, by people of a certain ſort, yourſelf, which is commonly the meaning of thoſe who make uſe of that expreſſion, you are indiſputably in the right, as you have all the qualifications that can, or, at leaſt, ought to conſtitute and adorn a Woman of Faſhion. But pray, muſt all Women of Faſhion have all your accompliſhments? If ſo, the myriads of them which I had imagined, from what I heard every day, and every where, will dwindle into a handful. Without having thoſe accompliſhments which you ſo partially allow me, anſwered Belinda, I ſtill pretend to be a Woman of Faſhion; a character which I cannot think requires an uncommon ſhare of talents or merit. That is the very point, replied Manly, which I want to come at; and therefore give me leave to queſtion you a little more particularly. You have ſome advantages, which even your modeſty will not allow you to diſclaim, ſuch as your birth and fortune; do they conſtitute you a Woman of Faſhion? As Belinda was going to anſwer, Bellair pertly interpoſed, and ſaid, Neither, to be ſure, Mr Manly: if birth conſtituted Faſhion, we muſt look for it in that ineſti-

mable treaſure of uſeful knowledge, the Peerage of England; or if wealth, we ſhould find the very beſt at the Bank, and at Garaway's. Well then, Bellair, ſaid Manly, ſince you have taken upon you to be Belinda's ſponſor, let me aſk you two or three queſtions, which You can more properly anſwer than She could. Is it her beauty? By no means neither, replied Bellair; for at that rate there might perhaps be a Woman of Faſhion with a gold chain about her neck in the City, or with a fat amber necklace in the country; prodigies, as yet unheard of and unſeen. Is it then her wit and good-breeding? continued Manly. Each contributes, anſwered Bellair, but both would not be ſufficient without a certain *je ne ſçay quoy*, a ſomething or other that I feel better than I can explain. Here Dorimant, who had ſat all this time ſilent, but looked miſchievous, ſaid, I could ſay ſomething—Ay, and ſomething very impertinent, according to cuſtom, anſwered Belinda; ſo hold your tongue, I charge you. You are ſingulary charitable, Belinda, replied Dorimant, in being ſo ſure that I was going to be impertinent only becauſe I was going to ſpeak. Why this ſuſpicion of me? Why! becauſe I know you to be an odious abominable creature upon all ſubjects of this kind. This amicable quarrel was put an end to by Harriet, who, on a ſudden, and with her uſual vivacity, cried out, I am ſure I have it now, and can tell you exactly what People of Faſhion are; they are juſt the reverſe of your Odd People. Very poſſible, Madam, anſwered Manly, and therefore I could wiſh that you would give yourſelf the trouble of defining Odd People; and ſo, by the rule of contraries, help us to a true notion of People of Faſhion. Ay, that I can very eaſily do, ſaid Harriet. In the firſt place, your Odd People are thoſe that one never lets in, unleſs one is at home to the whole Town. A little more particular, dear Harriet, interrupted Manly. So I will,

ſaid Harriet; for I hate them all. There are ſeveral ſorts of them. Your prudes, for inſtance, who reſpect and value themſelves upon the unblemiſhed purity of their characters; who rail at the indecency of the times, cenſure the moſt innocent freedoms, and ſuſpect the Lord knows what, if they do but obſerve a cloſe and familiar whiſper between a man and a woman in a remote corner of the room. There are, beſides, a ſober, formal ſort of married women, inſipid creatures, who lead domeſtic lives, and who can be merry, as they think, at home with their own and their huſband's relations, particularly at Chriſtmas. Like turtles, they are true and tender to their lawful mates, and breed like rabbits, to beggar and perpetuate their families. Theſe are very Odd Women, to be ſure; but deliver me from your ſevere and auguſt dowagers, who are the ſcourges of People of Faſhion, by infeſting all public places in order to make their ſpiteful remarks. One meets them every where, and they ſeem to have the ſecret of multiplying themſelves into ten different places at once. Their poor horſes, like thoſe of the ſun, go round the world every day, baiting only at eleven in the morning, and ſix in the evening, at their pariſh churches. They ſpeak as movingly of their poor late Lords as if they had ever cared for one another; and, to do them honour, repeat ſome of the many ſilly things they uſed to ſay. Laſtly, there are your maiden ladies of riper years, orphans of diſtinction, who live together by two's and three's, who club their ſtocks for a neat little houſe, a light-bodied coach, and a foot-boy——And, added Bellair, quarrel every day about the dividend. True, ſaid Harriet, they are not the ſweeteſt-tempered creatures in the world; but, after all, one muſt forgive them ſome malignity in conſideration of their diſappointments. Well, have I now deſcribed Odd People to your ſatisfaction? Admirably! anſwered Manly; and ſo well, that one can, to a

great degree at leaſt, judge of their antipodes, the People of Faſhion. But ſtill there ſeems ſomething wanting; for the preſent account, by the rule of contraries, ſtands only thus: That Women of Faſhion muſt not care for their huſbands, muſt not go to church, and muſt not have unblemiſhed, or at leaſt unſuſpected, reputations. Now, though all theſe are very commendable qualifications, it muſt be owned they are but negative ones, and conſequently there muſt be ſome poſitive ones, neceſſary to complete ſo amiable a character. I was going to add, interrupted Harriet, which, by the way, was more than I engaged for, that People of Faſhion were properly thoſe who ſet the faſhions, and who gave the tone of dreſs, language, manners, and pleaſures, to the Town. I admit it, ſaid Manly; but what I want ſtill to know is, who gave them that power? or did they uſurp it? For, by the nature of that power, it does not ſeem to me to admit of a ſucceſſion by hereditary and divine right. Were I allowed to ſpeak, ſaid Dorimant, perhaps I could both ſhorten and clear up this caſe; but I dare not, unleſs Belinda, to whom I profeſs implicit obedience, gives me leave. E'en let him ſpeak, Belinda, ſaid Harriet; I know he will abuſe us, but we are uſed to him. Well, ſay your ſay then, ſaid Belinda. See what an impertinent ſneer he has already. Upon this Dorimant, addreſſing himſelf more particularly to Belinda, and ſmiling, ſaid,

——————————Then think
That he, who thus commanded dares to ſpeak,
Unleſs commanded, would have died in ſilence.

O, your ſervant, Sir, ſaid Belinda; that fit of humility will, I am ſure, not laſt long; but, however, go on. I will, to anſwer Manly's queſtion, ſaid Dorimant, which, by the way, has ſomething the air of a catechiſm. Who made theſe People of Faſhion? I give this ſhort and plain anſwer; they made one another. The men, by their

attentions and credit, make the Women of Faſhion; and the women, by either their ſuppoſed or real favours, make the men ſuch. They are mutually neceſſary to each other. Impertinent enough of all conſcience, ſaid Belinda. So, without the aſſiſtance of you faſhionable men what ſhould we poor women be? Why, faith, replied Dorimant, but odd women I doubt, as we ſhould be but odd fellows without your friendly aid to faſhion us. In one word, a frequent and reciprocal colliſion of the two ſexes is abſolutely neceſſary to give each that high poliſh which is properly called Faſhion. Mr Dorimant has, I own, ſaid Manly, opened new and important matter; and my ſcattered and confuſed notions ſeem now to take ſome form, and tend to a point. But as examples always beſt clear up abſtruſe matters, let us now propoſe ſome examples of both ſorts, and take the opinions of the company upon them. For inſtance, I will offer one to your conſideration. Is Berynthia a Woman of Faſhion or not? The whole company readily, and almoſt at once, anſwered, Doubtleſs ſhe is. That may be, ſaid Manly; but why? For ſhe has neither birth nor fortune, and but ſmall remains of beauty. All that is true, I confeſs, ſaid Belinda; but ſhe is well-dreſſed, well-bred, good-humoured, and always ready to go with one any where. Might I preſume, ſaid Dorimant, to add a title, and perhaps the beſt, to her claims of Faſhion, I ſhould ſay that ſhe was of Belville's creation, who is the very fountain of honour of that ſort. He dignified her by his addreſſes; and thoſe who have the good fortune to ſhare his reputation——Have, ſaid Belinda, with ſome warmth, the misfortune to loſe their own. I told you, turning to Harriet, what would happen if we allowed him to ſpeak; and juſt ſo it has happened; for the gentleman has almoſt in plain terms aſſerted, that a woman cannot be a Woman of Faſhion till ſhe has loſt her reputation. Fye, Belinda, how you

wrong me! replied Dorimant. Loſt her reputation! Such a thought never entered into my head, I only meant miſlaid it. With a very little care ſhe will find it again. There you are in the right, ſaid Bellair; for it is moſt certain that the reputation of a Woman of Faſhion ſhould not be too muddy. True, replied Dorimant, nor too limpid neither; it muſt not be mere rock water, cold and clear, it ſhould ſparkle a little. Well, ſaid Harriet, now that Berynthia is unanimouſly voted a Woman of Faſhion, what think you of Loveit? Is ſhe, or is ſhe not? If ſhe is one, anſwered Dorimant, I am very much miſtaken if it is not of Mirabel's creation. By *writ*, I believe, ſaid Bellair; for I ſaw him give her a letter one night at the opera. But ſhe has other good claims too, added Dorimant. Her fortune, tho' not large, is eaſy; and no body fears certain applications from her. She has a ſmall houſe of her own, which ſhe has fitted up very prettily, and is often *at home*, not to crowds indeed, but to people of the beſt faſhion, from twenty occaſionally down to two; and, let me tell you, that nothing makes a woman of Loveit's ſort better received abroad than being often *at home*. I own, ſaid Bellair, that I looked upon her rather as a genteel led-captain, a poſtſcript to Women of Faſhion. Perhaps, too, ſometimes the cover, anſwered Dorimant; and if ſo, an equal. You may joke as much as you pleaſe upon poor Loveit, but ſhe is the beſt-humoured creature in the world; and I maintain her to be a Woman of Faſhion; for, in ſhort, we all roll with her, as the ſoldiers ſay. I want to know, ſaid Belinda, what you will determine upon a character very different from the two laſt, I mean Lady Loveleſs: is ſhe a Woman of Faſhion? Dear Belinda, anſwered Harriet haſtily, how could ſhe poſſibly come into your head? Very naturally, ſaid Belinda; ſhe has birth, beauty, and fortune; ſhe is well-bred. I own it, ſaid Harriet; but ſtill ſhe is handſome without meaning,

well-ſhaped without air, genteel without graces, and well-dreſs'd without taſte. She is ſuch an inſipid creature ſhe ſeldom comes abroad, but lives at home with her lord, and ſo domeſticly tame, that ſhe eats out of his hand, and teaches her young ones to pick out of her own. Odd, very odd, take my word for it. Ay, mere rock water, ſaid Dorimant; and, as I told you an hour ago, that will not do. No, moſt certainly, added Bellair, all that reſerve, ſimplicity, and coldneſs, can never do. It ſeems to me rather that the true compoſition of People of Faſhion, like that of Venice treacle, conſiſts of an infinite number of fine ingredients, but all of the warm kind. Truce with your filthy treacle, ſaid Harriet; and ſince the converſation has hitherto chiefly turned upon us poor women, I think we have a right to inſiſt upon the definition of you Men of Faſhion. No doubt on't, ſaid Dorimant; nothing is more juſt, and nothing more eaſy. Allowing ſome ſmall difference for modes and habits, the Men and the Women of Faſhion are in truth the counterparts of each other: they fit like tallies, are made of the ſame wood, and are cut out for one another. As Dorimant was going on, probably to illuſtrate his aſſertion, a valet de chambre proclaimed, in a ſolemn manner, the arrival of the Ducheſs Dowager of Mattadore and her three daughters, who were immediately followed by Lord Formal, Sir Peter Plauſible, and divers others of both ſexes, and of equal importance. The Lady of the houſe, with infinite ſkill and indefatigable pains, ſoon peopled the ſeveral card-tables with the greateſt propriety, and to univerſal ſatisfaction; and the night concluded with ſlams, honours, beſt-games, pairs, pair-royals, and all other ſuch rational demonſtrations of joy.

For my own part, I made my eſcape as ſoon as I poſſibly could, with my head full of that moſt extraordinary converſation which I had juſt heard, and which, from

having taken no part in it, I had attended to the more, and retained the better. I went ſtraight home, and immediately reduced it into writing, as I here offer it for the preſent edification of my readers. But as it has furniſhed me with great and new lights, I propoſe, as ſoon as poſſible, to give the Public a new and complete ſyſtem of Ethics, founded upon theſe principles of People of Faſhion; as, in my opinion, they are better calculated than any others for the uſe and inſtruction of all private families.

NUMB. 152. THURSDAY, NOV. 28, 1755.

Floriferis ut apes in ſaltibus omnia libant,
Omnia nos itidem depaſcimur aurea dicta. *Lucret.*

For as from ſweeteſt flow'rs the lab'ring bee
Extracts her precious ſweets, juſt ſo from thee
We all our golden ſentences derive.

To Mr FITZ-ADAM.

OXFORD, *Nov.* 11. 1755.

SIR,

I HAVE, for a long time paſt, had a ſtrong inclination upon me to become one of your correſpondents; but, from the habits contracted from this place of my education and reſidence, I have felt a certain timidity in my conſtitution, which has hitherto reſtrained me (pardon the expreſſion) from venturing into the world. However, when I reflect that Oxford, as well as her ſiſter Cambridge, has always been diſtinguiſhed with the title of One of the Eyes of England, I cannot ſuppoſe that you will pay ſo little reſpect to ſo valuable a part of the microcoſm as to reject my letter with diſdain, merely becauſe it comes dated to you from this ancient ſeat of learning; eſpecially, as I aſſure you, you

ſhall ſee nothing in it that ſhall ſavour at all of that narrow and unſociable ſpirit which was heretofore the characteriſtic of the productions of the college.

No, Mr Fitz-Adam, though learning itſelf be my ſubject, I will not treat of it in a manner that ſhall diſguſt the politeſt of your readers; and though I write from a place which, within the memory of many now living, enjoyed in ſome ſort the monopoly of it, yet I will not lament the loſs of that privilege, but am, with Moſes, thoroughly contented that all the Lord's people ſhould be prophets.

Indeed, the main buſineſs I am upon is to congratulate the great world on that diffuſion of ſcience and literature which, for ſome years, has been ſpreading itſelf abroad upon the face of it. A revolution this, in the kingdom of learning, which has introduced the levelling principle with much better ſucceſs than ever it met with in politics. The old fences have been happily broken down, the trade has been laid open, and the old repoſitories, or ſtorehouſes, are now no longer neceſſary or uſeful for the purpoſes of managing and conducting it. They have had their day; and very good cuſtom and encouragement they had while that day laſted: but ſurely our ſons, or at leaſt our grandſons, will be much ſurpriſed when they are told for what purpoſes they were built and endowed by our anceſtors, and at how vaſt an expenſe the journeymen and factors belonging to them were maintained by the public, merely to ſupply us with what may now be had from every coffeehouſe and Robin Hood aſſembly. In ſhort, it has fared with learning as with our pine-apples. At their firſt introduction amongſt us the manner of raiſing them was a very great ſecret, and little leſs than a myſtery. The expenſes of compoſt, hothouſes, and attendance, were prodigious; and at laſt, at a great price, they were introduced to the tables of a few of the nobility and gentry. But how common are they grown of

late! Every gardener, that uſed to pride himſelf in an early cucumber, can now raiſe a pine-apple; and one need not deſpair of ſeeing them ſold at ſix a penny in Covent-Garden, and become the common treat of tailors and hackney-coachmen.

The univerſity of London, it is agreed, ought to be allowed the chief merit of this general diſſemination of learning and knowledge. The ſtudents of that ample body, as they are leſs ſtraitened by rules and ſtatutes, have been much more communicative than thoſe of other learned ſocieties. It ſeems, indeed, to be their eſtabliſhed principle to let nothing ſtay long by them. Whatever they collect, in the ſeveral courſes of their ſtudies, they immediately give up again for the ſervice of the Public. Hence that profuſion of hiſtorians, politicians and philoſophers, with whoſe works we are daily amuſed and inſtructed. I am told, there is not a bookſeller within a mile of Temple-Bar who has not one or two of theſe authors conſtantly in his pay, who are ready, at the word of command, to write a book of any ſize, upon any ſubject. And yet I never heard that any of theſe gentlemen ever drank in a regular manner of the waters of Helicon, or endeavoured to trace out that ſpring by the ſtreams of Cam or Iſis.

But it is not merely the regular book, or legitimate treatiſe, which has thus abounded with learning and ſcience; but our looſe papers and pamphlets, periodical as well as occaſional, are, for the bulk, equally profuſe of inſtruction. Monthly magazines, which, ſome years ſince, were nothing more than collections to amuſe and entertain, are now become the magazines of univerſal knowledge. Aſtronomy, hiſtory, mathematics, antiquities, and the whole myſtery of inſcriptions and medals, may now be had, freſh and freſh, at the moſt eaſy rates, from the repoſitories of any of theſe general undertakers. What an advantage is this to the modern ſtudent to

have his meſs of learning thus carved out for him, at proper ſeaſons and intervals, in quantities that will not over-cloy his ſtomach, or be too expenſive to his pocket! How greatly preferable, both for cheapneſs and utility, is this method of ſtudy to that of propoſing a whole ſyſtem to his view, in all the horrid formalities of a quarto or folio! Much praiſe and honour are undoubtedly due to the celebrated Mr Amos Wenman, for reducing the price of punch, and ſuiting it to the capacities and circumſtances of all his Majeſty's ſubjects; and ſhall not that ſelf-taught philoſopher, Mr Benjamin Martin, the great retailer of the ſciences, come in for ſome ſhare of our acknowledgment and commendation?

I expect to be told, for indeed the objection is obvious enough, that ſince the ſtreams of learning have been thus generally diffuſive, they have, in conſequence of that diffuſion, been proportionably ſhallow. Now, notwithſtanding the prejudice which may ſtill prevail with a few grave and ſolid mortals againſt the ſhallowneſs of our modern learning, I ſhould be glad to know what good purpoſe was ever ſerved by all that profundity of ſcience, which they and our anceſtors ſeem ſo fond of. It was, as is allowed on all hands, confined to a very few of the candidates for literary reputation; and the many who aimed at a ſhare of it waded out of their depths, and became a ſacrifice to their own uſeleſs ambition. On the contrary, no one that I know of ever had his head turned, or his ſenſes drowned, in the philoſophy of a magazine, or the critique of a newſpaper. And thus the ſtream, which lay uſeleſs when confined within its banks, or was often dangerous to thoſe who endeavoured to fathom the bottom of it, has, by being drained off into ſmaller rills and channels, both fertilized and adorned the whole face of the country. And hence, Mr Fitz-Adam, have riſen thoſe exuberant crops of readers as well as writers. The idea of being a reader, or a man

given to books, had heretofore ſomething very ſolemn and frightful in it: it conveyed the notion of ſeverity, moroſeneſs, and unacquaintance with the world. But this is not the caſe at preſent. The very deepeſt of our learning may be read, if not underſtood, by the men of dreſs and faſhion; and the ladies themſelves may converſe with the abſtruſeſt of our philoſophy with great eaſe, and much to their inſtruction.

To ſay the truth, the men of this generation have diſcovered that what their fathers called *ſolid learning* is a uſeleſs and cumberſome accompliſhment, incommodious to the man who is poſſeſſed of it, and diſguſtful to all who approach him. Something, however, of the ſort that ſits light and eaſy upon us we are willing to attain to: but ſurely, for this, there is no need of going to the expenſe of maſſy bullion, when our own leaf-gold, or a little foreign lacker, will anſwer the purpoſe full as well, and make a better figure in the world.

Give me leave, Mr Fitz-Adam, to conclude with my congratulations to this place of academical education, on ſome happy ſymptoms I have lately obſerved, from whence it ſhould appear that the manufacture of modern learning may, one day, be able to gain ſome footing amongſt us. The diſadvantages it lyes under, from ancient forms and eſtabliſhments, are, it is true, very great; the general inclination, I own, is ſtill againſt it; and the geniuſes of our governors are, perhaps, as deep and as ſolid as ever; but yet, I hope, we have a ſet of young gentlemen now riſing who will be able to overcome all difficulties, and give a politer turn to the diſcipline and ſtudies of the Univerſity. I can already aſſure you, that the ſtudents of this new ſect amongſt us have advanced ſo far as to make the coffeehouſes the chief and only places of application to their ſtudies. The productions of your London authors are here taken in, as we call it, by ſubſcription; and, by this means,

the deepeſt learning of the age may be dived into at the ſmall price of two or three ſhillings by the year. Thus the expenſes of univerſity education are reduced, and the pockets of the young men are no longer picked by thoſe harpies the bookſellers.

I can ſee but one reaſon to ſuſpect the probability of their not gaining a ſure and certain ſettlement amongſt us; and that is, the great ſhyneſs which is obſerved in all theſe gentlemanly ſtudents, with regard to the old-faſhioned languages of Greek and Latin. The avenues to our foundations are, hitherto, ſecured by guards detached from the Ancients. Our friends, therefore, cannot very ſafely enter into the competitions at college-elections, where theſe are always retained againſt them. But who knows what time may bring forth? Fellows of colleges themſelves may reform, and become mere moderns in their learning as well as in their dreſs and other accompliſhments. I could even now point out ſome of theſe, who are better acquainted with the writings of Petrarch, Guarini, and Metaſtaſio, than with thoſe of Homer and Horace; and know more of Copernicus and Sir Iſaac Newton, from the accounts given of them by Fontenelle, Voltaire, and Pemberton, than from the original works of thoſe two philoſophers. But I ſhall ſay no more at preſent, for fear of betraying that intereſt which it is the ſincere purpoſe of this letter to improve and advance.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

NEO-ACADEMICUS.

NUMB. 153. THURSDAY, Dec. 4, 1755.

HAVING been frequently preſſed by Sir John Jolly (an old friend of mine, poſſeſſed of a fine

eſtate, a large park, and a plentiful fortune) to paſs a few weeks with him in the country, I determined laſt autumn to accept his invitation, propoſing to myſelf the higheſt pleaſure from changing the noiſe and hurry of this buſtling metropolis for the agreeable ſilence and ſoothing indolence of a rural retirement. I accordingly ſet out one morning, and pretty early the next arrived at the habitation of my friend, ſituated in a moſt delicious and romantic ſpot, which (the owner having fortunately no taſte) is not yet defaced with improvements. On my approach I abated a little of my travelling pace to look round me, and admire the towering hills and fertile vales, the winding ſtreams, the ſtately woods, and ſpacious lawns, which, gilded by the ſunſhine of a beautiful morning, on every ſide afforded a moſt enchanting proſpect; and I pleaſed myſelf with the thoughts of the happy hours I ſhould ſpend amidſt theſe paſtoral ſcenes, in reading, in meditation, or in ſoft repoſe, inſpired by the lowing of diſtant herds, the fall of waters, and the melody of birds.

I was received with a hearty welcome, and many ſhakes of the hand, by my old friend, whom I had not ſeen for many years, except once, when he was called to Town, by a proſecution in the King's Bench, for miſunderſtanding the ſenſe of an act of parliament, which, on examination, was found to be nonſenſe. He is an honeſt gentleman, of a middle age, a hale conſtitution, good natural parts, and abundant ſpirits, a keen ſportſman, an active magiſtrate, and a tolerable farmer, not without ſome ambition of acquiring a ſeat in parliament by his intereſt in a neighbouring borough: ſo that between his purſuits of game, of juſtice, and popularity, beſides the management of a large quantity of land, which he keeps in his own hands, as he terms it, for amuſement, every moment of his time is ſufficiently employed. His wife is an agreeable woman, of about

the ſame age, and has been handſome; but though years have ſomewhat impaired her charms, they have not in the leaſt her reliſh for company, cards, balls, and all other manner of public diverſions.

On my arrival I was firſt conducted into the breakfaſt-room, which, with ſome ſurpriſe, I ſaw quite filled with genteel perſons of both ſexes in diſhabille, with their hair in papers; the cauſe of which I was quickly informed of, by the many apologies of my lady for the meanneſs of the apartment ſhe was obliged to allot me, "by reaſon the houſe was ſo crowded with company "during the time of their races, which, ſhe ſaid, began "that very day for the whole week, and for which "they were immediately preparing." I was inſtantly attacked by all preſent with one voice, or rather with many voices at the ſame time, to accompany them thither; to which I made no oppoſition, thinking it would be attended with more trouble than the expedition itſelf.

As ſoon as the ladies and equipages were ready we iſſued forth in a moſt magnificent cavalcade; and after travelling five or ſix miles through bad roads, we arrived at the Red Lion, juſt as the ordinary was making its appearance on the table. The ceremonials of this ſumptuous entertainment, which conſiſted of cold fiſh, lean chickens, ruſty hams, raw veniſon, ſtale game, green fruit, and grapeleſs wines, deſtroyed at leaſt two hours, with five times that number of heads, ruffles, and ſuits of clothes, by the unfortunate effuſion of butter and gravy. From hence we proceeded a few miles farther to the race ground, where nothing, I think, extraordinary happened but that, amongſt much diſorder and drunkenneſs, few limbs and no necks were broken: and from theſe Olympic games, which, to the great emolument of pickpockets, laſted till it was dark, we galloped back to the Town, through a ſoaking ſhower, to dreſs for the aſſembly. But this I found no eaſy taſk; nor could

I poſſibly accompliſh it before my clothes were quite dried upon my back; my ſervant ſtaying behind to ſettle his betts, and having ſtowed my portmanteau into the boot of ſome coach, which he could not find, to ſave himſelf both the trouble and indignity of carrying it.

Being at laſt equipped, I entered the ball-room, where the ſmell of a ſtable over which it was built, the ſavour of a neighbouring kitchen, the fumes of tallow-candles, rum-punch and tobacco, diſperſed over the whole houſe, and the balſamic effluvias from many ſweet creatures who were dancing, with almoſt equal ſtrength contended for ſuperiority. The company was numerous and well-dreſſed, and differed not in any reſpect from that of the moſt brilliant aſſembly in London, but in ſeeming better pleaſed, and more deſirous of pleaſing; that is, happier in themſelves, and civiller to each other. I obſerved the door was blocked up the whole night by a few faſhionable young men, whoſe faces I remembered to have ſeen about Town, who could neither dance, drink tea, play at cards, nor ſpeak to any one, except now-and-then in whiſpers to a young lady, who ſat in ſilence at the upper end of the room in a hat and negligé, with her back againſt the wall, her arms a-kimbo, her legs thruſt out, a ſneer on her lips, a ſcowl on her forehead, and an invincible aſſurance in her eyes. This lady I had alſo frequently met with, but could not then recollect where; but have ſince learned, that ſhe had been toad-eater to a woman of quality, and turned off for too cloſe and preſumptuous an imitation of her betters. Their behaviour affronted moſt of the company, yet obtained the deſired effect: for I overheard ſeveral of the country ladies ſay, "It was pity they were ſo proud; for to be "ſure they were prodigious well-bred people, and had "an immenſe deal of wit:" a miſtake they could never have fallen into, had theſe patterns of politeneſs condeſcended to have entered into any converſation. Dan-

cing and cards, with the refreſhment of cold chickens and negas about twelve, carried us on till day-break, when our coaches being ready, with much ſolicitation, and more ſqueezing, I obtained a place in one, in which no more than ſix had before artificially ſeated themſelves; and about five in the morning, through many and great perils, we arrived ſafely at home.

It was now the middle of harveſt, which had not a little ſuffered by our diverſions; and therefore our coach-horſes were immediately degraded to a cart; and having reſted during our fatigues, by a juſt diſtribution of things, were now obliged to labour while We were at reſt. I mean not in this number to include myſelf; for though I hurried immediately to bed, no reſt could I obtain for ſome time, for the rumbling of carts, and the converſation of their drivers, juſt under my window. Fatigue at length got the better of all obſtacles, and I fell aſleep; but I had ſcarce cloſed my eyes, when I was awaked by a much louder noiſe, which was that of a whole pack of hounds, with their vociferous attendants, ſetting out to meet my friend, and ſome choice ſpirits, whom he had juſt left behind at the aſſembly, and who choſe this manner of refreſhment after a night's debauch rather than the more uſual and inglorious one of going to bed. Theſe ſounds dying away by their diſtance, I again compoſed myſelf to reſt; but was preſently again rouſed by more diſcordant tongues, uttering all the groſſneſs of Drury Lane, and ſcurrility of Billinſgate. I now waked indeed with ſomewhat more ſatisfaction, at firſt thinking, by this unpaſtoral dialogue, that I was once more returned ſafe to London: but I ſoon found my miſtake, and underſtood that theſe were ſome innocent and honeſt neighbours of Sir John's, who were come to determine their gentle diſputes before his tribunal; and being ordered to wait till his return from hunting, were reſolved to make all poſſible uſe of this ſuſpenſion

of juſtice. It being now towards noon, I gave up all thoughts of ſleep, and it was well I did: for I was preſently alarmed by a confuſion of voices, as loud though ſomewhat ſweeter than the former. As they proceeded from the parlour under me, amidſt much giggling, laughing, ſqueaking, and ſcreaming, I could diſtinguiſh only the few following incoherent words——*horrible*——*frightful*——*ridiculous*——*Frieſland hen*——*rouge*——*Red Lion at Brentford*——*ſtays padded*——*Ram's Horn*——*ſaucy minx*——*impertinent coxcomb*. I ſtarted up, dreſſed me, and went down, where I found the ſame polite company, who breakfaſted there the day before, in the ſame attitude, diſcourſing of their friends with whom they had ſo agreeably ſpent the laſt night, and to whom they were again haſtening with the utmoſt impatience. I was ſaluted with a how-d'ye from them all at the ſame inſtant, and again preſſed into the ſervice of the day.

In this manner I went through the perſecutions of the whole week, with the ſufferings and reſolution, but not with the reward, of a martyr, as I found no peace at the laſt: for at the concluſion of it, Sir John obligingly requeſted me to make my ſtay with him as long as I poſſibly could, aſſuring me, that though the races were now over I ſhould not want diverſions; for that next week he expected Lord Rattle, Sir Harry Bumper, and a large fox-hunting party; and that the week after, being the full-moon, they ſhould pay and receive all their neighbouring viſits, and ſpend their evenings very ſociably together; by which is ſignified, in the country dialect, eating, drinking, and playing at cards all night. My Lady added, with a ſmile, and much delight in her eyes, that ſhe believed they ſhould not be alone one hour in the whole week, and that ſhe hoped I ſhould not think the country ſo dull and melancholy a place as I expected. Upon this information I reſolved to leave

it immediately, and told them, I was extremely ſorry that I was hindered by particular buſineſs from any longer enjoying ſo much polite and agreeable company; but that I had received a letter, which made it neceſſary for me to be in Town. My friend ſaid, he was no leſs concerned; but that I muſt not poſitively go till after to-morrow: for that he then expected the mayor and aldermen of his corporation, ſome of whom were facetious companions, and ſung well. This determined me to ſet out that very evening; which I did with much ſatisfaction; and made all poſſible haſte, in ſearch of ſilence and ſolitude, to my lodgings next door to a braſier's at Charing-croſs.

Numb. 154. Thursday, Dec. 11, 1755.

STEPPING into a coffeehouſe in the Strand, the other day, I ſaw a ſet of young fellows laughing very heartily over an old ſeſſions-paper. The gravity of my appearance would not permit me to make any inquiry about what they were reading; I, therefore, waited with ſome impatience for their departure. As ſoon as they were gone I took up the paper, as it lay open, and found the ſubject of their mirth to have been the trial of a young lad of ſeventeen for robbing a ſervant maid of her pockets in St Paul's church-yard. The evidence of the maid was in the following words.

" And pleaſe you, my Lord, I had been with ano-
" ther maid-ſervant at Drury-lane playhouſe to ſee the
" Country-Wife. A baddiſh ſort of a play to be ſure
" it turned out, and I wiſh it did not put ſome wicked
" thoughts into the head of my fellow-ſervant; for ſhe
" gave me the ſlip in the playhouſe paſſage, and did
" not come home all night. So walking all alone by
" myſelf, through St Paul's church-yard, the priſoner

" overtook me, and would needs have a kiſs of me. " Oho! young ſpark, thought I to myſelf, we have all " been at the play I believe; but if a kiſs will content " you, why e'en take it, and go about your buſineſs; for " you ſhall have nothing more from me, I promiſe you. " This I ſaid to myſelf, my Lord, while the young man " was kiſſing me; but my Lord, he went on to be quite " audacious; ſo I ſtood ſtock-ſtill againſt the wall, " without ſo much as ſpeaking a word; for I had a- " mind to ſee how far his impudence would carry him. " But all at once, and pleaſe you, when I was thinking " of no ſuch thing, crack went my pocket-ſtrings, and " away ran the young man with the pockets in his hand. " And then I thought it was high time to cry out; ſo " I roared out, Murder, and, Stop thief, till the watch- " men took hold of him, and carried us both before the " conſtable. And pleaſe you, my Lord, I was never in " ſuch a flurry in my life; for who would have thought " of any ſuch thing from ſo good-looking a young " man? So I ſtood ſtock-ſtill, as I told you before, " without ſo much as ſtirring a finger, for as he was " ſo young a man, I had a great curioſity to ſee how " far his impudence would carry him."

The extreme honeſty of this evidence pleaſed me not a little; and I could not help thinking that it might afford a very excellent leſſon to thoſe of my fair readers who are ſometimes for indulging their curioſity upon occaſions where it would be prudence to ſuppreſs it, and for holding their tongues when they ſhould be moſt ready to cry out.

Many a female in genteeler life has, I believe, indulged the ſame curioſity with this poor girl without coming off ſo well, though the thief has never been brought to the Old Bailey for the robbery he has committed. Indeed, the watchmen are uſually aſleep that ſhould ſeize upon ſuch thieves, unleſs it be now and then a huſ-

band or a father: but the plunder is never to be reſtored.

To ſay the truth, the great deſtroyer of female honour is curioſity. It was the frailty of our firſt mother, and has deſcended in a double portion to almoſt every individual of her daughters. There are two kinds of it that I would particularly caution my fair countrywomen againſt: one is the curioſity above mentioned, that of trying how far a man's impudence will carry him; and the other, that of knowing exactly their own ſtrength, and how far they may ſuffer themſelves to be tempted and retreat with honour. I would alſo adviſe them to guard their pockets as well as their perſons againſt the treachery of men; for in this age of play it may be an undetermined point whether their deſigns are moſt upon a lady's purſe or her honour; nor indeed is it eaſy to ſay, when the attack is made upon the purſe, whether it may not be a prelude to a more dangerous theft.

It uſed formerly to be the practice, when a man had deſigns upon the virtue of a woman, to inſinuate himſelf into her good graces by taking every opportunity of loſing his money to her at cards. But the policy of the times has inverted this practice; and the way now to make ſure of a woman is to ſtrip her of her money, and run her deeply in debt: for loſſes at cards are to be paid one way or other, or there is no poſſibility of appearing in company: and of what value is a lady's virtue if ſhe is always to ſtay at home with it.

A very gay young fellow of my acquaintance was complaining to me the other day of his extreme ill-fortune at Picquet. He told me that he had a very narrow miſs of completely undreſſing one of the fineſt women about St James's, but that an unfortunate repique had diſappointed him of his hopes. The lady, it ſeems, had played with him at her own houſe till all her ready money was gone; and, upon his refuſing to proceed

with her upon credit, ſhe conſented to his ſetting a ſmall ſum againſt her cap, which he won, and put into his pocket, and afterwards her handkerchief: but that ſtaking both cap and handkerchief, and all his winnings, againſt her tucker, he was moſt cruelly repiqued when he wanted but too points of the game, and obliged to leave the lady as well dreſſed as he found her.

This was indeed a very critical turn of Fortune for the lady; for if ſhe had gone on loſing from top to bottom, what the laſt ſtake might have been I almoſt tremble to think. I am apprehenſive that my friend's impudence would have carried him to greater lengths than the pickpocket's in the trial, and that he would hardly have contented himſelf with running off with her clothes: and beſides, what modeſt woman, in ſuch a ſituation, would object to any conceſſions, by which ſhe might have recovered her clothes, and put herſelf into a condition to be ſeen?

Since my friend's telling me this ſtory I have been led into two or three miſtakes in walking through the ſtreets and ſquares of the politer part of this metropolis: for as I am naturally ſhort ſighted, I have miſtaken a well-dreſſed woman's tailor, whom I have ſeen coming out of a genteel houſe with a bundle under his arm, for a gentleman who has had the good fortune to ſtrip the lady of her clothes, and was moving off in triumph with his winnings.

To what lengths this new kind of gaming might have been carried no one can tell, if the ladies had not taken up in time, and put a ſtop to beginnings. A prudent man, who knows he is not proof againſt the temptations of play, will either keep away from maſquerades and ridottos, or lock up his purſe in his eſcritoir. But as among the ladies the ſtaying at home is an impracticable thing, they have adopted the other caution, and very prudently leave their clothes behind them.

Hence it is that caps, handkerchiefs, tippets, and tuckers, are rarely to be met with upon the young and handſome; for as they know their own weakneſs, and that the men are not always complaiſant enough to play with them upon credit, they throw off at their toilettes all thoſe coverings which they are in any immediate danger of loſing at a *tête à tête*.

The ladies will, I hope, think me entitled to their thanks at leaſt, for aſcribing to their prudence that nakedneſs of dreſs, which inconſiderate and ignorant perſons havec onſtantly miſtaken for wantonneſs or indiſcretion. At the ſame time I would recommend it to all young ladies, who are known to be no gameſters, either to wear a covering on their necks, or to throw a cloak over their ſhoulders, in all public places, leſt it ſhould be thought that, by diſplaying their beauties to attract the eyes of the men, they have a curioſity, like the maidſervant in the trial, to ſee how far their impudence will carry them.

To conclude a little ſeriouſly, I would entreat my fair readers to leave gaming to the men, and the indelicacies of dreſs to the women of the Town. The vigils of the card-table will ſully thoſe beauties which they are ſo deſirous of exhibiting: and the want of concealment render them too familiar to be admired. Theſe are common obſervations, I confeſs; but it is now the ſeaſon for repeating and for inforcing them. Loſs of time and fortune are the uſual miſchiefs of play; but the ruin does not always end there: for, however great may be the paradox, many a woman has been driven to ſell her honour to redeem her credit. But I hope my countrywomen will be warned in time, and that they will ſtudy to deſerve a better eulogy than was once given in a funeral oration, of a lady who died at a hundred and five, "that towards the latter part of her "life ſhe was examplary for her chaſtity."

NUMB. 155. THURSDAY, Dec. 18, 1755.

To Mr FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I HAVE the honour to ſit at the feet of a Gamaliel in this city, in the capacity of a pariſh-clerk, which office I hold *in commendam* with the employment of an undertaker. The injuries I have ſuffered are ſo little cognizable by the laws of the land, (till it ſhall pleaſe God to teach our ſenators ſo much wiſdom as to amend them in this particular), that I have none to whom I can appeal but the World; to whom I beg that you would pleaſe to preſent this my humble remonſtrance and propoſal.

I hope you will excuſe the trouble I now give you, not only becauſe I chuſe to ſubmit myſelf to the judgment of your court, but as I have reaſon to believe that the newſwriters will not be faithful enough to lay this complaint before the Public, theſe gentlemen being the parties concerned, and againſt whom it is to be lodged.

My caſe, Sir, is this. As I was one morning furniſhing my head with the news of the day, to my great ſurpriſe, I read a paragraph which informed me, that a very rich gentleman of our pariſh died the day before. This ſtartled me, as I had never heard of his illneſs, and therefore had employed no body to watch him in his laſt moments, and to bring me the earlieſt intelligence of his death, that I might not be wanting in my reſpects to the family by my condolence, and the offers of my ſervice in paying my laſt duties to ſo worthy a maſter. I was apprehenſive too, leſt ſome

ſharper looker-out might be beforehand with me, and run away with the job. I therefore whipt on my black coat and white perriwig as faſt as I could, to wait on the diſconſolate widow. I rung gently at the door, for fear of diſturbing her; and to the footman who opened it delivered my duty and condolence to his lady, and begged, if ſhe was not provided with an undertaker, that I might have the honour to bury Mr Deputy.

The ſervant gaped and ſtared, and from the great concern he was under for the loſs of his maſter (as I apprehended) was rendered ſo ſtupid that he ſeemed not readily to underſtand what I ſaid. Before I could new-frame my meſſage, to put it, if poſſible, into more intelligible words, I was myſelf ſeized with the utmoſt horror and confuſion at ſeeing the apparition of the deceaſed ſtalk out of the compting-houſe, which opened into the paſſage where I ſtood. I obſerved a redneſs in his countenance more than was uſual in dead people; and indeed, more than he himſelf was wont to wear when he was alive: and there was a ſternneſs and ſeverity in his features beyond what I had ever ſeen in him before. Strait a voice more dreadful than thunder burſt out, and in the language of hell, ſwearing, curſing, calling me a thouſand names, and telling me he would teach me to play tricks with him, he dealt me half a ſcore ſuch ſubſtantial blows, as preſently convinced me they could proceed from no ghoſt. I retreated with as much precipitation as I could, for fear of falling myſelf into the pit which I hoped to have dug for him.

Thus, Sir, the wantonneſs of the newſpapers diſappointed me of furniſhing out a funeral, deprived me of my dues as clerk, got me well thraſhed, and will probably loſe me the gentleman's cuſtom for ever: for, perhaps, next time he dies, he will order another undertaker to be employed.

Now, Sir, is it not a ſhame that people ſhould thus

die daily, and not a ſingle fee come to the clerk of the pariſh for a burial? and that the newſwriters, without commiſſion from his Majeſty, or licence from Warwick Lane, ſhould kill whom they pleaſe, and we not get a ſhilling to comfort us in the midſt of ſuch mortality?

There are other inconveniences, though of an inferior conſideration, which may attend this dying in print. A young heir at Oxford, juſt come of age, reads, that his father was carried off by an apoplectic fit ſuch a day: catching the lucky minute, he marries that divine creature, his tailor's daughter, before the news can be contradicted. When it is, fear of the old gentleman's diſpleaſure makes him bribe his new relations to ſecrecy for a while: in proceſs of time he marries a lady of fortune and family by his father's directions. Tatterella raves with all the ſpirit and dignity of a lady of the Britiſh fiſhery; proves her prior marriage; not only calls but records Lady Mary a whore; baſtardizes the children of the ſecond venter, and old Snip's grandſon runs away with the eſtate.

How often have theſe diſturbing papers whirled up expectants of places to Town in their poſt-chaiſes, to whirl back again with the old ſqueeze, and "I ſhall "not forget you when the place is vacant!" How often has even the reverend divine ſuffered the violent concuſſions of a hard trotting horſe for above threeſcore miles together to wait on a patron of a benefice vacated by the Evening Poſt; where he has met with the mortification of ſmoaking a pipe with the incumbent? Perhaps a lady too, whoſe tenderneſs and ſenſibility could not permit her to attend her ſick huſband to Bath, reads an account of his death in the papers. What ſhrieks, what faintings, what tears, what inexpreſſible grief, afflicts the poor relict! And when ſhe has mourned in half a week as much as any reaſonable

widow would do in a whole year, and (having paid the legacy of ſorrow to his memory in three days, which by the courteſy of England ſhe might have taken a twelvemonth for) begins to think of a new huſband, home comes the old one, and talks in rapture of the virtues of Bath water. While all the ſatisfaction the newſwriters give this unfeignedly afflicted poor lady is, "The death of A. B. Eſq. mentioned in theſe papers "laſt week, proves a miſtake."

I know but one inſtance where any regard to us pariſh-clerks has been had, or our intereſts in the leaſt taken care of, in theſe temporary and occaſional deaths; and that was of a gentleman of rank, who was generally reported and allowed for dead. His heirs at law, not caring to bury the real body, for reaſons beſt known to themſelves, (though one of thoſe reaſons might be becauſe it was alive), yet, convinced of the reaſonableneſs that a funeral ſhould follow a demiſe, dug up a poor drowned ſailor out of a hole on the ſhore into which he had been tumbled, and with great ſolemnity interred the departed knight by proxy. There was juſtice in this; every man had his due. It was acting with the wiſdom of an old Athenian.

A practice of the Athenians may ſerve as an anſwer to ſuch (if any ſuch there are) who, from modern prejudices, object to the funerals of people not really dead. Our Doctor told us, in one of his ſermons upon regeneration, that among theſe Athenians, if one who was living were reported to be dead, and funeral obſequies performed for him—(which plainly implies their cuſtom of celebrating funerals for perſons who were dead in their newſpapers, though they were not ſo in reality) —if afterwards he appeared, and pretended to be alive, he was looked upon as a profane and unlucky perſon, and no one would keep him company. One who fell under this misfortune (it matters not for his name,

though I think the Doctor called him Harry Stonehouſe *, or ſomething like it) conſulted the oracle how he might be re-admitted among the living: the oracle commanded him to be regenerated, or new-chriſtened, which was accordingly done, and grew to be the eſtabliſhed method of receiving ſuch perſons into the community again.

And here in England, before the Reformation, as I am informed, it was uſual, when a rich perſon died, to celebrate yearly and daily maſſes, obits, and commemorations for him; ſo that one who died but once, ſhould be as good as buried a thouſand times over: but among us it is juſt the reverſe; a man may die here a thouſand times and be buried but once.

However, I hate Popery, and would not wiſh the reſtoration of it; yet, as I hope a Chriſtian country will not come behind-hand with a heathen one in wiſdom and juſtice, permit me to recommend the practice of the Athenians before mentioned, and petition the World immediately to paſs it into a faſhion, and ordain, that hereafter, every man living, who has been killed in the newſpapers, ſhall account to the clerk of the pariſh where ſuch deceaſe is reported to have happened; or, if no place is ſpecified, to the clerk of the pariſh where the perſon has reſided for the greater part of the month preceding, for a burial fee: and alſo, before he is admitted to any ball, rout, aſſembly, tavern, church, drum, or coffeehouſe, that he account to the ſaid clerk for his regeneration, or new-chriſtening fee: and in caſe the report was made without the privity and conſent of the party, and he ſhall be found not guilty of his own death, that then he ſhall have a faſhionable demand upon the publiſhers for the recovery of both fees to reimburſe himſelf.

Ariſtinus.

This, Sir, might put ſome ſtop to this very alarming practice, ſo grievouſly to the diſappointment of widows, heirs and expectants; or at leaſt do ſome juſtice to that very reſpectable, but greatly injured, body of pariſh-clerks, to which I have the honour to belong. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient, humble ſervant,

THOMAS BASSOON.

NUMB. 156. THURSDAY, Dec. 25, 1755.

"An ideo tantum venis, ut exires?" *Martial.*

Do you come in, only to go away again?

To Mr FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AS I find you are a perſon who make the reformation of mankind your care, and ſtand forth, like another Hercules, to correct the irregularities and indiſcretions which Folly, Vice, or that unmeaning fickle thing, called Faſhion, give birth to; I take take the liberty of troubling you with my thoughts upon a ſpecies of animals which at preſent are very numerous, and to be found in all places of public amuſement. But though I am going to give you my remarks upon this race of beings, I muſt confeſs that I have never yet heard of any appellation by which they are diſtinguiſhed. The futility, indeed, of the age, has occaſioned many ridiculous and contemptible perſons to riſe up amongſt us, who, without aiming at any laudible purpoſe, or acting under the dictates of any principle, have formed themſelves into clubs and ſocieties, and aſſumed

names and titles, as innocent of ſenſe and meaning as are the perſons themſelves who bear them. Such are the Bucks, Stags, Bloods, and many more, with which the newſpapers have, from time to time, made me acquainted. But the animals which I would now place under your notice are of a very different kind; they are, in ſhort, a ſpecies of young men, who, from a certain blind impulſe, are always rambling up and down this Town, and never fail to be preſent at all places of diverſion without having a taſte or capacity to enjoy any.

Upon my going lately to a capital play, I ſaw ſeveral of them, indeed, ſitting with great order and decorum, but ſo inattentive, ſo indifferent and unmoved, through the whole performance, whilſt the reſt of the audience were all eye and ear, that they appeared to me to be ſo many ſtatues. Their behaviour ſurpriſed me extremely, and led me at the ſame time to aſk myſelf for what purpoſe thoſe young ſparks come to play? and if, like Cato of old, it was only to go away again? For if they never attend to what paſſes before them, if they are not ſuſceptible of thoſe emotions which a well-wrought ſcene raiſes in every feeling breaſt; if they do not follow the actor through all the ſweet deluſion of his art; in ſhort, if they do not, as other people do, "laugh with thoſe that laugh, and weep with thoſe "that weep," what buſineſs have they there?

To judge, indeed, by their appearance, one would imagine nothing could make them quit their looking-glaſs. And yet, Sir, no public place is free from them; though, as far as I can judge, the opera-houſe is their favourite haunt. To reconcile this ſeeming contradiction, I muſt inform you, that I have ſtudied and examined them with great attention, and find their whole compoſition to conſiſt of two ingredients only; theſe are, ſelf-admiration and inſenſibility; and to theſe two cauſes, operating jointly and ſeparately, all their actions

muſt be referred. Hence it is that they are always to be found in public places, where they go, not to ſee, but to be ſeen; nor to hear, but to be heard. Hence it that they are ſo devoted to the opera; and here, indeed they ſeem to be peculiarly directed by that power called Inſtinct, which always prompts every creature to purſue what is beſt and fitteſt for it. Now, the opera is to them, if I may uſe the expreſſion, a very nurſing mother, which feeds them with the pap of its own ſoft nonſenſe, and lulls and rocks them to their deſired repoſe. This is indeed their proper element, and, as if inſpired by the genius of the place, I have ſometimes ſeen them brighten up, and appear with an air of joy and ſatisfaction.

The mind, as well as the ſtomach, muſt have food fitted and prepared to its taſte and humour, or it will reject and loathe it: now, the Opera is ſo good a cook, and knows ſo well to pleaſe the palates of theſe her gueſts, that it is wonderful to ſee with what an appetite they devour whatever ſhe ſets before them: nay, ſo great is their partiality, that the ſame food dreſſed by another hand ſhall have no reliſh; but minced and frittered by this their favourite, ſhall be delicious. The plain beef and muſtard of Shakeſpeare (though ſerved up by very good cooks) turn their ſtomach, while the maccaroni of Rolli is, in their opinion, a diſh fit for the gods. Thus Julius Cæſar, killed by the conſpirators, never touches them; but Julio Cheſare killing himſelf, and ſinging and ſtabbing, and ſtabbing and ſinging, till, ſwan-like, he expires, is *caro caro*, and *divino*. Scipio, the great conqueror of Afric, is with them a mighty ſilly fellow; but Shippione is a charming creature. It is evident, then, that the food muſt be ſuited to the taſte, as the taſte to the food; and as the waters of a certain fountain of Theſſaly, from their benumbing quality, could be contained in nothing but the hoof of an aſs, ſo can this languid

and disjointed compoſition find no admittance but in ſuch heads as are expreſsly formed to receive it. Thus their inſenſibility appears as well in what they like as what they reject; and, like a faithful companion, attends them at all times, and in all places; for I have remarked that, wherever they are, they bring a mind not to be changed by time or place. However, as a play is the very touchſtone of the paſſions, the neutrality which they ſo ſtrictly obſerve is no where ſo conſpicuous as at the theatres. There they are to be ſeen, one while when tears are flowing all around them, another when the very benches are cracking with peals of laughter, ſitting as calm and ſerene as if they had nothing but their own innocent thoughts to converſe with.

Upon conſidering their character and temper, as far as they can be gueſſed at by their actions, and obſerving the apathy in which they ſeem to be wrapt, I once was inclined to think that they might be a ſect of philoſophers, who had adopted the maxims of the Stoics of old: but when I recollected that a thirſt after knowledge, contempt of pain, and whatever is called evil, together with an inflexible rectitude in all their actions, were the characteriſtics of thoſe ſages, I ſoon perceived my miſtake: for I cannot ſay that I ever found that theſe philoſophers practiſe any of thoſe virtues. To ſpeak the truth, it is very difficult to know in what claſs to place them, and under what denomination they ought to paſs. Were I to decide, I ſhould at once pronounce them to belong to the vegetable world, and place them among the beings of ſtill life; for they ſeem too much under the ſtandard of their ſpecies to be allowed to rank with the reſt of mankind. To be ſerious, is it not ſtrange that their heads and hearts ſhould be impenetrable to all the paſſions that affect the reſt of the world: nay, even more ſo than Age itſelf, whoſe feelings Time, with his icy hand, has chilled, and almoſt extinguiſhed? And

yet Age, with all its infirmities, is more quick, more alive, and ſuſceptible of the finer paſſions, than theſe ſons of indifference in their prime and vigour of youth.

An old woman, whom I found at my ſide in the Pit the other night, gave me an inſtance of the truth of this aſſertion. She did juſtice both to the poet and the actors, and beſtowed her applauſe pentifully, though never but where it was due. At the ſame time I ſaw ſeveral of theſe inanimate bodies ſitting as unconcerned as if they had not known the language, or could not hear what was ſaid upon the ſtage.

It is a proverbial expreſſion, (though perhaps a little injurious), to call an inſipid and ſenſeleſs perſon of the male ſex, an old woman. For my part, I was ſo charmed with mine, that I will make no diſreſpectful compariſons: but yet, Sir, how contemptible muſt theſe triflers be, who can be out-done by a toothleſs old woman, in quickneſs, ſpirit, and the exertion of their faculties? From a regard then to that agreeable and ſenſible matron, I will not liken theſe inſenſibles to thoſe grave perſonages; but yet I cannot forbear thinking that they approach very near to what is moſt like old women, old men; and that they reſemble the picture of thoſe crazy beings in the laſt ſtage of life, as drawn by that inimitable painter of human Nature, Shakeſpeare: for theſe young men, like his old men, are ſans eyes, ſans ears, ſans taſte, ſans every thing. I am,

SIR,

Your faithful, humble ſervant,

PHILONOUS.

P. S. The verſes underneath upon the ſame ſubject as this letter I venture to tack to it, (like a bit of embroidery to a plain cloth); and if you think either or both deſerving any notice, you may preſent them, with my ſervice, to the gentle reader.

The Insensible.

While crowded theatres attentive ſit,
And loud applauſes echo through the pit,
Unconſcious of the cunning of the ſcene,
Sits ſmiling Florio with inſipid mein.
Fix'd like a ſtanding lake, in dull repoſe,
No grief, no joy, his gentle boſom knows;
Nature and Garrick no attention gain,
And hapleſs Wit darts all her ſtings in vain.
Thus on the Alps eternal froſts appear,
Which mock the changes of the various year;
Intenſeſt ſuns unheeded roll away,
" And on th' impaſſive ice the lightnings play."

END OF VOLUME THIRD.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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